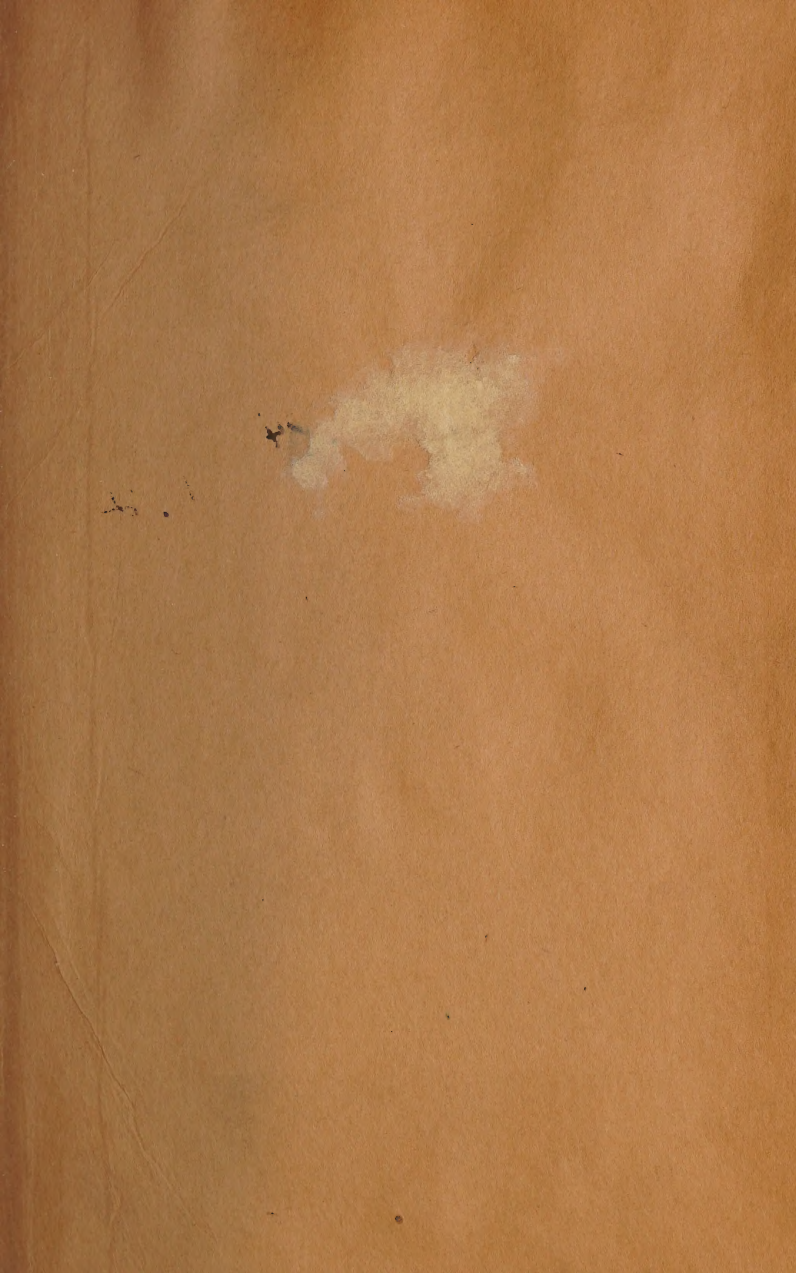


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A B O O K
OF
MUSICAL ANECDOTE,

From every available Source.

BY
FREDERICK CROWEST,

AUTHOR OF "THE GREAT TONE POETS."

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.



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NOTES TO

MUSICAL ANECDOTES.

BOOK II.—*continued.*

254.—*OBSTINACY.*

WHAT is to be done with a bird who can sing, and won't sing, and cannot be made to sing? This is a problem which has never yet been successfully solved. If all, or only a part, of what is said of her be true, Gabrielli must have been one of the most abject victims of obstinacy who ever walked the stage. She seemed to take unbounded delight in purposeless caprices and tricks. The following anecdote is one of a great many bearing upon her little freaks.

"The viceroy," says the writer, "some time ago gave a great dinner to the principal nobility of Palermo, and sent an invitation to Gabrielli to be of the party. Every other person arrived at the hour of invitation. The viceroy ordered dinner to be put back, and sent to let her know that the company waited her. The messenger found her reading in bed. She said she was sorry for having made the company wait, and begged he would make her apology, but that really she had entirely forgot her engagement. The viceroy would have forgiven this piece of insolence, but when the company came to the

opera, Gabrielli repeated her part with the utmost negligence and indifference, and sang all her airs in what they call *sotto voce*, that is so low that they can scarcely be heard. The viceroy was offended, but as he is a good-tempered man he was loath to make use of authority; but at last by a perseverance in this insolent stubbornness, she obliged him to threaten her with punishment in case she any longer refused to sing. On this she grew more obstinate than ever, declaring that force and authority should never succeed with her, that he might make her cry, but never could make her sing. The viceroy then sent her to prison, where she remained twelve days; during which time she gave magnificent entertainments every day, paid the debts of all the poor prisoners, and distributed large sums in charity. The viceroy was obliged to give up struggling with her, and she was at last set at liberty amid the acclamations of the poor."

Mara once took it into her head not to sing. While she was in Berlin, the Czarevitch (afterwards Paul I.) was there on a visit. The King, in order to do honour to his guest, was very anxious that Mara should take the principal part in an opera which was to be performed in the Court Theatre. But Mara had not forgotten certain treatment which her husband had received at the autocrat's hands: he had been separated from her for a paltry offence, and made to play the big drum at the head of a regiment instead of the violoncello in the court orchestra, and for this Madame Mara resolved now to be revenged. She declined to leave the house, took to her bed, and obstinately refused to get up for any one, sending word to the theatre that she was too ill to sing. An hour or two before the commencement of the opera,

however, a military escort stopped at the door of her house, and an officer entered, went upstairs to her room, and announced that his Majesty's orders were that alive or dead she was to be brought to the theatre.

"But I cannot!" said she. "You see I am in bed, and I must not leave it."

"Then in that case," said the officer, "I must take the bed too."

She was forced to obey. Bathed in tears she was led to her dressing-room, and ultimately put in an appearance at the theatre, but with the determination to sing in such a manner that the King should repent of his behaviour to her. For nearly half the opera she kept to her resolve, but it then suddenly occurred to her that the Czarevitch would carry away a very meagre opinion of her talent. She suddenly changed her policy, exerted herself to the utmost, and finished the opera with such brilliant singing as quite to enrapture his Imperial Highness, while *amour propre* carried the day.

A similar instance of this obstinacy which only yielded to a very disagreeable alternative, is related of John Abell, a gentleman singer of the Chapel Royal, in the Second Charles's reign. He possessed a magnificent tenor voice, which brought him in large sums of money. However he soon ran through his receipts, and at one time was forced to set out as a strolling musician. His rambles carried him as far as Warsaw, whither his fame had preceded him. The King was desirous to hear him, and sent for him to the court. Abell made some excuse and would not go, whereupon the King commanded him, under pain of imprisonment, to attend the next day. On Abell's arrival next day at the palace, he was seated in a chair in the middle of a spacious hall, and immediately

drawn up to a great height. Soon afterwards the King and his attendants appeared in a gallery opposite to him, and at the same time a number of bears were let loose below. The King gave him the choice whether he would sing or be lowered among the bears. Abell chose the former, and it is said never sang so well before in his life.

By-the-bye, this expedient acts very well when the bird is caged, that is, when the singer appears, but what is to be done when the bird does not put in an appearance?

255.—*A HOPELESS TASK.*

THE standing quarrel between Germany and Italy on the subject of music rages perhaps more hotly now than ever. Partisans will hear of no compromise, and while Italians shudder at the name of Wagner, and laugh at the idea of a German being able to sing, Germans pity a nation which can be proud of a Rossini, and believe as little in the possibility of a symphony or oratorio coming from an Italian pen, as they do in the military superiority of the French nation. True lovers of music stand by and are content to take a broad view of the whole question, but they must not speak, for both sides consider themselves in the right, and do not thank lookers-on for acting as mediators, more especially those who can lay no claim to any pre-eminence in music, and who are only famous because they like to pay 'through the nose' for that which their own soil does not produce for them! How hopeless the task of reconciling the 'quarrelsome children' now must be, may be guessed from the fact that it was tried and failed so long ago as early in the last century. To his credit be it spoken, the disappointed arbitrator was a German, named Antonius Raff—the tenor of the Lower Rhine, as he used to be

termed. He was a singer of great repute in his day, and a rival of Farinelli. Study and experience seem to have convinced him that the true school for singing was only to be found in Italy: a conclusion in which he was perfectly right. He accordingly spared no pains to overcome the prejudices of his countrymen so far as to admit the study of the Italian method. But this was not to be done, and so disgusted did he become with their prejudice and ignorance, that before he died he actually sold his piano, and gave away his musical library, lest he might have been induced to continue tuition against his principles.

We add the following story of the rivalry between Malibran and Sontag in 1828, for what it is worth; but principally because—old or new—its publication and currency at that time are an evidence that musical party spirit neglects no opportunity of manifesting itself. An Italian *connoisseur* swore by all the gods that none but Italians could sing. Imagine, then, his surprise upon being told by a partisan of the German school that Sontag could surpass any Italian singer. The irate Italian would *not* be convinced.

“It is impossible,” said he, “that Sontag” (whom he had never heard) “can be even equal to the singers of Italy.”

After a deal of persuasion he was induced to attend the opera to hear her. He had listened to her for barely five minutes before he rose to leave.

“Do stay,” said his German friend. “You have not given her a fair trial. Do stop. You will be convinced presently.”

“Yes!” said the Italian, “I know it, and therefore I must be off.”

They both seem to have ignored the fact that Sontag, though a German, sang in the Italian style !

256.—*A DIVIDED HOUSE.*

It is hardly possible for the present generation of frequenters of the opera to realise the scene which took place at Her Majesty's Theatre during the 1841 season, and which is known as the "Tamburini row." During the previous seasons, Laporte, who was then manager, had been so seriously annoyed and inconvenienced by the existence of a "cabal," consisting of some of his principal singers, that he had resolved both to break up the party and assert his own authority by the non-engagement of one of the ringleaders. He selected Tamburini, the celebrated barytone, and engaged Coletti to take his place. There was, however, among the *habitués* and supporters of the opera a fashionable clique of young "bloods" (as they were called), who, for reasons best known to themselves—possibly because they had a rooted dislike to the exertion of authority in any form or in any place!—chose to support the "cabal," and to consider that the public (as represented by themselves) had a right to claim the reappearance of all their old favourites. No open explosion took place on the night of the first appearance of the revised company, but the smouldering fire gave signs of life here and there in a few hisses and calls for "Tamburini." It was on the second night that the disgraceful display occurred which has since become so notorious. The theatre that evening was full, with the exception of the famous "omnibus" box, which, towards the close of the opera, also gradually filled to overflowing with young bloods—the noble and fashionable renters and

their friends—all allies of the coalition. From this box the row soon commenced. “Tamburini! Tamburini! Laporte, bring out Tamburini!” was shouted out, and was soon taken up in different parts of the house. Peaceably-disposed *habitués* raised counter-cries of “Shame! shame! No intimidation! Turn out the omnibus!” which were replied to with defiant shouts of “You had better try.” The whole house soon joined in the disturbance, which heightened till it became a deafening uproar. Laporte was seen on the stage several times, endeavouring to speak, but the yells and hisses overpowered everything. Amid this confusion the curtain rose upon the ballet. In vain the frightened *coryphées* stood ready to begin: the *première danseuse* would not come on amid such clamour. Once more the perplexed manager appeared on the stage, and this time succeeded in gaining a hearing. He promised to engage Tamburini. But far from allaying the storm, this concession so excited the spirits of the aristocratic rioters in the “omnibus,” that, with a fresh chorus of discordant yelling, the whole party leaped on to the stage, foremost among them being a prince of the blood. “The curtain,” relates an eye-witness, “now fell definitively, and amidst the sympathetic cheers of one portion of the house, and the hootings of another, the gallant chevaliers of the ‘omnibus’ waved their hats triumphantly and shouted, ‘Victory! victory!’”

Now for the cream. When Tamburini *was* engaged, on the first night of his appearance, stalls and ‘omnibus’ were as usual empty, and remained so until the commencement of the ballet, which was then by far the greatest attraction to Laporte’s patrons. Happily we may truly say now, *Nous avons changé tout cela!*

A reputed conversation between Laporte and his young coadjutor Lumley, pending the former's decision in this matter, is worth recording here. It was a calm, clear, and beautiful night when the first "Tamburini row" took place at Her Majesty's in the Haymarket; and after the theatre had been cleared of the fashionable occupants of the "omnibus" box, Laporte, the manager, walked out with Lumley to enjoy the evening air, after such a storm. "I must give in," said Laporte, "and treat them as spoiled children, and engage Tamburini." "But," replied Lumley, "if you give a child what he cries for, he soon learns that by crying he most easily gains his wishes." "Yes," observed Laporte; "yet most nurses do it."

257.—*VOICE SPECIFICS.*

ALL singers, from the *prima donna* down to the merest tyro, are agreed upon one point, that is, that to preserve the voice it must from time to time—especially when performing—be nourished and refreshed. But when it comes to the question of what this restorative should be, the opinions of singers are anything but unanimous, and most forcibly prove the truth of the adage that "what is one man's food is another man's poison." From the eagerness with which the writer has frequently seen it imbibed by some great singers, and from all reports, stout stands *facile princeps*. Malibran, it will be remembered, believed in its efficacy, and we relate elsewhere the tale of a pot of it being handed up to her behind a celebrated rock scene. Formes swore by a pot of good porter, and Wachtel is said to trust to the yolk of an egg beaten up with sugar for his chest C's. Some continental artists are more fastidious. Thus we gather from a Vienna paper

(not of recent date) that the Swedish tenor Labatt takes two salted cucumbers, and declares that this is the best thing in the world for strengthening the voice and giving it the true metallic ring. Walter's drink is cold black coffee; another makes a perfect little cistern of his stomach, and takes in spring water till he can drink no more. Southeim is an advocate of snuff and cold lemonade; Steger, "the corpulent," as he is surnamed, drinks the brown juice of the gambrinus; Niemann, champagne slightly warmed; Tichatchek, mulled claret. Ferenczy, the tenor, smokes, and strongly recommends a cigar to his colleagues; but others regard such a recipe as fatal, save perhaps Draxler, who smokes Turkish tobacco and cigarettes, cooling his throat betimes with a glass of good beer. But these are not all. Rüb-gam, the barytone, drinks mead; another drinks soda-water; another sucks dried plums; Nachbaur eats bonbons; Beck, the barytone, takes nothing at all, and refuses to speak; Arabenek believes in Gampoldskirchner wine; while another regulates his diet according to the state of his voice at the time. Sometimes you might see him sipping coffee, tea, mead, lemonade, and champagne; at others taking snuff, or munching apples, plums, and coarse bread. Mdlle. Brann-Brini takes beer and *café au lait*, but she also firmly believes in champagne, and would never dare venture the great duet in the fourth act of the "*Huguenots*" without a bottle of *Moët Crémant Rosé*. This particular eccentricity among vocalists takes several other forms. For instance, there are "celebrated basses" who advocate the exposure of the neck and chest to a June sun, a March wind, and a November fog; while some years ago, in the course of a lawsuit between a lady-singer at a music-hall and her

manager, it came out in evidence that *her* favourite “support” was claret and cayenne pepper! Another still stranger specific is said to have been used on her *debût* by one of the most celebrated of living songstresses—now, alas! to be heard in public no longer. Being naturally anxious that her voice should be at its very best, rumour whispers that she actually chewed whitey-brown paper till the moment of her entrance on the stage!

258.—*REAL PARTS.*

THE home of Malibran's earliest years was neither a happy nor peaceful one, for her father, Manuel Garcia, was a man with a temper extremely irritable and violent. Maria Felicita, too, was no saint, but a little vixen; wayward and wilful, ever ready to burst into a towering passion, ever ready to entreat forgiveness. Maria and her father were continually quarrelling; and the scenes between them during the years of preparation for the occupation in which he was determined she should surpass all others, were heartrending to the amiable but utterly helpless mother. When Maria was but seventeen, there came one day a chance of escape. M. Malibran offered to marry her. This the father opposed; but Maria declared she would have her way and marry M. Malibran. The scene at home that morning was a stormy one; nor did the cloud wear off as the day went on. When night came both were in the same mood, in spite of their having to perform together, she as Desdemona, the other as the Moor in *Otello*. Neither seemed to care, neither faltered, till that moment where *Otello* in his mad rage approaches to stab Desdemona, when Maria noticed that the dagger he had in his hand was not the stage weapon, but a real one which her

father had recently bought. Frantic with terror, she shrieked out in Spanish, "Father! father! for God's sake do not kill me!"

From what afterwards transpired the father may be safely acquitted of any intention to harm his girl. The silvered cardboard dagger not being at hand, Garcia did the best thing he could under the circumstances; he substituted the first one he could lay his hand upon, and that happened to be the real one which he always carried with him.

Another story of a real assumption, with little less interest, is related of Ambrogetti. During the time that Eber was at the helm of the Haymarket Opera-house (the King's Theatre it was called then) he produced one of Paer's operas, entitled "*L'Agnese*," with Camporese as Agnese and Ambrogetti as the father of the heroine. Being anxious to make the best of his part, especially in the scene where he becomes insane, Ambrogetti visited a lunatic asylum to study the expression of some of the confined lunatics. When the night of performance came, the representation of the mad father was so vivid that it produced a terrible sensation throughout the house. Many ladies fainted; others left the theatre, unable to bear the sight of such an appalling piece of acting.

259.—*A FORGETFUL CHERUBINO.*

NOTWITHSTANDING the precautionary prompters and their boxes, it will be generally acknowledged that among artists of any standing the prompter's services are not to any great extent called into requisition. Seldom have opera-goers, especially, any cause of complaint in this respect, and the most cross-grained and exacting old *habitué* will probably admit that at times his mind has

wandered upon the subject of mnemonics with conclusions not unflattering to the long lists of Semiramides, Aminos, Lucias, Gildas, Leonoras, Ortrudas, and numerous other rôles. So smoothly do the performances of our two opera-houses run on, that we are apt to forget the wonderful stage appliances and mechanism which form the hidden sources of our operatic enjoyment. It is only a mere accident, such as that which occurred at Drury Lane during the last week of the 1875 season, which reveals to us the wonderful feats of memory which are constantly being performed, and gives us a glimpse of the responsibility devolving upon all concerned. The incident referred to took place on the evening of the 23rd July. Mozart's "*Nozze di Figaro*" was being performed, and Mdlle. de Belocca was the Cherubino. In the scene of the second act, in which Cherubino is concealed in the chamber of the Countess, Mdlle. Belocca totally forgot to come out of the chamber—she had gone to her room to change for the next act—the result was that Madame Marie Roze was heard screaming at the fall of the page, which fall, however, did not take place! With wonderful presence of mind Sir Michael Costa continued the accompaniments, and the audience seemed but little aware that the duet (one of the best pieces in the opera) had been omitted.

"It's an ill wind that blows naebody gude," runs the proverb, and while Mr. Mapleson may be congratulated upon possessing the veteran but watchful *chef*, Mdlle. Belocca may thank her stars that the consequences of her mistake were not more serious. The cream of the joke, however, was this: only one or two of the newspaper critics mentioned—and therefore we presume they did not notice—the occurrence!

260.—A NOT SURPRISING EVENT.

MEDICAL men say that too much excitement will turn the brain. If this be true, then indeed should *prime donne* be blest with an unusual insensibility. Certainly one would suppose the excitement of an opera-house *furore*, a shower of bouquets, and a call to the royal box, enough to upset the mind of a young girl. Nevertheless it is as rare a thing to hear of a mad *prima donna* as of a mad archbishop or cardinal. Some very amusing scenes, however, have resulted from the excitement of a frenzied audience. Pasta was once the victim of an outburst of such enthusiasm, and those who witnessed the *dénouement* might have supposed the singer to have become as mad as her admirers. One evening during the season of 1828 she was performing the part of Armando in "*Il Crociato in Egitto*," and at the conclusion of the trio "*Ma balzar quel cor' senti*," flew to her room to change her costume. But the audience would not cease their applause, and Pasta, wholly lost for the moment, hurried back to the stage—utterly forgetful that she was dressed half Crusader, half Mameluke!

261.—MUSICAL MODESTY.

THE following stories refer to the first appearance of Marietta Piccolomini in the rôle of "*Lucrezia Borgia*" at Florence in 1852.

On the last night of her engagement at the theatre called Carignan, a vast concourse of people assembled together as she came forth from the theatre, and were about to take her horses from her carriage. She spoke out and told them, with flushed cheek and flashing eyes,

that men ought to know better than to put themselves in the place of beasts ; that Italy had higher and nobler duties for her sons. Finding the people, however, determined on paying this, as it seemed to her, degrading homage, she passed out of the theatre by a back door, and made her way to her hotel on foot.

Upon a subsequent occasion, her residence was surrounded by an excited crowd, bent on manifesting their frantic delight at her musical powers. She sternly rebuked the young men of Italy for their levity, and pointed out to them that they could fulfil the end of their existence in other ways far more nobly, and with far greater satisfaction to their own consciences.

“Keep your strength for Italy ; our country needs all your energies,” exclaimed the *débutante* of seventeen summers.

In the opposite sex we do not look for much extreme modesty ; nevertheless, the following curious history of Tinney the singer proves that the quality in question is not altogether unknown. Tinney, a bass singer for many years attached to Covent Garden Theatre, although he possessed a splendid bass voice, yet carried his unassuming habits to such an extent as constantly to refuse to perform any solo work even at the request of his most intimate friends and admirers. Seeing the absurdity of such behaviour, many of his friends sought to cure him ; but neither their appeals nor their taunts had any effect on this singular being, any more than did the following lines, which one of his friends actually put into print :

“How is it, Tinney,
You’re such a ninny,
While you’ve a voice to go low ?

Sure such a fellow,
With notes so mellow,
Should oftener sing a solo.

“Sing less in chorus while on earth,
Solo’s the test of merit ;
In heaven’s chorus you’ll have a berth,
But on earth pray show some spirit.”

262.—*AN ACCOMPLISHED LADY.*

THE narrow border-line which divides sanity from insanity, many people maintain, vanishes entirely oftener in the field of music than in any other. Perhaps this is so, and for the reason that the very qualities which are most needed by the highest class of musical artists are those which tend to bring them most dangerously near that border-line. Hundreds of great singers, players, composers, etc., have been undeniably eccentric ; and where eccentricity stops, and madness begins, is a point which very often mere accident decides. In which class, for instance, are we to place a lady who takes to the small-sword exercise, incendiarism, and highway robbery ? Is she for the sake of artistic talent to be ranked as eccentric ? We can only say this—she was much to be pitied, so was her husband, her manager, her conductor, and every soul belonging to the theatre where she was engaged !

The agreeable lady whose accomplishments have just been enumerated was a singer at the French Opera under Lulli, and bore the name of La Maupin. Whatever reputation she won as a singer has been eclipsed by her achievements of another kind. It is said that she ran away from her husband in order to meet a fencing-master

and learn the use of the small sword. On one occasion she set fire to a convent, and had a very narrow escape of being burnt alive herself in the blaze which she had kindled. Again, having been, as she said, insulted by a singer at the opera-house, she donned male attire, lay in wait for him as he left the theatre, and challenged him to draw his sword and fight. Upon his refusing so to do, she demanded his watch and other valuables, and then gave him a sound thrashing. The next day the opera-house was all astir with a wonderful story told by this gentleman, who boasted of having been over-night attacked by three robbers, but having succeeded in defending himself and his property. On hearing this La Maupin came out with the whole story, relating coolly how she had chastised him, and producing as a proof the watch and other things of which she had despoiled him.

The story charging La Maupin with arson is as follows :

At the age of sixteen this little "petticoats" eloped (for she was then a wife), and appeared on the boards of the Marseilles Opera-house in male attire under the name of M. d'Aubigny! Such an elegant young *man* soon found plenty of admirers. One lady, more struck than the rest, actually fell in love with the supposed M. d'Aubigny. In one of her madcap moods La Maupin encouraged this, and to such an extent that the parents of the girl placed her in a convent. Maupin—this time in female costume—followed her admirer: was admitted as a novice, and before she had been there many weeks, made wild work. Before long one of the nuns died, and was buried in the precincts of the convent. The actress bethought herself that this afforded a good opportunity for getting her admirer and herself out of the convent. So, she hit

upon a horrible device. With her own hands she disinterred the newly-buried corpse—laid it on the bed that her lover occupied, set fire to the dormitory, and in the confusion which soon followed made her escape with her admirer. The next that was heard of La Maupin was that she was in Provence, while her lover—somewhat wiser—was safe in the arms of her mother.

After all this it is refreshing to find that Madame La Maupin's jokes were not always cruel and wicked. Some of her antics were very comical, and, though annoying and humiliating to her victims, they were not so fatal as others. When her little career came to an end, and she was so reduced in circumstances as to be glad of the situation of chamber-maid to a Spanish lady—Countess Marino—her daring had all gone. Once it broke forth in consequence of some cross words from her capricious mistress, and it then took a spiteful form, but at the same time one so ludicrous that good-natured people will readily forgive the faded *prima donna* for her viciousness. It arose as follows. Madame Marino was going to a ball, and wanted her hair dressed. This of course fell to the lady's-maid's lot. The task was willingly enough undertaken, and the Countess as complacently as possible awaited its completion. Then, a hurried look into a glass before departure convinced her that all was right. The feathers produced a charming effect. She even praised her maid a little. But unluckily she had gone off without glancing at the back hair, and therein the wicked *coiffeuse* had placed several little red radishes! No wonder that the Countess Marino produced such a sensation on entering the ball-room: though little did she dream its cause. Not till she had paraded herself in every direction did a considerate friend venture to

question the propriety of the new hair ornaments. Finding herself thus duped she fled from the ball-room to her hotel in search of the offender. The bird had flown, however, and the disgraced lady was left to vent her rage upon whom she would, for the treacherous maid was already on the road to Paris.

263.—*PROFESSIONAL MARRIAGES.*

THE public appears to take much interest in the private affairs of its musical favourites, especially when there is news of a “professional” marriage. In our own times the excitement has been heightened by one or two rare features in the ceremony. But if the singing birds of the last century did not aspire to the distinction of being married at Westminster Abbey, or a Chapel Royal, they in several instances secured the more decided honour of a “titled” match. One of the most remarkable of such alliances took place in 1739, and gave rise to abundance of scandal. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, in one of her letters to Lady Pomfret, says :

“Lady Harriet Herbert furnished the tea-tables here with fresh tattle for the last fortnight. I was one of the first informed of her adventure by Lady Gage, who was told that morning by a priest that she had desired him to marry her next day to Beard, who sings in the farces at Drury Lane. He refused her that good office, and immediately told Lady Gage, who (having been unfortunate in her friends) was frightened at this affair, and asked my advice. I told her honestly that since the lady was capable of such *amours*, I did not doubt, if this was broke off, she would bestow her person and fortune on some hackney coachman or chairman ; and that I really saw no method of saving her from ruin, and her family

from dishonour, but by poisoning her; and offered to be at the expense of the arsenic, and even to administer it with my own hands, if she would invite her to drink tea with her that evening. But on her non-approving that method, she sent to Lady Montacute, Mrs. Dunch, and all the relations within the reach of messengers. They carried Lady Harriet to Twickenham, though I told them it was a bad air for girls. She is since returned to London, and some people believe her to be married; others, that she is too much intimidated by Mr. Waldegrave's threats to dare to go through this ceremony; but the secret is now public, and in what manner it will conclude I know not. Her relations have certainly no reason to be amazed at her constitution, but are violently surprised at the mixture of devotion that forces her to have recourse to the church in her necessities; which has not been the road taken by the matrons of her family. Such examples are very detrimental to our whole sex, and are apt to influence the other into a belief that we are unfit to manage either liberty or money."

The hero of this romance was John Beard, a tenor singer, whose name will ever be remembered from his close association with most of Handel's oratorios, in which he "created" those tenor parts made famous to later generations by Braham and Reeves, and many others besides which might also be heard if concert-managers were as little afraid of old unknown music as they are of new. Beard's *forte* was not so much his voice, as his good musical taste and dramatic powers. He was a man of excellent conduct, liberal attainments, good principles, and with a pleasant disposition; so that Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's description of him as "a singer in the farces at Drury Lane," and her delicate comparison

of him to a "hackney coachman," together with many other uncomplimentary remarks, were mere spiteful libels upon a man of estimable character. However, notwithstanding her amiable friend's opposition, Lady Harriet *did* marry Beard, and the union was far from being an unhappy one, as the inscription on her monument in St. Pancras churchyard records :

"On the 8th January, 1739, she became the wife of Mr. John Beard, who during a happy union of fourteen years tenderly loved her person and admired her virtues; who sincerely feels and laments her loss, and must for ever revere her memory, to which he consecrates this monument."

Other such marriages are not rare. Lavinia Fenton, the original Polly in Gay's "Beggar's Opera," was fortunate in this respect. She became at once the idol of the town: her portrait was engraved and sold in great numbers: her life was written: books of letters and verses to her published: collections were made of her *bon-mots* and witticisms: and before her career ended, she rose from the position of a duke's mistress to that of a duchess. Her beauty at eighteen was the talk of the town, and amorous addresses were constantly reaching her from men in the highest ranks of society. Among others came one from a young libertine of good family, who had fallen so desperately in love with Lavinia that he offered to abandon the pleasures of the town, and retire with her into the country on any terms short of marriage which she might propose. This offer she did not care to entertain, and many others far more alluring were withstood. At last, however, yielding to the advances of the Duke of Bolton, she became his mistress, and, after three and twenty years, his wife.

This was in 1751. Nine years afterwards, Polly Peachum, whom, according to Swift, "the Duke of Bolton ran away with, having settled four hundred a year on her during pleasure, and upon disagreement two hundred more," died, aged fifty-two.

Anastatia Robinson married *well*, but not *wisely*. She, so amiable and so beloved, met with a severe trial on entering upon her conjugal state. She married Lord Peterborough, but his haughty spirit would not permit him to make a declaration of it, nor did they live under the same roof. At last the Earl, being seized with a serious illness, solicited her to attend him at Mount Bevis, near Southampton; this, however, she firmly refused to do, except upon the condition that, though still forbidden to take his name, she might be allowed to wear her wedding-ring—to which, finding her inexorable, he at length consented. Her devoted care and attention upon this occasion nearly cost this good woman her life.

We can only conclude that the man was a knave and the woman a fool who would consent to be parties to such an arrangement as this!

264.--PROFESSIONAL JEALOUSIES.

FAUSTINA and Cuzzoni were two *prime donne* of Handel's time, and were as jealous of each other as two women well could be. Frequently their freaks gave rise to ludicrous scenes, and not a little inconvenience. One night, for instance, Lady Walpole had these two at her house to sing in a concert to which all the first personages in the kingdom were invited, when an unforeseen difficulty arose. Faustina would not give precedence to Cuzzoni: Cuzzoni would not sing after Faustina: nor would either of them

be prevailed upon to sing while the other was present. In this dilemma Lady Walpole had recourse to the following expedient. She took Faustina to a remote part of the house under the pretence of showing her some rare old china, during which time the company obtained a song from Cuzzoni, who supposed that her rival had quitted the field. A similar plan was resorted to to entice Cuzzoni out of the room while Faustina sung. So in this manner the difficulty was got over, but not without some self-abnegation on the part of the lady of the house, who of course, on this occasion, was prevented from hearing either of these queens of song, and, it might be added, of temper also.

When husband and wife get together on the stage, certain instances tend to prove that harmony is not improved. The history of opera could record many instances where the presence of husband and wife on the same stage has not contributed to the benefit of the one most interested—the manager. As a rule, the famous husband is weighted with an incompetent wife, or *vice versâ*, and as the pair, like the “two-headed nightingale,” cannot be separated, the manager endures and pays the indifferent singer for the sake of the “better half.” Conjugal affection (even the manager will admit) is all very well, but unfortunately it is not sufficient satisfaction to the manager for bad coffers or to subscribers for defective performances. But there is on record a case where the inconvenience resulted not from the affection of a pair musically ill-mated, but from the very reverse. Ansari, a tenor of the opera-house in 1780, and nearly as famous for his vile temper as for his singing, married Signora Maccherini, a desperate virago, and in every way a match for him. The two were fearfully

jealous of each other, and when singing at the same theatre, if one happened to be applauded more than the other, these amiable beings have been known to engage in the lively occupation of employing persons to hiss one another off the stage. Surely this latter is a case of candle burning at both ends!

265.—*INGRATITUDE.*

“MUD not the fountain that gave drink to thee,” sings the Stratford bard in “*Lucrece*,” and who need to remember such an adage more than our musical audiences? “Time tries all,” and singers must of necessity be among this number. The greatest singers of an age must in one respect follow in the wake of the street balladists, and fade with them. Yet an old servant is worth remembering, and the evanescence of popularity should never be thrown in the teeth of such an one, who most likely will be but too conscious of the truth that “Old bees yield no honey.” Sad to relate, poor Grisi closed her career with the thoughts of a very much altered public on her mind. She had been singing at the ‘glass-house’ at Sydenham in July, 1861, and “on retiring from the orchestra,” writes Dr. Cox, “after a peculiarly cold reception—as unkind as it was inconsiderate—seeing what the career of this remarkable woman had been, there was not a single person at the foot of the orchestra to receive or to accompany her to her retiring-room! I could imagine what her feelings at that moment must have been—she who had in former years been accustomed to be thronged, wherever she appeared, and to be the recipient of adulation—often as exaggerated as it was fulsome—but who was now literally deserted. With Grisi

—although I had been once or twice introduced to her—I never had any personal acquaintance. I could not, however, resist the impulse of preceding her, without obtruding myself upon her notice, and opening the door of the retiring-room for her; which was situated at some considerable distance from the orchestra. Her look as I did this, and she passed out of sight, is amongst the most painful of my ‘Recollections;’ for it uttered, more plainly than words could speak, how sweet had that small drop of consolation been to her at such a moment. It was the last time I ever saw the Diva. How great and bitter was the change that nearly forty years had made for her!”

To the last the scent of the roses clung to the shattered vase: yet the vase *was* shattered, and it is only a pity that Grisi herself did not acknowledge it before the public found it out, and with unwonted ingratitude visited its disappointment upon its worn-out favourite. To know when to stop, however, has afforded a problem for more singers than Grisi. Francesca Cuzzoni—once the admiration of Europe, it will be remembered—survived not only her talents and powers of pleasing, but even those of procuring a subsistence; for she was long imprisoned in Holland for debt, and ended her days at Bologna, in the most extreme poverty.

When will singers and dancers learn two things: firstly, that their lives are no longer than those of other people; and, secondly, that the public takes no pleasure in exhibitions of either parcels of bones or shreds of voices; nor in the saddening sight of old age publicly struggling with reputation, either from motives of selfishness or necessity? Pasta, it will be remembered, “re-appeared” and spoilt her reputation a good deal; and

many others have stayed too long, instead of having the sense to retire in time, and live comfortably as did Clara Novello and Jenny Lind.

266.—*CURING PREJUDICE.*

CAFFARELLI—the insolent—as some used to add to his name, was once sent to Turin by the King of Sardinia to sing at the marriage of the Prince of Savoy with the Infanta of Spain. On the first night of the performance of the opera in which he was to sing, the prince went behind the scenes, just before the performance commenced, and entering into a conversation with Caffarelli, said that he was glad to see him there, although the Princess of Savoy thought it hardly possible that any one could sing to please her as greatly as Farinelli did. “Now, Caffarelli,” added the prince, at the same time clapping him on the shoulder, “exert yourself a little, and cure the princess of this prejudice in favour of her master.” “Sir,” rejoined Caffarelli, warmed by the prince’s remarks, “her Highness shall hear two Farinellis in one to-night.”

He kept his word, for his singing that night was so marvellous that he was said to have surpassed all rivalry, and to have sung as no one had heard any singer, not excepting Farinelli, sing before.

That Caffarelli was a marvellous singer, there is no doubt. Garrick’s testimony of his powers, when he was singing in Naples at the age of sixty years, gives us some idea of what he must have been when in his prime. “Caffarelli, though old,” he says, “has pleased me more than all the singers I have heard. He touched me; and it was the first time I have been touched since I came into Italy.” Coming from Garrick this is loud praise,

for he was not very susceptible to the charms of music, as many passages in his writings prove.

267.—CLERICAL CRITICS.

MRS. CIBBER was the first woman who drew applause by the singing of "He was despised," and this was on the occasion of the first performance of the "Messiah" in Dublin, when she delivered the beautiful air in so touching and pathetic a manner that a gentleman—a "reverend," too—so far forgot himself, and every one else, save Mrs. Cibber, as to audibly exclaim after she had finished the air, "Woman, for this be all thy sins forgiven!"

By the way, there is a story told of this sublime melody, to the effect that an intimate friend of Handel called upon him just as he was in the middle of setting the words to music, and found the great composer sobbing with tears, so greatly had this passage, and the rest of his morning's work, affected the master.

À propos. Clerical criticism and unusual foresight were once brought to bear upon Mdlle. Brambilla. She was a beauty, and a charming mezzo-soprano singer besides. "She has the finest eye," said a gay cardinal once, "the sweetest voice, and the best disposition: if she is discovered to possess any other merits, the safety of the Catholic Church will require her excommunication."

268.—IMPENITENT AND IMPERTINENT.

THE French stage has seen some rare beauties, but few have surpassed Sophie Arnould, originally the daughter of a poor hotel-keeper, but who awoke one morning and found herself famous, and surrounded by the cream of

French society — poets, journalists, impresarios, artists, financiers, statesmen, and royalty. Her wit, her beauty, her grace, her singing, her intelligence, and *abandon* in society made her brilliant even in that glittering age. As a child she foretold her end, and she was very little out in her calculations. When implored to appear at the opera she drew up her pretty shoulders and pertly replied: “To go to the opera is to go to the devil. Still, what of it? It’s my destiny.” She was thirteen years old when she said this, and a tale of her and Voltaire shows that later on in life she was still a pert puss, impudent, careless, and without a shadow of remorse. The story runs thus: “One day Voltaire said to her, ‘Ah, mademoiselle, I am eighty-four years old, and I have committed eighty-four follies.’ ‘A mere trifle,’ responded Sophie. ‘I am not yet forty, and I have committed more than a thousand.’ ”

The following anecdote gives a glimpse of her temperament. The Count de Lauragais, the most celebrated, and from all accounts the most agreeable of her many admirers, retained the interesting Sophie Arnould’s affection nearly four years, a fact which historians regard as unique. One day, however, the witty Sophie determined to break off with him, and thereupon a carriage was sent to the count’s hotel containing lace, ornaments, boxes of jewellery—and two children; everything in fact that she owed to the count. The lawful countess, who met the baggage, was generous. She accepted the children, and sent back to Sophie Arnould the lace, the jewellery, and the carriage. A fair division!

269.—*BEHIND THE SCENES.*

THAT not-to-be-despised beverage, "porter," seems to be inseparably connected with the name of Malibran. Whether it was that she really had an unquenchable thirst for "Barclay and Perkins," or whether she has gained the unenviable reputation through the kindness of anecdote-mongers or misinformed critics, it is impossible to say. One thing is certain: that it is popularly believed to have been her favourite stimulant, and, remembering the preparatory and precautionary measures which gushing amateurs and *débutantes* take before singing a single piece, it is not to be wondered at that Malibran occasionally had recourse to a stimulant in the course of her representations—many of them of two and three hours' duration. All who know the "Maid of Artois" will remember the trying part for the principal character in that opera. The last scene is laid in a desert, wherein the heroine has to depict all the agonies of thirst. Malibran—grand artist that she was—used to throw her whole soul into this scene, which, however, was one where, rather inappropriately, recourse to the porter-pot was indispensable. One day, Mr. Bunn, with more than his usual imperiousness, ordered that Malibran was to have no porter. The siren stormed and said she "would!"

Finally she won the day, and a pot of frothing beer was placed behind one of the banks for the singer to sip while the audience were supposing her to be dying with thirst!

Another version of this story accounts for Malibran's porter-loving reputation, from the fact that on a certain

occasion as she stood on one of the spring-traps below the stage waiting to be sent up, one of the scene-shifters appeared with a pot of that beverage, which so commended itself to her at the moment that she actually asked the shifter for a "sip" thereat—and it was while in the act of taking the 'pewter' from the man's hands that the trap went up with Malibran embracing the pot of porter.

What Lord William Lennox has to say in his "Recollections" concerning this anecdote is very interesting.

"During the time," he says, "that Malibran was singing at Drury Lane, and delighting the audience with her exquisite representation of 'Fidelio' and the 'Maid of Artois,' a certain newspaper, the musical notices of which were supposed to be written by the late Honourable Henry Berkeley, M.P. for Bristol, was in the habit of attacking her—hinting that she was a little too much addicted to Barclay and Perkins' porter. The fact was that, in the last scene of the 'Maid of Artois'—the desert scene—so great was the exertion, that, when reclining on a bank, she, unknown to the audience, indulged in a glass of this refreshing liquor, handed up to her through a trap-door, so that, as the wags said, there was more *beer* than *bier* in her last scene. One day at dinner I spoke to Henry Berkeley upon the subject, and pointed out how kind and amiable Malibran was, especially to those of her own profession. 'I should like to meet her,' he said. 'So you shall to-morrow evening,' I replied. 'Dine with me at the Garrick, and we will go into her room at Drury Lane.' Upon the following evening, at the conclusion of the opera, we entered the siren's room, I having previously mentioned my intention of presenting

Mr. Berkeley to her. 'Allow me,' I said, 'to introduce Mr. Berkeley.' He approached her shyly, for he knew that, right or wrong, she suspected him of writing the hostile criticism; but, to his delight and surprise, she rushed forward with a smile on her countenance, held out both her hands, and with the utmost *naïveté* said, 'Oh, Monsieur Barclay'—so she pronounced his name—'I shall never drink another glass of Barclay and Perkins' without thinking of you.' My friend, the member for Bristol, was what is termed a little flabbergasted at the remark, but he soon recovered himself, and after paying her a few genuine compliments upon her singing, we took our leave."

270.—AN APPRECIATIVE HUSBAND.

MADAME CLARA NOVELLO not only was the darling of the public, but—as does not always happen—she was fortunate in her marriage (so far as appreciation of her talent could make her happy), if we are to credit the following anecdote.

Conversation turning one day on the vocal powers of Mrs. Salmon, Madame Novello's husband gave his opinion thus :

"Mrs. Samon, sare, she is as dat" (at the same time extending the little finger of his left hand and placing his thumb at the root of it), "but my wife," continued he, "behold! she is as dat!" stretching out his whole arm at length and touching the shoulder-joint with the other.

271.—TESTS OF MERIT.

WHATEVER may be the state of opera-stage acting nowadays, it is a fact that in the older style of Italian opera very little dramatic power was necessary to a singer's success. Some of the greatest singers in opera have been either very poor actors, or no actors at all. Such an incident as the following could scarcely occur now, and while it conclusively proves the merits of the one man as a singer, it shows a want of dramatic power in the other, which it is to be hoped would incapacitate such an one from obtaining any prominent place on the boards, at all events in England.

Farinelli and Senesino were both in England together in 1734, but being engaged at different theatres on the same evenings, they had not an opportunity of hearing each other sing, until, by some sudden stage-freak, they were both engaged to sing on the same stage. Senesino had the part of a furious tyrant to represent: Farinelli that of an unfortunate hero in chains; but in his first song he so softened the obdurate heart of his oppressor, that Senesino, quite forgetting his stage-character, ran to Farinelli and embraced him, much to the surprise of the audience.

Other testimony of Farinelli's wonderful singing is not wanting—and this, too, from those capable of forming an opinion. Conti Gizziello (who was so successful in singing for Handel in his opera of "*Ariodante*"), when he first heard Farinelli sing, showed his appreciation in a strange way: he burst into tears, and fainted away from despondency.

The orchestras of the day, too, used to be equally surprised at his flights of vocalisation. On one occasion

at a private rehearsal at Cuzzoni's apartments—previous to his first appearance in England, Lord Cooper the opera-manager found, much to his surprise, that the band did not follow him, but were one and all gaping about, as if planet-struck. Not a little annoyed and excited, he desired them to go on, when they all confessed that Farinelli's powers and dexterity were such that they absolutely could not keep pace with him.

Perhaps the most absurd story of Farinelli's greatness is that in connection with the Fifth Philip of Spain. This gentleman being seized with a fit of depression, absolutely refused to be properly dressed, to be shaved, or to prepare himself for transacting the state affairs. Numerous remedies were proposed; but doctors, medicines, and every other expedient proved useless, till at last it was suggested that music should be tried. Farinelli was sent for, and, by a device of the Queen was made to sing in a room adjoining the King's apartment. Philip at first appeared surprised, then affected, and at the conclusion of the second air commanded that the singer should be brought in to him. On Farinelli's entering, the enraptured monarch overwhelmed him with compliments, and declared that he could refuse him nothing that he might ask. Farinelli only requested that his Majesty would permit his attendants to shave and dress him, and that he would appear in council as usual. This he could now do, but he would not allow so good a physician to be out of his reach, so the King engaged Farinelli, and he used to sing four songs to the King every night, for which he was paid two thousand pounds a year for life!

What a capital king: and lo! how splendidly he behaved as compared with that "son of Kish" who

threw javelins (instead of golden sovereigns) at the 'sweet singer' who had cured him of his moody madness !

272.—*A CONVENIENT ART.*

FROM the trumpet in the battle down to the barrel-organ which it was said served as an excuse for a burglar to watch a house which his confederates intended to rob—musical art has been put to a variety of uses. We are told, too, that it has "charms to soothe a savage breast," and a brilliant instance of this is found among the adventures of Filippo Palma, who absolutely found music of avail to soften the rugged heart of a creditor !

This artist was notorious for being always in love and always in debt. One of his old and tired-out creditors caught him, at length, at home one day. Upon being informed of his errand, and of how the gentleman whom he had brought with him would take charge of Palma's person in the event of his not meeting the debt, Palma, it is recorded, made no other reply to his abuse and his threats than by sitting down to the harpsichord and singing two or three of his most touching airs (to his own accompaniments) ; which so affected the terrible enemy that he not only forgave him the debt, but actually lent him ten guineas to stay the fury of another creditor who threatened him with imprisonment.

This is much the same sort of sentiment which once took possession of Farinelli's tailor. To hear of a thing which is "to be bought for a song" too frequently represents nothing more than a pleasant figure of speech, of which the fulfilment is never expected in these hard times. It appears, however, that the above

form of expression was, once upon a time, merely the statement of a literal fact.

Farinelli having to attend a gala at court, he ordered a very costly suit of clothes, and when the tailor brought them home, asked for his bill.

"I have no bill, sir," said the tailor, "nor shall I ever make one. Instead of the money I have a favour to ask. I know it is a great one, but since I have had the honour to work for a person of whom every one speaks with rapture, all the payment I shall ever require will be a song."

In vain did Farinelli press the tailor to take his money, and after long arguing he took him into his music-room and sang to him some of his most brilliant airs. The ravished hearer was delighted, and the more he showed this the more Farinelli strove to please him. When he had concluded the tailor was in ecstasies, and after thanking him in the most grateful terms, was about to retire.

"No," said Farinelli, "I have given way to your weakness; it is but fair that in your turn you should give way to mine." Then taking out his purse he insisted on his receiving a sum amounting to nearly double the worth of the clothes.

Probably the Pooles, Samuels, and Kinos of our own day would have no objection to supplying many suits on the same terms; but really if, in return for every suit of clothes, they were obliged to listen to several songs from the customer, in nine cases out of ten the double payment would certainly be fairly earned!

273.—A FISH OUT OF WATER.

THE musical profession of to-day is in a purer state in every way, but especially socially, than it has ever yet been. A few years ago the ignorance that prevailed among musicians was appalling. Happily, things have taken a turn, and it is no longer "fashionable" for an artist to be an ignoramus or a wine-bibber, though there are many black spots still remaining, where an early application of school-board severity, and of those principles of abstinence with which Sir Wilfrid Lawson and Co. are so in love, would be very opportune. However, generally speaking the profession has dragged its weary way, as it were, through the slimy and pestilential hot-beds of strolling playing and minstrelsy, and is once again asserting itself as the exponent power of one of the noblest arts, a connection with which will, happily, in a few years be impossible except to the refined and educated man. Iphigenias in champagne, absinthe-fired Raouls, and porter-tight Elijahs will have played their rôles. Instead, the unsophisticated artist will occupy their place, and there will be no more toleration for singers appearing on the stage in the state recorded of Mrs. Salmon by one who had a part, and that a small but disagreeable one, in the play.

"The time had arrived," writes the accomplished author of "Musical Recollections of the Last Half-Century," "for Mrs. Salmon to sing 'Cease your funning,' with variations, which was usually one of her most successful efforts. After keeping the audience waiting for some minutes without appearing, a note was passed to me, which I handed to Sir George Smart, who at once gave me directions to 'fetch the lady up.' I met

her struggling towards the orchestra, and her condition was at once apparent. She had unhappily given way to intemperance—a habit which was then but too frequent—and was positively so ‘tipsy’ that she could scarcely stand.

“The audience having become impatient, of the male portion who at once perceived the poor creature’s condition, some tittered, whilst others slightly hissed. She held her ‘part’ upside down, and turning round to Sir George Smart, told him she would not sing ‘that variation,’ and should change it for another.

“Looking her through and through, he said at once, in an undertone of sarcasm which, inebriated as she was, she immediately understood: ‘Madam, you are a large, a fine, and a handsome FISH, but to a certainty you will *flounder* to-night.’

“And flounder she did; for, staggering round to the audience at her first attempt to sing, she completely broke down, and was then literally hissed off the orchestra.”

274.—“*EVERY MAN TO HIS TRADE.*”

GREAT artists are scarce: they are also a luxury, and, like all other articles of luxury, they can command “fancy prices.” This fact, however, is not generally realised. The people who buy books by the yard and pictures by the foot cannot understand how others can treasure one musty volume above the contents of a whole circulating library, or pay more for a few square inches of David Cox’s work than they would give for a square mile of a modern French painter; nor can the same folks see why a *prima donna* who can scarcely read two lines of music at sight correctly should command a salary

which equals the year's income of a prime minister. However, "facts are stubborn things," and require much philosophy to deal with them. When David Coxes are born by the dozen, and *prime donne* are found by the score, the articles will come within the reach of everybody, and possibly will cease to be appreciated! Till then, those who want them must be content to pay.

So discovered Catherine II. of Russia, who having invited the celebrated Gabrielli to St. Petersburg, without having taken the precaution to ascertain her terms for singing, bethought herself of this omission one day after Gabrielli had arrived.

Now Gabrielli, who was generosity itself to the poor, was perfectly aware of her own value, and saw no reason to depreciate it to those who could afford to pay her what she thought her proper price. She therefore replied to the Empress without hesitation, "Five thousand ducats."

"Five thousand ducats!" said Catherine; "why, not one of my field-mmarshals is paid so much."

"Then your Majesty had better get a field-marshal to sing," said the affronted siren.

A similar retort was once made by Thévenard, the famous French vocalist. When Louis XIV. died, the French Opera fell into the care of a duke, of whom it has been said that "he would rather go to the Opera than to the mass." He appointed the Duc d'Antin as the manager. Thévenard was then the best singer in France, and when the new *impresario* came to engage him he offered the singer six hundred francs, which, however, he indignantly refused, saying, "That, at most, it was only a suitable present for his valet:"

whereupon the duke would have imprisoned him, but could not for fear of the public, with whom the singer was very popular.

275.—*IN MEMORIAM.*

WHEN Gabrielli ("the capricious," as she ought to be surnamed) was singing in Vienna, the French ambassador there fell violently in love with her. In a fit of jealousy he attempted to stab Gabrielli, and she was only saved by the whalebone of her corset.

The fellow then threw himself at the singer's feet and implored her forgiveness; this was granted upon the condition that he would give up his sword, on which Gabrielli declared she would have engraved, "*The sword of ———, who on ———day dared to strike La Gabrielli.*"

276.—"*FLAGRANTE DELICTO.*"

AMID the mass of gossip of which singers and actors form the subject, nothing is more common than to hear it confidently asserted by some wretched little loungeur that such an one "drinks like a fish." If it is not intemperance it is immorality that is hinted at, although the victim may be a veritable Joseph or Susannah, and a teetotaller in the bargain. Creatures of this class can never see the same tenor and soprano sing together in three operas consecutively without insinuating that "they thought that affair would not be kept dark long," or hinting that they have known for months that there was "something" going on—the truth very probably being that the lady and gentleman in question are barely on speaking terms off the stage.

Of course the members of the musical and dramatic pro-

fessions are no more immaculate than clergymen, lawyers, and doctors; but while their temptations are greater, it is a singular fact that the newspaper and law reports are especially free from the musical or dramatic element in their *causes célèbres*. We can only recollect one or two stories of a *prima donna* appearing in public in a state of undeniable intoxication (of course a few more could be admitted among the other sex). One of these particular instances occurred during the Gluck and Piccini feud in Paris, upon the first performance of Piccini's "*Iphigenia*"—the opera which was to crush Gluck and his party completely.

When the heroine appeared it was seen at once that *Iphigenia*, Mdlle. Laguerre, could not stand upright! She rolled about to all the compass-points of the stage, hesitated, made faces at the orchestra—in short, she was drunk! Of course the opera was a failure, and before she could be removed from the stage, a facetious individual sung out: "This is not '*Iphigenia in Tauris*,' this is *Iphigenia in Champagne*!"

For her misdemeanour "her ladyship" was sent to *Fort l'Evêque*, where two days of imprisonment seems to have had a very beneficial effect upon her, for she came out and sang divinely the first night of her release.

277.—NOVEL AND EFFECTUAL.

TESI, a celebrated singer of two centuries ago, was associated with a count of high distinction, whose admiration grew to such a pitch that he at length proposed marriage to her. This she declined; at the same time pointing out the differences in their station, the probable ill consequences, and other barriers. Her lover, however, was deaf to all argument.

At last, finding all her remonstrances unavailing, she left him one morning, went to a neighbouring street, and there and then offered a poor journeyman baker fifty ducats if he would marry her, not, explained she, that they should live together, but only for the purpose of helping her out of a difficulty.

The money was too much for the baker's natural hesitation at so strange a proposal. The two were formally wedded, and when the count again renewed his solicitations she told him that now it was utterly impossible for her to grant his request, for she was already the wife of another—and had made the sacrifice for the sake of his name and family alone.

How well it would have been for many “distinguished families,” past and present, if all actresses and pretty singers had, under the same circumstances, like Tesi, turned deaf ears to the solicitations and encouragements of their admirers !

278.—A COSTLY REPARATION.

ONE day while Alboni was in Paris she promised to sing at a benefit concert for Galli, a well-known professor. Suddenly, however, Alboni left Paris, and forgot to say a word to Galli about returning. Great was the anxiety of the *bénéficiaire* when he found the great attraction of his concert gone. He could sell few or no tickets, and when the hour of the concert came, the *salon* was all but empty. Suddenly a name was announced. It was Alboni, who had not forgotten her engagement. All who did take tickets had their reward, for Alboni sang as long and as well as if the room had been crammed to the ceiling. This, however, was poor consolation for Galli; he went to his room, and buried his face in his hands. So Alboni

found him a few moments afterwards, as she opened the door of his room.

"How much, Galli, are the expenses of your concert?" said she.

"Not less than five hundred francs," he sighed; whereupon the generous woman produced a note for a thousand francs, of which she begged Galli's acceptance, to repair the loss she might have caused him.

279.—WISDOM!

It was one of the failings of Palma, the noted Italian singer, never to be able to manage his affairs, and consequently to keep clear of the debtors' prison. That he should fail, however, in this matter is not very surprising if his business transactions were usually conducted on the principle shown in the following anecdote. Being in the King's Bench prison in this country, he was visited by some friends, who found him in the act of writing to his brother. Observing that he was sealing and covering the letter in a manner that would probably involve the expense of double carriage, some of his friends ventured to point out the circumstance.

"*Che fare?*—What can I do?" exclaimed Palma. "He is the elder brother and head of our house. We must show him respect." *Noblesse oblige!*

280.—A FEAT!

FERRI, the greatest singer of his day (1650) (whom a Queen of Sweden was so anxious to hear that she sent a vessel of war to Italy to bring him to her), could, it is related, unaccompanied by any instrument and without taking breath, ascend and descend two octaves of a chromatic scale, executing shakes and other *fioriture*

upon each note, and with such precision that if at any time the note he was singing was tested with an instrument it was always found to be perfectly in tune.

Why did not Ferri cast his mantle on more of our modern singers ?

281.—*A CUTTING CARD.*

THERE is probably no man in the musical profession enjoying greater immunity from petty jealousies, more universally admired, more hard-working and painstaking, or who has done more for musical art in this country, than Sir Michael Costa. As a composer he is at once original and full of learning : as a conductor we have no one who approaches him, nor since his *débüt* in this country in 1829 has there been another to jeopardise his position. Few men have faced greater difficulties, or have met with more opposition than did (Sir) Michael Costa on first appearing in this country. He was a beardless youth, and came here as a sort of deputy-conductor for Zingarelli, who was to have conducted the Birmingham Festival in 1829. Being unwell, Zingarelli sent his favourite pupil (from Naples) to act in his stead. Costa, aged nineteen, arrived, and with the score of his master's latest work under his arm presented himself before the Festival Committee. Despite the young man's assurances that he knew every note of the score, and, moreover, that his master would not have deputed him had he been incompetent, those in command refused to grant him a trial or to have anything to do with him, nor indeed to pay a penny of his travelling expenses unless he elected to sing for the same ; which young Costa did, and received a flood of unjust criticism as a reward. This, however, affected him but little. The Festival affair had passed

over, and Costa came under the notice of Laporte, who was in want of a director for the King's Theatre in the Haymarket. His good judgment decided him to engage Costa, and as soon as possible he introduced him to the musicians as their future *chef*. No sooner had this word passed Laporte's lips than the company one and all burst into laughter at such an idea. Moreover they took such steps that the next day the youthful musician was in receipt of a card on which were some miniature razors with a recommendation to him to keep them and use them! Dr. Cox relates that this little memento is still in Sir Michael's possession, and that he would not part with it for any consideration.

282.—A DISTINCTION WITH A DIFFERENCE!

LABLACHE was originally a double-bass player; but by the lucky accident of a celebrated singer's sudden indisposition, he was induced to attempt a character in an opera. The result was an indisputable success, which rendered his return to the orchestra out of the question. He stayed on the stage, and began his famous career. Weber, who knew his portly figure in the orchestra, heard him sing a few months after his conversion to the lyric stage; and being struck with his magnificent quality of voice, exclaimed, "*Mein Gott!* he is a double-bass *still!*"

283.—ART AMONG BRIGANDS.

MANUEL GARCIA, the famous tenor and father of Malibran, was once in Mexico giving operatic performances. War, however, broke out, and Garcia was soon on his way home. Before he reached Vera Cruz a band of brigands met him, and took from him not only his money and

other valuables, but also his very clothes. In ransacking these the jolly brigands soon found out that their captive was a singer, and were determined to have some music besides the booty. This request Garcia positively refused to comply with, but finding that their attitude was growing very menacing, he at length consented, and was led to a prominent position that the robbers might the better hear his vocal display. Garcia commenced, but could not go on; in short, he made such a miserable failure that the *soi-disant* patrons hissed him soundly. This was a terrible insult to Garcia. That he should be an object of derision was worse than all his misfortune. He made another effort, and burst into a magnificent flight of song which so pleased his audience that they gave him back part of his clothes and money, besides escorting him as near as they could safely venture to the coast.

284.—*A BOLD CUT.*

IN one respect Malibran's equal has not been found on the operatic stage. For daring, wild gaiety, and impulsiveness, there never was another that approached her. It was impossible for her to restrain her feelings; "when she tried to," she used to say that she felt "as if she was being suffocated." Her habits were anything but woman-like, if we are to believe the stories of her propensity for going about dressed like a boy, and her tastes for riding, skating, swimming, and shooting! The bold action she once took under difficulty at the opera-house shows the sort of nature within her. It occurred on the evening of one of those fatiguing days which she indulged in, and which at length killed her. Just before going on the stage on the evening in question, Malibran fainted.

Restoratives were applied, but among them came a mixture supposed to be vinegar, but which the fainting woman had no sooner tasted than it raised two or three blisters on her mouth. It revived her, but it was evident she could not appear. To change the performance was impossible, for the audience was already impatient. Suddenly Malibran made her way from those around her.

"I will arrange it," said she, and taking a pair of scissors, she went to a glass and cut the blisters from her lips. In a minute or so she was on the stage in the rôle of *Arsace*, and it is said that she never sang or acted better in her life.

285.—*MISGUIDED ENTHUSIASM.*

MUSIC, like most other things, has had its victims to indiscretion. The forms that this takes are both numerous and varied. One of the most dangerous and commonest pitfalls is the adulation of inartistic admirers, and lovers of mere novelty. If a singer suddenly appears with an enormous power of voice: "What vocalisation! What body in her voice! Here is real singing!" say her friends, and the cry is soon taken up by critics and almost every one. The singer, blind to everything but emulation, at once seeks to increase her volume of voice, and so persistently that a disastrous break-down is the result. It was just this that ruined Catalani's splendid organ. Every time that this songstress left the stage a throng of flatterers would meet her with the words, "Ah, madame, your latest effort is always the best," and so her gorgeous roulades grew to an interminable length, demanding more and more exertion, till at last she killed her voice, if she did not kill herself.

Madame Dorus Gras, a wonderful singer on the French

boards thirty years ago, may also be cited as an example of this pandering to popularity. She had an extraordinary power of holding on the highest notes in her voice, and this grew into such a habit that the Parisian wags used to say of her, "When once she touches a high note, her audience may stroll into a neighbouring *café*, eat an ice, and yet be back before she leaves it."

286.—*STRONG MEDICINE!*

No wonder that Sophie Arnould's admirers were so numerous, and that Marmontel, Favart, Bernard, and others so remembered her in their verse. How could it be otherwise with not only the prettiest, but the wittiest woman in France? Here is a piquant saying credited to her. She was out walking one morning when she met an old friend, a doctor, with a gun under his arm. She soon gathered from him that he was on his way to see a patient. "Ah!" she suddenly retorted, "so you're afraid of your ordinary treatment failing."

287.—*A CHIP OF THE BLOCK!*

"TRAIN up a child in the way he should go," says a wise writer, "and when he is old he will not depart from it." If there is one profession more than another for the trials of which an early application of the above admirable admonition will prove valuable, it is that of music; and anxious parents, eager to give to the world another Beethoven or Mozart, will do well to take heed to Solomon's words ere they float their offspring upon the fickle sea of the profession. Not the least important fact he or she should learn is that talent is more or less valuable, and *débutants* should be able to gauge the true value both of Art and of money. Braham was a man who, we should imagine, knew something of the world, and an anecdote

told concerning his little boy of five years old shows that somehow or other the child had learnt that what was worth listening to was also worth paying for. Here is the tale as told by W. T. Parke in his "Musical Memoirs :—" "A gentleman who was in the habit of visiting at Braham's house informed me that he one day asked Braham's little boy to sing him a song, which the infant said he would do if he paid him for it. 'Well, my little dear,' said the gentleman, 'how much do you ask for one?' 'Six-pence,' replied the child. 'Oh!' said the other, 'can't you sing me one for less?' 'No,' said the urchin, 'I can't take less for one; but I'll sing you three for a shilling!'"

288.—AN INCURABLE FAULT.

THIS is not a musical country, and therefore some allowance must be made for the manner in which the art is ill-used for the sake of money. One thing, however, English people can expect, and that is, that concert-arrangers, managers, and the like will show some greater regard for our language: unless they can give us English songs with intelligible English, they had better avoid them till they can; we are better off with the Italian songs by Italian singers. No sooner does a foreign *prima donna* make a success, than she is suddenly seized upon by managers and concert-givers to sing songs with English words; such songs as "The Last Rose of Summer," "Home, Sweet Home," "The Blue Bells," etc. The *sang froid* with which this is done is astonishing. Every season brings fresh examples of it. Some readers no doubt will recollect the startling sensation produced at a performance of "The Messiah," when one of the best-known bass songs was given out thus: "*Ze Keens hof ze hurt rees hoop;*" and it would not be difficult to instance many other choice speci-

mens. When will London audiences set a bold face against this sort of thing, and so rid themselves of unendurable versions of well-known songs? Who wants to hear our National Anthem sung thus:

“O Lord avar God arais,
Schaeter ’er enemis,
And meek them fol.

“Confond tear politeks,
Frostre tear nevis trix;
On de avar opes we fix.
God save te Cwin.”

289.—*THE BITER BIT.*

To invite a person to your house for what you can get out of him or her, is certainly a very despicable thing to do. Nevertheless, it is to be feared that invitations too often are sent out with motives not wholly free from such a suspicion. No class experience this more than do professional musicians, who, from the highest to the lowest, are never at a loss for an invitation, when a *bonâ-fide* professional engagement would be more to the purpose. Such demands upon a not over-paid profession deserve more contempt than can, alas! be given to them; or else something of the same treatment as Mary Ann Paton, *alias* Lady Lennox, *alias* Mrs. Wood, once accorded to a similar request. It is said to have occurred during her visit to Philadelphia in 1840. The story is thus told in Clayton’s “Queens of Song.”

There was a shabby couple who desired to have the *éclat* of engaging the celebrated English *prima donna* to sing at one of their parties, and sent her an invitation. Being indisposed, Mrs. Wood declined, but they so urgently pressed her that she consented to join the party. When the entertainments of the evening had fairly com-

menced, and several ladies among the visitors had sung, the hostess invited Mrs. Wood to seat herself at the piano, as the company would be delighted to hear her beautiful voice ; but Mrs. Wood, with a very serious countenance, begged to be excused. At first the astonishment created by this refusal was evinced by a dead silence and a fixed stare ; but at length the disappointed hostess burst out, saying, " What ! not sing, Mrs. Wood ! why it was for this that I invited you to my party, and I told all my guests that you were coming." " That quite alters the case," said Mrs. Wood ; " I was not at all aware of this, or I should not have refused ; but since you have invited me professionally, I shall of course sing immediately !" " What a good creature !" rejoined the hostess ; " I thought you could not persist in refusing me." So Mrs. Wood sang the entire evening, giving every song she was asked for, and being encored several times. In the morning, to the utter astonishment of the parsimonious couple, a bill for two hundred dollars was presented to them from Mr. Wood for his wife's professional services, which of course they had to pay.

290.—*SOMETHING LIKE A FRIEND.*

THERE are many ways of receiving a visitor ; some say that the best is to ask your friend in, and in the most cordial language offer him the choicest and oldest wine in your cellar. It is not every one who does this ; but then every host is not a Prince Metternich, nor every guest a Rubini. That great tenor was once in the neighbourhood of Johannisberg—a name especially dear to all *connoisseurs*—when the affable prince and owner of a *château* and estate called on the singer, and told him that his being so near Johannisberg without paying a visit

there was out of all reason. The consequence was that the next day Rubini dined with the prince *en famille*. After dinner Rubini, quite unsolicited, sang some songs. The prince was so pleased that, hardly knowing what to do, he at last ran and fetched a basket of his choicest wine, of which he begged Rubini's acceptance, "to drink my health," the prince good-humouredly added, "when you reach your home at Bergamo." Such a gift Rubini was not slow to accept, with an expression of hope that it might again be his pleasure to visit the fine estate on which it was grown. On this, Prince Metternich immediately summoned his *major domo* and said to him, "Don't forget, that if ever Signor Rubini visits here during my absence, he is to be regarded as if he were the master of Johannisberg. You will please place the castle at his disposal during the whole of his stay." "And the cellar?" continued Rubini. "Yes," said the prince, smiling, "only, at discretion."

291.—"THE BEST END O' THE STRING!"

WHEN Jenny Lind was in America, she once attended Bethel Church, in Boston, where the celebrated Father Taylor was pastor. Strange to say, on this very occasion the good pastor happened to take "social amusements" as the theme of his discourse, without in the least dreaming that the fair vocalist formed one of his congregation. In the course of his sermon the preacher strongly deprecated dancing, card-playing, billiards, theatre-going, etc., but, among other things, was strong in his approval of music. He paid a glowing tribute to the power of praise: to the goodness and charity of most of the great vocalists, and especially of "that greatest and sweetest of them all, now lighted on these shores." Suddenly Father

Taylor was interrupted by a lank and lean interloper on the pulpit stairs, who, with more wit than wisdom, inquired of the reverend gentleman whether any one who died at Jenny Lind's concerts would go to heaven. Taylor was equal to the emergency. "A Christian," he loudly replied, "will go to heaven wherever he dies, and a fool will be a fool wherever he is—even if he is on the steps of the pulpit."

292.—HOBBIES.

PRIME DONNE have a strange weakness for lap-dogs, although it is difficult to trace any connection between music and dog-flesh, upon which, indeed, the usual effect of sweet harmony is most unmusical. The writer has seen one of these pets seated contentedly at the wings of a theatre, and wagging his tail in approval of his fair mistress's performance of "*La Sonnambula*;" and has heard of the favourite poodle of an eminept *contralto* walking doubtfully round and round her mistress before she stepped on to the stage as "*Azucena*," completely puzzled by the beads and brown paint which had metamorphosed her well-known person into the gipsy heroine. Some dogs are well brought up, and, like this one, leave the public part of the performance to the lady. Mdlle. Ilma di Murska, however, had a bad dog. This excellent artist was performing at San Francisco, and on one occasion she was singing the famous scena in "*Lucia*," in which the unhappy bride's madness finds vent in some elaborate vocal gymnastics, when two little lap-dogs looked in upon the scene, tripped up to their mistress, and began playing at "hide and seek" with her train! This was, indeed, a new version of "*Lucia*," and the old playgoers thought it a somewhat ludicrous one. The *prima*

donna soon perceived that something was wrong, and on turning her head, discovered the cause. It was a difficult situation, but she seems to have said with Falstaff in "King Henry IV.": "I'll not march through Coventry with them; that's flat"—for with a brilliant scale and a farewell trill she concluded the air, and hurried off the stage, followed by Tiny and Trip, who, we venture to think, had accomplished quite sufficient upon the lyric stage for that occasion.

But lap-dogs are not the sole, nor by any means the strangest hobby of musicians. A certain living organist (who gave the writer some valuable instruction on the organ) rules over a large collection, not of organ, but of tobacco pipes. When a pipe has reached the stage known technically as "ripeness," it has its place assigned to it in the strange museum of this celebrated performer. But perhaps the most eccentric of all fancies was that of Dragonetti, the famous double-bass player. In everything this great artist seems to have been an "original." To talk with him and to follow him needed an acquaintance with almost every language under the sun, and even when thus fortified there was a peculiar jargon of his own creation, which was completely copyright. But Dragonetti's drollest side was the whim he had for collections—not of dogs nor of clay pipes—but of dolls and snuff-boxes! He had accumulated an enormous number of these wooden prototypes of humanity of various kinds and sizes: there was even a negress among them. No visitor ever called on Dragonetti but he or she saw the "babies" of the Leicester Square *salon*; and intimate friends had to express an opinion as to whether the favourite dolls looked better or worse since their last visit. The next grand sight was "Drag's" collection of snuff-boxes, some with

jewels and gold to set them off, others with nothing more than a tartan plaid, or an obtrusive Bantam design as a decoration.

293.—*BAD ART.*

THE want of true artistic feeling is easily discovered, and this by very small indications. The fire or pathos which a great artist infuses into a song or a scene may be, no doubt is, counterfeited by some with more or less success, but the one touch of genius can never be borrowed. At the present time there are several examples of both the genuine and electro-plated artists on our boards. One instance may be given to illustrate this meaning. There is a singer now before the public, for many reasons deservedly popular, but one who has been spoiled, artistically speaking, by the injudicious praises lavished upon her. It was the present writer's fortune to witness this lady's performance of "*Lucia*," on a certain occasion. The scene was the impressive *finale* where Lucia, having signed the paper which betrothes her, is paralysed by hearing the step of Edgar Ravenswood. As Edgar enters, Lucia starts from her seat and stands motionless. The Lucia of the evening signed the paper, struck the orthodox attitude of listening, but deliberately turned her head to see if the tail of her gown would be in the way when she would have to move, and finding that this was not the case, she put out her hand and arranged it to her satisfaction! Is this musical art? Any one who has had the good fortune to witness Mdlle. Titiens' performance of "*Fidelio*" will have seen one of the truest displays of dramatic feeling, combined with grand singing, possible in our generation. In the great prison scene it is scarcely possible to conceive anything more touching and real than Mdlle. Titiens' impersona-

tion. Yet to show what is possible even to excellent singers when the "sacred fire" burns low, it is related of Mdlle. Schroeder that on one occasion (in the very scene which Mdlle. Titiens renders so "telling") when she was offering the piece of bread to the Florestan of the evening (Haizinger), he was rather slow in taking it from her hand, whereupon the impatient "Leonora" whispered :

"Hang you ! why the deuce don't you take it ? Do you want it buttered ?"

Such levity in high places cannot be too severely commented upon ; since it is a capital example for the growth of that careless demeanour and casual "sloping" about the stage so often noticed and complained of in opera choruses. Happily "Covent Garden" and "Her Majesty's" are just now singularly free from this sort of thing, but the following instance affords a flagrant example in the opposite direction. In the third act of "The Corsair," an opera (with a capital libretto) by Deffell (performed some years ago on a stage not far from town), where Gulnare and the Corsair sing an impassioned duet on the Corsair's galley, it was noticed that nearly every one on the stage was suffering under restrained mirth. The truth was, that during the rocking motion of the galley, some wag, taking advantage of a trap concealed by scenery, suddenly produced two basins through the trap, asking, under cover of the chorus and orchestra : "Any gentleman require the steward ?"

294.—NOTES ON CANNONS.

"CANNONS" is a name dear to all musical folks. The place originally belonged to the Duke of Chandos, who made his house the home of Art and the resort of artists, especially the musical. In Handel's day it was in its prime,

and there the mighty master wrote much of his most celebrated music—the Chandos Anthems, for example. There, too, he poured forth on the beautiful organ in the chapel some of his finest extemporaneous music, much to the delight of the *dilettanti* and *connoisseurs* of the day, who were constant visitors. But “all things come to an end,” and the Duke of Chandos came to his, whereby the beautiful place passed into the hands of Colonel O’Kelly, of turf celebrity, who took more delight in horse-flesh than

“In notes with many a winding bout
Of linkèd sweetness, long drawn out.”

In time it passed to a nephew, who was also a Colonel O’Kelly, who, having (to use his own words) a friend and a “jewel of a namesake” in Michael Kelly, the musician, revived music at Cannons, under the direction of Kelly, in whose “Reminiscences” we find a charming sketch of the place under the Hibernian *régime*, which we give here :

“Colonel O’Kelly was a particular friend of mine. His father resided with him at Cannons, and was a good-natured, well-meaning Irishman, with a fine Connaught brogue, and a great crony of Father O’Leary’s. When Mrs. Crouch and myself were at breakfast, he called upon us, and said to me :’

“ ‘Arrah, my jewel of a namesake, tell me what tunes we are going to hear at church this morning.

“I showed him the printed bill of the performance, part of which he read and made his comments on. In act the first was to be sung ‘Lord, what is man?’ by Madame Mara.

“ ‘Upon my honour and conscience,’ said he, ‘I am

mightily mistaken if Madame Mara don't pretty well know without asking.'

"The next song announced was 'Total Eclipse,' by Mr. Kelly.

"'That is right, my jewel,' said the colonel, 'I like that now; the more you talk of "Eclipse" the better; for wasn't it Eclipse that bought Cannons?'"

295.—*WORTH FINDING.*

BRAHAM, the composer of the "Death of Nelson," has now been dead some years, but his name is still a "household word." There are many who can remember him and his marvellous *tours de force*. Despite his impression that he was born to be a composer and not a vocalist, his extraordinary aptitude for singing, his "organ of more varied power, more extensive compass, and more astonishing flexibility than was ever possessed by any singer," have gained for him undying fame. A good joke is told which well illustrates how Braham's *confrères* valued his voice. During a rehearsal Braham said to Tom Cooke, who was conducting :

"Now, Tom, keep quite soft here, because just at this point I intend dropping my voice, so as to give a little effect to the passage."

"Do you? By the powers," said Tom, "whereabouts? for it's just the sort of voice I should like to pick up."

296.—*AN ARCH SUGGESTION.*

GIUSEPPA GRAZZINI was a born beauty and singer of the latter part of the eighteenth century. After singing on all the important stages of Italy, the great Napoleon invited her to Paris, and she was not there very long

before she so pleased the dictator that he sent her a valuable slip of paper on which were the words, "Pay twenty thousand francs—Napoleon." But Napoleon died, and such presents as this, together with the pension he bestowed upon "his beauty," died with him ; for Louis XVIII. did not keep them up. Years afterwards Grazzini happened to be present at a *salon*-gathering in Paris. During the evening Napoleon and Louis XVIII. were the subjects of conversation.

"What would they say," suddenly said one of the gossips, "if the two were to come among us now?"

"I know," replied Grazzini ; "the first question Napoleon would put to Louis would be this : 'Why did you not continue the pension which I bestowed upon Grazzini?'"

297.—TO CRITICS.

THERE is one thing in which we are certainly far behind our Yankee brethren, and that is in elaboration of language or word-painting. While our musical critics are hunting for words to save themselves from the stereotyped "she sang superbly," and "left nothing to be desired," one of our original and inventive friends "on the other side" furnishes us with the following frothy panegyric on the singing of Mdlle. Ilma di Murska :

"Her vocalisation," says our ebullient critic, "was like some elaborate work of the jeweller, sparkling with priceless gems, adorned with every elegant and rare device, with fretwork, and crystal flowers, and twining tendrils of fine-spun gold, and glistening dewdrops of diamond, and every conceivable beauty that the most practised artists could lay upon it."

If Mdlle. Ilma di Murska has seen the above, and no

doubt she has, it is much to be hoped that she has well at heart Solomon's wise saw, "Pride goeth before destruction," etc. !

298.—*COSTLY FUEL.*

SUNDRY pungent tales concerning Handel and Cuzzoni have made us pretty familiar with the turbulent temper which the latter possessed. None of these stories, however, show her off to such advantage as one told of her by the author of the "*Essais sur la Musique.*" It appears that a gentleman—an Englishman by-the-bye—was so struck by her beauty and her singing that he became quite a slave to her. She made him pay for this in the form of costly presents, and one day she begged of him a complete costume in point-lace. When it came to her it did not meet with her ladyship's approval, and, uttering some insolent threat as to "his meanness," she straightway threw the whole suit on to the fire, which soon burnt it beyond recall.

299.—*AN EXPRESSIVE SINGER.*

MANY circumstances have been related indicative of the singer's power of moving the feelings of his hearers, but none probably illustrates this faculty more forcibly than does the following anecdote of Pacchierotti, the great singer of the last century. When Metastasio's *Artaserse* was represented at Rome with the music of Bertoni, Pacchierotti performed the part of Arbaces. In the scene in which the prince utters the pathetic exclamation, "*Eppur sono innocente !*" the composer had placed after these words a short instrumental symphony. Pacchierotti uttered the phrase, but no symphony fol-

lowed. Surprised, he turned hastily to the leader of the orchestra, saying, "What are you about?"

The leader, as if awakened from a trance, sobbed out with great simplicity, "Pray forgive me."

Not one of the band had thought of the symphony, but they were all sitting, with eyes full of tears, gazing on the singer.

300.—A RARE SUCCESS.

MADAME BANTI affords a striking example of the strange and captious turns which genius sometimes takes. Seldom does natural talent assert itself unless it has been trained and cultured diligently and carefully, but in this instance there was not the least capacity to profit by instruction. This charming vocalist of the latter part of the last century was the daughter of a Venetian gondolier, and in her youth was a street-singer.

One day a noble amateur chanced to hear her, and he, charmed with her brilliant voice, engaged an instructor for her, who, however, found her far too indolent to profit by his teaching; but not long afterwards, outside a *café* in Paris, the sound of a lovely voice attracted the attention of De Vismes, who was at that time manager of the opera-house there. On inquiry De Vismes learned that her name was Banti, and that she had tramped all the way from Italy to Paris, supporting herself on the way by street-singing. Putting a *louis* into her hand, he told her he would give her an engagement if she called upon him the next morning. She did so, and appeared in *opera buffa* with much success.

Soon afterwards she accepted a long engagement in London, one of the stipulations of the agreement being

that one hundred pounds a year should be deducted from her salary for an able vocal instructor. Sacchini was her first master after this, but he gave her up as a hopeless task; Puzzi next undertook her, and after him Abel, but the patience of both these was exhausted at last, and Banti was left to her own resources.

Strange to say, this Paganini of song, as she might almost be called, sang with great success at all the principal cities in Europe, and for many years enjoyed the highest degree of public favour.

301.—CREDITABLE.

MOST opera-goers are familiar with that delicious duet "*Crudel, perchè finora farmi languir così*," from Mozart's "*Nozze di Figaro*," and will be interested to know that the late Michael Kelly was the first who heard it; this was under the following circumstances. Calling upon Mozart one evening he was at once greeted in Mozart's customary animated fashion: "I have just finished a little duet for my opera—you shall hear it."

The *maestro* sat down to his harpsichord and, assisted by Kelly, who took the count's part, the duet was gone through. Kelly was delighted with Mozart's "last new idea," an opinion which hundreds of thousands have since endorsed—and which, in spite of the "music of the future," thousands more will yet continue to do.

302.—DESERVING TESTIMONY.

AMONG the many celebrated women who have won their fame in the profession of music, perhaps none is more famous, or more deservedly so, than Maria Felicità, daughter of the great Manuel Garcia, and best known as Madame Malibran. Although a complete biography

would be out of place in a work like the present, yet any collection of musical anecdotes would be singularly defective without some few scenes from the life of this typical artist. It was a life worthy of study on every side : in private as well as in public, as a woman no less than as a musician, Maria Malibran left a memory well worth preserving from decay. It is strange that the very name by which she is best known should have been the one which recalls the sorrows rather than the joys of her life. We should prefer to remember that she became the wife of the exquisite violinist, De Beriot, after her miserable marriage with Malibran was annulled in the French law courts, or else to know her by her maiden name of Garcia, and thus to be reminded of the joint triumphs of father and daughter on the opera-stage. However, perhaps after all it is most appropriate that she should be best known by the name of him through whom it happened that she entered on a career so famous. Had it not been for her separation from her first husband—had that marriage proved a happy one—very probably musical history would have lost one of its brightest heroines.

The following eloquent testimony to the worth of her private character is from the pen of George Hogarth : “ Plunged at a tender age into circumstances of deep adversity, her sacrifices to integrity were heroic, and she remained wholly uncorrupted by the prosperity of her latter days. Her feelings retained their primitive warmth—her tastes their primitive simplicity. Notwithstanding the seductions of her profession, her pleasure lay in the occupations of domestic life, and in acts of generosity. Large as was the revenue which she derived from the exercise of her transcendent talents, it was as

worthily employed as well deserved. Perhaps there never was an income earned by the exertions of a public performer—exertions which broke her constitution and brought her to an early grave—of which so large a portion ‘wandered heaven-directed to the poor.’ She was devoid of ostentation, and her beneficent deeds were known to but few. But they were of daily occurrence, for they constituted the greatest happiness of her life. Living among the sons and daughters of pleasure, her only luxury was the luxury of doing good; and, in the midst of wealth, her only profusion consisted in beneficence.”

The following traits bear out Hogarth’s testimony: A poor Italian chorus-singer in the King’s Theatre, having lost his voice by a severe cold, applied to Madame Malibran for assistance, to enable him to return to his native country. Having made inquiries, she gave the Italian five pounds, and, moreover, told him that his passage was paid to his native town.

The poor man, on hearing this glad news, exclaimed: “Ah! madame, you have saved me for ever!”

“No! no!” she replied, with a benevolent smile; “the Almighty alone can do that. Pray tell nobody.”

On another occasion, about a year before her untimely death, an Italian professor gave a concert, and engaged her to sing for him on her usual terms of twenty guineas. The concert resulted in a loss to the poor musician; and the next day he called upon Malibran to explain this, and to offer her half the terms agreed upon. This she refused to accept, saying she must have the full amount. The Italian doled it out very slowly, and when he had counted twenty sovereigns looked up as if to ask if that would not do.

"No—another sovereign," she said; "my terms are twenty guineas, not pounds."

He put down the other sovereign, saying to himself with a sigh: "My poor wife and children!"

Malibran took up the money, and pretended to leave, but presently returned, saying, with a kind smile: "I insisted on having my full terms that the sum might be the larger for your acceptance." At the same moment she put the gold into the hand of the astonished professor, and hastily wiping a tear from her eye, hurried out of the room.

The last scene of her life is equally characteristic, showing us the brave and conscientious woman—the great and successful musician in one. In September, 1836, she went to Manchester to fulfil an engagement at the musical festival there, and though the hand of death was on her, she would not give up the idea of appearing, from a fear that she might be accused of capriciously disappointing her admirers. *O si sic omnes!* During the evening before the first day's performance, she sang no less than fourteen pieces among her friends at her hotel. The following day she was evidently ill, but she insisted on singing at both the morning and evening performances.

The day following, although her severe indisposition was rapidly gaining ground, she sang and electrified her audience by her energetic—it might almost be said desperate—rendering of "Sing ye to the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously." One more such effort and the end came. It was in the duet with Madame Caradori Allan, "*Vanne se alberghi in petto*," from Mercadante's "*Andronico*." The great vocalist sang this superbly. It was *encored*. Her exertions in the repeat

were tremendous, and the fearful shake which she executed at the extreme register of her voice will never be forgotten by those who heard it.

“It was a desperate struggle against sinking nature,” wrote a gifted eye-witness; “it was the last vivid glare of the expiring lamp; she never sang afterwards. The house rang with animated cheering; hats and handkerchiefs were waving over the heads of the assembly; but the victim of excitement, while the echoes were yet in her ears, sank exhausted after leaving the stage, and her vocal career was ended. She was bled and removed home; and her agonising cries that night will not be erased from the memory of the writer of this article, who was within a short distance of the room in which she expired.”

303.—A MUSICAL AMPUTATION.

THE following amusing anecdote is told of the *cantatrice* Catalani. She was one day rehearsing at the Paris opera-house an air which she had to sing in the evening, when she found the pitch of the pianoforte too high, and gave instructions to have the instrument lowered by the evening. Her husband, Captain Valabrègue, volunteered to see her order carried out, and immediately sent for the stage carpenter and had the legs of the pianoforte amputated!

The performance took place, and the lady was greatly annoyed at the continued high pitch at which she had to sing. She soon sought her husband, and remonstrated with him for neglecting her wishes.

He, not a little hurt at being thus wrongfully accused, insisted upon calling the person who had performed the operation, and to Catalani's utter astonishment called the

carpenter, and said to him, "How much did you lower the piano, Charles?"

"Two inches, sir," was the prompt reply.

Certainly if it be true that great artists are generally too much "in the clouds" for practical every-day life, it is well that artistic ladies should have matter-of-fact husbands; but there is moderation in all things, and M. Valabrègue and his wife appear to have come from the opposite poles!

304.—A "*MOCK PEARL*."

THE writer remembers to have once read a review of a certain musical work in which the reviewer was pleased to express a hope "that many of the current (musical) anecdotes were apocryphal, or what Mr. Hayward calls 'mock pearls.'"

Let us hope that the reviewer in question still lives, and that the following pearl—not an "apocryphal" one—will not shock or surprise him:

Madame Fodor was once singing at the Hamburg opera-house when the city was invested, and was actually the cause of a sortie being made. She did not, it appears, fear the bombardment—indeed the performances went on as usual, and the officers and soldiers of the garrison continued to be delighted with her singing, occasionally rendered more enjoyable by the appearance of a cannon-ball through the roof of the theatre. Her trouble, however, was the failing of the milk supply, for without this stimulant she was scarcely able to sing, and the last cow had long been killed to supply the wants of the beleaguered garrison.

Hearing of Madame Fodor's difficult position, the army made a gallant sortie, and actually brought back a

cow, which the officers triumphantly took to the theatre and presented to their favourite vocalist. So long as the siege lasted the animal was kept in the property-room over the stage, and the necessary fittings were adopted for lowering it on to the stage to be milked whenever the fair vocalist required the refreshing beverage.

305.—“*WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK.*”

DR. WALCOT, *alias* Peter Pindar, and Mara the songstress were on terms of the greatest intimacy. The poet wrote the song entitled “Hope told a flattering tale” expressly for her; which, after singing it at various concerts, Madame Mara disposed of to a music-publisher. Walcot had already done the same thing, and the rival publishers were soon in hot water over it.

Ultimately they agreed to consult Mara. She gladly interested herself in the matter, and the next day set out to call on Dr. Walcot, if possible to arrange the business. Who should cross her path in the Haymarket but the very individual whom she was in search of, and who, by-the-bye, having already heard of the circumstance, was not more disposed than Mara herself to refund the money he had received?

“What is to be done with this disagreeable affair?” said Madame Mara; “can’t you say you were intoxicated when you sold it?”

“Cannot you say the same of yourself?” replied Peter; “one tale would be believed just as soon as the other.”

À propos of this song, an anecdote is told which illustrates the art of neat quotation. During a trial at Dublin one of the judges named Joy was suddenly called out of

court, and being detained for some time, the other judge, whose name happened to be Hope, sent out to inquire how long he would be absent. On the return of the messenger, Judge Hope announced that his learned brother would not detain them much longer. Some time elapsing, however, a wit in the body of the court called out very audibly :

" *Hope* told a flattering tale
That *Joy* would soon return !"

306.—AN OPERATIC "LIGHT."

STRANGE and excitable characters are more the rule than the exception among musicians, and the records of the opera stage could no doubt supply many curious "studies" of psychology. The strangest combination of all, however, would probably be found in Angelica Catalani, the marvellous singer who for thirty years held the highest position in her profession, and won her triumphs in every country in Europe. Gifted with a voice of immense volume, compass, and flexibility, a throat of such size that a doctor who examined it declared that she might easily swallow a penny loaf whole, a perfect figure, and a beautiful face capable of every shade of expression, she seemed formed by Nature to be the queen of the lyric stage. Yet with all these advantages she was almost entirely uneducated even in music. Launched into her profession at the age of sixteen, she from the first carried her hearers by storm. No public has ever been infatuated with any one singer as was the public of Catalani's day with her. Truly might she be termed the Paganini of song, for her daring vocal flights, often almost unearthly, were as

astonishing in their way as those of the great violinist; indeed, in that very fact, perhaps, we find the one flaw in her singing—she surprised and dazzled, but she did not often touch the heart of her audience.

No doubt many of her astounding feats of vocalisation may be ascribed to her very excitable temperament—so excitable, that we hear of her being delighted with the tones of a Welsh harp played by an old blind harper in the kitchen of her lodgings at Bangor, and further, that on the harper suddenly beginning to play a Welsh jig, Catalani started up before all the servants and danced like a wild Irish girl, much to the amazement of all present—an amazement in which the blind harper doubtless shared, when, after the dance, the lady rewarded his performance with two guineas!

In character she reminds us of Peg Woffington in her unlimited generosity and kindness of heart. Her fair fame was never tarnished. Her marriage was thoroughly in keeping with her character. She saw M. Valabrègue (a captain in the army of Junot) in the pit of the theatre during a performance, fell in love with him, and married him. Nor was the admiration at all one-sided, for M. Valabrègue used to say with pride that “his wife and four or five puppets” were quite enough to draw a full house for any manager. He must have been a practical man, however, in spite of his enthusiasm for his gifted wife, for he made his own panegyrics of her the excuse for asking the most extravagant terms from managers for her services.

Many are the anecdotes told of Catalani. Among others there is the story of a ludicrous scene which took place between her and the poet Goethe. Catalani, it must be remembered, was excessively talkative. Being

once at the court of Weimar, she was seated at a dinner-party as a mark of respect next to the great German poet. She knew nothing of Goethe, but, struck by his appearance and the attention paid to him, inquired of the gentleman on her other side who he was.

"He is the celebrated Goethe, madam," was the reply.

"Oh! on what instrument does he play?" asked Catalani.

"He is not a musician, madam; he is the well-known author of 'Werter.'"

"Oh! yes, yes; I remember," said the vivacious lady; and turning to the venerable poet, she exclaimed, "Ah, sir, what an admirer I am of 'Werter'!"

A low bow was the acknowledgment for such a flattering compliment.

"I never," continued she, "read anything half so laughable in all my life. What a capital farce it is!"

"'The Sorrows of Werter' a farce, madam?" said the poet, looking aghast.

"Oh yes; never was anything so exquisitely ridiculous," rejoined Catalani, laughing heartily as she enjoyed the remembrance.

It turned out, however, that she had been referring to a ridiculous parody which she had seen performed in Paris, and in which the great poet's sentimentality had been most unmercifully ridiculed!

Among the few failures of her career was an attempt which she and her husband made to manage the *Opéra Bouffe* at Paris. This turned out so unfortunately that they were obliged to make a professional tour of the chief capitals of Europe to repair their losses. This was accomplished, and in 1830 Catalani was able to retire to

her villa near Florence, and to exercise one of her kind-hearted impulses in giving gratuitous instruction to girls who were studying for her profession. Wiser than many other great singers, her "farewell" was a real one, and she never injured her brilliant reputation by exhibiting in public either a failing voice or waning powers; the world knew but one Catalani, and only knew her in her perfection.

She has now gone, and her wonderful style has neither found imitators nor has been handed down. She disappeared too suddenly to admit of any inquiry into, or opportunity of benefiting by, her marvellous musical qualities; her splendour, while it extinguished every other light, unhappily threw no settled radiance around the lyric stage.

307.—APPEASING A MANIAC.

MADAME CAMPORESE was one of the kindest of women who ever adorned the stage. Once she was singing at Milan, when an intimate acquaintance waited on her to make a request. In the hospital there was confined a man literally "*un fanatico per la musica*—he having gone mad from the failure of an opera. By some means he had heard of Camporese's arrival, and conceived an ungovernable wish to hear her. His request not being immediately granted, he became so vehement that he had to be fastened to his bed.

Camporese was preparing for an evening party when the news was told her. She hesitated a moment; then throwing a cloak over her shoulder said, "Come then."

"Where to?" said the friend.

"To the hospital."

“But why? there is no occasion to go now—to-morrow or the next day will do.”

“To-morrow—no, indeed,” said the singer; “if I can do this poor fellow good, let me go instantly.”

They went; and were shown into a room near to that in which the maniac was confined. Camporese began to sing a melody of Haydn’s, which it was observed soon had an effect upon the man: he grew composed, and at last burst into tears. Camporese then went to his bedside and sang again. When she had finished, the poor fellow pulled from under his bed a sheet of music-paper, scored with an air of his own composition, and gave it to her. She sang it to some words of Metastasio.

“Sing it me once more,” implored the maniac, which she did, and then departed amid the tears and blessings of all who had witnessed the touching scene.

308.—*A STANDARD.*

MIDDLE. TOSI, the celebrated singer of fifty years ago, seems to have been scarcely less admired for her beauty, her amiable manner and disposition, than for the excellence of her singing. She was also remarkable for her great height, and it is said that, being the subject of conversation one evening among a coterie of wit, one of the party asked “how Tosi came to be so tall.”

“I can tell you,” replied a lady of title; “her stature was given her as a standard by which to estimate her merits.”

309.—*PITILESS PURITY.*

It seems a pity to record anything to the discredit of Henrietta Sontag, whose memory for many reasons will

always be cherished by lovers of music, but the following story is one which may be made so useful that we may venture to put our sentiments on one side. In Sontag's early youth an attachment existed between her and a young student of excellent character and good family. He had taken the highest honours at Jena; but his lover valued him less for his accomplishments than because he had preserved a reputation unsullied by the excesses in which other youths of the university too frequently indulged. In an evil hour, under the excitement arising from an academical success, the young fellow partook too freely of wine, and was soon led to a seat at a gaming-table. He rose—a loser of a large sum of money. The report soon spread, but his lady-love had received information of the error by his own hand. The letter implored her forgiveness.

The reply was, "I still love you, but you are no longer the same, and we must not meet again. Farewell."

310.—*A LOVER'S DEVICE.*

FRENCH comedies, new and old, have fairly well familiarised us with lovers' expedients for obtaining access to the presence of those they love; but few of them seem to be practicable in real life. Yet at least one successful device is on record. It is said that the attractions of Madame Sontag were sufficient to induce one young gentleman to disguise himself and to obtain access to the house as a servant, solely that he might have the pleasure of constantly seeing her whom he adored. Nor was the thing discovered or even suspected in the house until the gentleman's own relations found out what was

going on, and removed the *soi-disant* servant from his new sphere of work.

311.—AN INCOGNITO COMPLIMENT.

CAFFARELLI's name will long be remembered, not alone for his famous voice, the dukedom that he bought with his earnings, or for the palace that he built—the entrance of which enjoyed this inscription, "*Amphion Thebas, ego domum*"—but also for that largeness of heart and generous criticism, which he, the acknowledged finest Italian singer of his day, used to bring to bear upon those around him. When, for instance, Gizziello was coming to the fore in the singing world, "Caffarelli," we are told, "who was then at Naples and at the height of his fame, was so struck by what he heard of the young singer, that he seized the first opportunity, when he could be spared from the opera, of going to Rome to hear him. He travelled post all night, and arriving at Rome the following evening, entered the pit wrapped up in a cloak and unknown to anybody.

"Gizziello sang; and when he had done Caffarelli cried out with a loud voice, '*Bravo, bravissimo, Gizziello! è Caffarelli che ti lo dice!*' and, immediately quitting the theatre, set out the same night on his return to Naples."

312.—SOMETHING FOR SINGING STUDENTS.

IF "slow and sure" were ever fittingly applied to any study or work, the law deserves an equal recognition from all musical students, for in their art a steady application of the rule would be rewarded plenteously. Students are too apt to regard their masters with sus-

picion instead of striving to win their confidence, and to create a spirit of mutual interest and welfare. A good master will, and should, always proceed on the "slow and sure" policy, which in the end, as in the story of the hare and the tortoise, must win the race; but while proceeding at this pace it is to be feared that they too often gain the reputation of taking the longest way round to suit their own interests. Many mammas would get into a towering rage if after six months' pianoforte lessons their girls or boys were not able to play "some pieces:" when every true amateur and musician knows that the first six, twelve, fifteen, or even twenty months are not too much to expend on the merest groundwork—the scales and the five-finger exercises—if anything like perfection of playing be the end in view.

Is it too much to ask all teachers of music to use their endeavours to induce patrons to permit the slow, but certainly the most progressive, mode of tuition to prevail against all the importunities of those who profess "pieces in a few lessons?" They can recommend and work by the system without carrying it as far as Porpora did with his pupils, especially with Caffarelli.

"For a period of five years," we are told, "he permitted him to sing nothing but a series of scales and exercises, all of which he wrote down successively on a single sheet of paper. In the sixth year he proceeded to give his scholar instructions in articulation, pronunciation, and declamation. Caffarelli submitted without a murmur to this unexampled discipline, though even at the end of six years he imagined he had got a very little way beyond the mere rudiments of the art; but to his astonishment, his master one day thus addressed him: 'Young man, you may now leave me. You have

nothing more to learn from me, and are the greatest singer in the world.'”

Porpora trained more famous singers than any man since has yet done, and Caffarelli's after-career proved that his instructor had not far erred. Many, no doubt, will be surprised at Caffarelli's patience (which, indeed, must have been worthy of Job), and begin to fear that such endurance would be beyond them. They must, however, not forget that in Caffarelli's case Porpora's usual treatment was slightly exaggerated on account of a peculiar breaking in the voice which the trainer could not easily cope with; and had Caffarelli rebelled there is little doubt that his glorious career would never have been opened to him, nor his dukedom, palace, and immense fortune have fallen to his lot; while we should have been without this splendid example of (to avoid a well advertised title!) “the voice and how to *train* it.”

313.—A FIERY ORDEAL.

MRS. CROUCH (for who would recognise her by her maiden name of Phillips?) was as fine an actress as she was lovely in person. Her ideas of art were well defined, and her association with the operatic stage was marked by such devotion to the work, that the critics of the day attributed to her an almost sacred view of her calling. Proofs are not wanting of her artistic feeling; but a more interesting incident could not be found than that connected with a representation of Storace's opera of “*Lodoiska*.” In the last scene Mrs. Crouch had to appear in a blazing castle. The wind fanned the flames too near the place where she stood; and though she felt their heat, she would not mar the effect of the scene by deserting her post. Michael Kelly, perceiving her danger, flew to her

assistance, but, in his haste his foot slipped, and he fell from a considerable height. Recovering himself, he caught her in his arms, and scarcely knowing what he did, hurried her to the front of the stage. This excellent piece of acting, as the audience thought it, produced peals of applause, and ever afterwards the two singers endeavoured to imitate their involuntary representation.

314.—“*A LOVE THAT LOVES ME NOT.*”

MRS. CROUCH, in her maiden days, figured in a great many “love affairs.” Thus, before she married the gallant naval gentleman who gave her her second name, she had a lover who was heir to a title and a large fortune, with whom she eloped, and was only discovered just in time to save her from being a party to a clandestine marriage. But there was still another romantic affair which has not been made public. When she was in Ireland, in 1784, a young gentleman whose passion for her rose to actual madness, not being able to gain her affection, sought to terrify her into a regard for him. His mode was this. He wrote her a letter informing her that if she persisted in refusing him, he would place himself in the pit of the theatre and shoot her when she was on the stage. This threat was so far carried into effect that on the next night when she was to perform, it was told her that her would-be lover had stationed himself near to the stage, and, moreover, seemed intent on mischief. Miss Phillips—this was her maiden name—boldly refused to “go on” until her admirer was removed, so that at last the authorities had to call in the police to take the gentleman away by force. After medical and legal examination the young man was placed under the care of

his friends, who prevailed upon him to leave the country, and to get beyond the attractions of such a loadstar.

315.—*FROM REALITY TO ROMANCE.*

"LOVE is a kind of warfare," says Ovid. Perhaps that is the reason why one of our foremost operatic "lovers" won his popularity so quickly: his success in "love" may be due to his experience in "warfare." Certainly as we see and listen to Signor Campanini in "Lucia," "Lohengrin," or "The Talisman," there is little to indicate that the lover of "Lucia," "Elsa," and of "Edith" has borne a good part in battles not unworthy of the ideal Lohengrin or Kenneth. Comparatively few who listen to him are aware that he was one of the first among the volunteers who flocked under Garibaldi's flag of revolt at Marsala, and that he served well under the standard; so well, indeed, that though a mere youth, he had obtained the post of sergeant, and as such, at the taking of Capua, was conspicuous for his bravery. There was some sharp fighting on that day, and wherever it was fiercest there was this heroic youth to be seen. Before the sun went down, however, he was wounded in two places by sabre cuts, the scars of which are still visible—one upon the right cheek and another on the neck. In spite of his wounds the brave volunteer fought on, and very probably would never have left the campaign, but for a violent attack of fever which he soon afterwards had, and which nearly cost him his life. Up to this time he had not the remotest intention of ever being a singer, and it was only owing to a mere accident that his remarkable gifts came to be cultivated. Being at a social gathering one evening, there happened to be present a gentleman who was an authority upon singing. He was struck with the

purity and promise of young Campanini's voice, and told him so, adding, moreover, a recommendation for him to study singing. This fired the young man. He did not rest till he obtained admission into the *Conservatoire* of music at Parma, where he soon made good progress. He has since fairly gained his present position, and may be congratulated on having won laurels in two fields so opposite as battle and song.

316.—“*DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE.*”

THIRTY years ago the musical world was graced with an artist so excellent as a man and a musician, that of him it may safely be said: “We shall not look upon his like again.” This was Lablache—the remembrance of whom will rouse the energies of many an *habitué*. A more commanding person than Lablache has never trod the lyric stage. He was six feet high, with a figure which, though exuberant, was portly and commanding. His head, it has been said, was one of the finest that ever decorated a human body.

Of the grandeur and extent of his vocal powers the few following words testify. “Lablache's voice is an organ of most extraordinary power. It is impossible by description to give any notion of its volume of sound. He is an ophicleide among singers. One may have some idea of this power of tone when it can be truly asserted that, the entire opera band and chorus playing and singing *forte*, his voice may be as distinctly heard as a trumpet among violins. He is the very stentor of vocalists. When he sings he rouses the audience as the bugle does the war-horse, or as the songs of Tyrtæus reanimated the Spartans. With this prodigious vehicle of sound his singing is distinguished by superior soft-

ness and expression. He is a great master of his art, and manages the lights and shades with judgment and skill.”

Thus much of the history of the hero in the following anecdote. General Tom Thumb and Lablache happened to be in Paris both at the same time—a coincidence which the wags did not forget to utilise. One day a simple provincial Frenchman visited Paris for the express purpose of seeing the diminutive general. Arrived in the city, he had to make inquiries as to where he might find the famous Tom Thumb. By chance the very first person the rustic asked was a mischievous wit, who gave him the address of the ponderous and rotund *basso profondo*.

Thither the countryman hurriedly repaired—rang the bell, when lo! the door was opened by Lablache himself, who happened at that moment to be in the passage. The alarmed visitor stood in confusion. “A thousand pardons, Monsieur,” he gasped; “there must be a mistake. I hoped to see Tom Thumb.”

Lablache instantly saw the joke, and, looking as grave as a midday owl, replied: “Sir, there is no mistake. I am Tom Thumb!”

“But—how—I—Tom—why I had the impression that Tom Thumb was very small!”

“Yes, yes; before the public I am small—very small indeed—only as tall as that,” at the same time holding his hand about two feet from the floor; “but here at home,” raising himself to his full height, and swelling out his enormous voice, “here at home I sing and take my ease!”

317.—*GENEROSITY.*

OF Madame Catalani's generous disposition many tales are told. If she was engaged to sing on behalf of any public charity or any benevolent institution she always stipulated for her terms, but frequently returned the whole or a large portion of the sum for which she was engaged. In 1821 she was asked to contribute her services at a concert in aid of the funds of the Westminster Hospital. She was compelled to decline on the ground that her own concerts would suffer by her previous appearance. On the day after her first concert, however, the committee of the hospital were surprised by a gift amounting to about three hundred pounds—the whole of the proceeds of that performance.

318.—*KISSED BY FORTUNE.*

THE freaks of Fortune always have been, and probably ever will be, strange, and the career of the celebrated Pistocchi, who founded the school of singing at Bologna, affords no exception to the rule, of her fantastic flights. It is recorded of this Pistocchi that in his youth he possessed not only a fine voice, but a considerable fortune. By a dissolute life, however, encouraged no doubt by the universal admiration in which he was held, he destroyed the voice and dissipated the fortune. To such miserable indigence was he reduced, that he was very glad to enter the service of a composer to copy music. By this means he became possessed of no small knowledge of the rules of composition. After some years he recovered his voice, which gradually developed into a fine counter-tenor. He took care of it, travelled all over Europe, and gained a considerable reputation, and—another

fortune. Finally he settled down at the court of Ausbach, where he lived in great affluence, and received a considerable salary as chapel-master.

319.—*A STRONG REPROOF.*

ONE of the greatest penalties of being a public personage is that he or she is always open to public criticism. In no place is this carried to such an extent as it is in the theatre and the concert-room, where the verdict of public opinion has to be met continually : and this, too, from audiences of two component parts, those qualified to judge, and those not qualified to give an opinion. Nor is this divided tribunal all that the half-frightened delicate girl has to face. There is the coarse breeding of the gallery “gods,” and the overdosed stout and sandwich occupants of the pit, to be appeased. The brunt of criticism, however, must be borne ; and *débütantes* must be prepared to face worse situations than the following.

One evening during the engagements of Malibran and Sontag in Paris, the two sirens were called for, and their appearance was the signal for a shower of wreaths and bouquets. One wreath fell close to Malibran’s feet, and thinking it was intended for her she was just picking it up, when a stern voice from the pit cried out, “Leave it alone : it is not for you !”

How such an expression must have wounded her feelings one can well imagine. Malibran’s scornful reply must have convinced the ruffian of his littleness :

“I would not deprive Mdle. Sontag of the wreath : I would rather place one on her.”

320.—MALIBRAN'S GREATEST COMPLIMENT.

THE notable daughter of Garcia was no respecter of persons. The prince and the peasant were both alike to her: she valued the rough and hearty outburst of applause from the one quite as much as the refined and well-directed compliment from the other. Indeed, if she had any partiality it was on the side of the rustic. She distributed much of her money among the poor, she sang for them and for the aid of their hospitals continually, and never once withheld from them her generous hand and heart. She used to say that the greatest compliment she ever received was when upon one occasion she was riding through a green lane near Highgate, humming an air from the "Maid of Artois," two drovers stopped, listened, and exclaimed, "Well, *she can sing!*"

321.—A DIFFICULTY SOLVED.

WHO that has been to the opera or to a theatre has not wondered to what use this or that successful singer or actress puts the many bouquets which she receives night after night? Has such a thought, too, ever crossed the minds of those who bestow such gifts? No doubt conceited old gentlemen lay to their souls the flattering unction that their bouquets will be taken home and treasured up till they fall to pieces, the withered leaves ultimately finding a home between the pages of a choice Byron or Tennyson. But pleasant as such a dream may be, it is not very likely that the fair Rosalinds and Marguerites of to-day value all their wreaths much more than Malibran must have done, to judge by her conduct on one occasion of which we have record.

The *diva* had just completed a performance of the "Maid of Artois;" her husband De Bériot and Moscheles went to see her in her room, and found numerous bouquets lying about there. No sooner had the two gentlemen entered the apartment than Malibran said to Moscheles, "Would you like to relieve me of this thing?" at the same time holding up in her hand a huge bouquet. She had hardly said, "the abominable Duke of Brunswick had sent it her," before she threw it at Moscheles, and told him to keep it. So far, so good: the duke's ignorance was bliss, for "what the eye sees not, the heart rues not." Imagine, however, his chagrin when a few moments afterwards he actually saw Moscheles come out of the theatre and carry off in his carriage the identical bunch of flowers which a few moments before had been *his*.

It is, of course, too much to expect fluttering and flower-pelted girls and women to be philosophical or to have much sympathy for their many admirers' heart-strings, but they could do a good and beautiful action by taking a morning drive to the nearest hospital, there depositing the floral proceeds of the overnight's display of artistic skill, and nature's gifts, for the enjoyment of the sickly child and the fever-stricken parent. Heaven knows the hospital patient's joys are few enough, and a musical season's bouquets would go far to assuage the monotony and air of a sick ward. Will some generous-hearted *prima donna* set the example? This is all that is needed. "The stage," proverbial for its generosity, would be doing an act worthy of its high reputation for thoughtfulness and kindness to the distressed by ranking such a practice among its traditions!

To Malibran her flower-gifts, pure and simple, were

very dear, and her behaviour on the occasion referred to above is only to be accounted for by some personal dislike to the donor of the bouquet, or to one of those freaks which none of her friends were able to understand. She has been known to jeopardise the success of an opera, for the sake of her coronals and bouquets. On one occasion she was performing for her own benefit. The work was "*Otello*," and Malibran of course filled the rôle of Desdemona. In the scene where she lies dead on the stage while *Otello* in his desperate remorse prepares to stab himself and fall, Malibran muttered as audibly as circumstances would permit, "Mind where you fall! Do not crush my flowers!"

322.—CHARITY.

OLD *habitués* of the opera can no doubt remember Madame Pasta, and the glorious scenes at the King's Theatre in the Haymarket, of which she formed the central figure. Giuditta Pasta stands out an encouraging example to all young artists. By sheer industry she extended a limited and inferior voice to the compass of two octaves and a half, and acquired a style which, together with her fine acting, produced some of the most thrilling sensations that have ever been experienced in an opera-house. Nor did the incessant cultivation of her artistic qualities impair her good and generous nature. She drew enormous sums of money from Ebers and others, not a little of which went in such directions as the following story indicates.

She was once walking in Trieste with some friends, when a little child all in rags went to her and begged some money for her blind mother, and this too in such artless and touching accents that it is said Pasta burst into tears and emptied the whole contents of her purse

into the child's hands. Her friends began to commend her.

"I will not accept your compliments," said she. "The child spoke so pitifully—I can easily realise the miseries of the mother, their wretched home, and their wants. Oh! if I could but find a gesture that would express profound misery with such truth."

323.—"*HUNT THE SLIPPER.*"

THOSE who have been to Venice can testify to the existence there of a fine theatre bearing the title of "*Teatro Malibran*," about which some interesting particulars are known. The house was originally built by one Gallo, who was well-nigh penniless by the time it was completed. Then a very inauspicious incident occurred. The King (who was to have opened it) died, so that matters looked very gloomy for the *impresario*. There was only one hope for the despairing man. Would Malibran sing for him on the opening night? Malibran consented, and what is more, refused her terms for the engagement. The house was crammed when it was known that Malibran was to play Amina in the "*Sonnambula*," and those who were present had their money's worth, for not only did they witness the opera, but into the bargain were gratified by a very interesting incident. At the conclusion of that ever-green "*Ah! non giunge*," Amina tripped on a leaf from a bouquet that had been thrown her, and but for Balfe (who, by the way, was then a singer) the *prima donna* would probably have found herself on the wrong side of the footlights. As it was, in the effort to recover herself, she dropped one of her slippers. It fell from the stage into the pit, and a fearful scramble took place among the audience in the attempt to recover it.

While this was going on, the amused *prima donna* suddenly took off her remaining slipper and threw it to those at the back of the pit. So the whole of the floor of the house was in an uproar, which, however, only lasted a few seconds, for, no sooner were the slippers recovered, than they were in shreds and in the possession of as many admirers as could succeed in getting a piece to preserve as a relic. When the happy possessors of the relics again directed their eyes to the orchestra where Malibran, with fresh foot-gear, was being led on by Gallo, the *impresario* explained to the audience how his benefactress had saved him from ruin, and expressed his intention to christen the theatre after her. He did so, and gave the house the title of "*Teatro Malibran.*"

324.—"*DO WEEL AND HAE WEEL.*"

"SAY weel and dae weel, end wi' ae letter :
Say weel is gude, but dae weel is better."

This is wisdom which seems to have been constantly prompting Malibran. During the whole course of her eventful life she never appears to have missed an opportunity of *doing* good. The manner in which she helped young struggling artists, with advice and even assistance to those who essayed to surpass her—in short, her entire forgetfulness of self for the sake of others—these traits are all exemplified in her behaviour to Clara Novello, on the occasion of the Manchester Festival in 1836, little dreaming that she herself stood so near death's portals! Mrs. Novello thus relates this last trait of Malibran's generosity and almost unique disinterestedness :

"Tuesday evening preceding the Festival," says Mrs. Novello, "Malibran not only gave Clara some excellent advice upon her appearance in public (doubly

valuable from her knowledge of effective costume, both on the stage and in private), but actually took down and re-dressed my daughter's hair, and, with her accustomed freedom from envy, kept admiring the long silky tresses as they passed through her fingers, finishing the friendly operation by inserting a double-headed silver pin in the plait, of which she begged her acceptance, kindly adding, 'You will not like it the less because I have worn it in Amina.' The delight experienced by the young aspirant may be imagined, who doted upon her as a woman and an artist. 'It is a talisman,' she exclaimed, 'and I shall sing better from this night.'"

On another occasion, Fanny Persiani was the subject of Malibran's admiration and attention. Fanny (the daughter of Tacchinardi, the hunchback, as he was popularly called) was richly endowed by nature, but especially so in two particulars—in her hair and her voice, concerning which the following tale is told :

"On the occasion of her second visit to Naples, in 1835, an incident occurred which afforded Madame Persiani deep gratification. During the representation of 'Lucia' she was one evening changing her costume between the acts, when a lady entered her dressing-room, and after a few general compliments on her singing, took in her hands the long fair tresses which floated in wild profusion over the shoulders of the cantatrice, asking if they were really her own. Madame Persiani laughingly invited her to satisfy herself on this point, when the visitor said with a smile, 'Allow me, signora, since I have no wreath of flowers to offer you, to twine you one with your own beautiful tresses;' and she did so. Madame Persiani's heart beat with pride and joy, for it was Malibran who spoke."

325.—*A GOOD EXAMPLE.*

EARL MOUNT EDGCUMBE—that *laudator temporis acti*—relates an interesting incident concerning two great singers of his time, which, in these days of jealousy and backbiting among musicians of every grade and branch, deserves to be read, and taken to heart by every musician. The critic is speaking of Marchesi and Pacchierotti—two singers with a character and quality of voice which are gone, we suppose, for ever. These singers were very great in their way, and were never seriously approached, unless, indeed, Velluti did this.

“Once only,” writes Lord Mount Edgcumbe, “they sung in the same room, at a private concert given by Lord Buckingham, when both exerted themselves to the utmost in friendly rivalry, and their combined efforts afforded the highest gratification. It was difficult to decide the point of precedence between two such great and equal performers; but both were civil and obliging men, despising the petty distinctions of which inferior performers are so tenacious, and Marchesi of his own accord yielded to his senior, Pacchierotti—that is, sung before him, and left the last song to him.”

326.—*AN EXCEPTION TO THE RULE.*

THE Germans have associated themselves with music to a greater extent than has any other nation; and yet there is one branch in which they are totally deficient and far behind the peoples of other countries. This is in singing. The Germans cannot sing. Either their method is wrong or their language is incapable of being sounded musically. If we mention Mme. Schröder-Devrient, Mme. Stoltz, Mdles. Titiens and Pauline Lucca, we shall be naming

nearly all the German vocalists who have ever become famous as against hundreds of English, French, Spanish, Swedish, and Italian songstresses; and even these few Germans owe their success to Italian training. Titiens herself is said to declare her inability to sing as she could wish, and as she hears others; nevertheless, we do not care to confirm the lady's modesty further than our general statement concerning her country's vocalists. One other "German" of a past generation shares the fame of those just named—and that is Mara. Mara was a great artist, and in some points was unquestionably superior to Mdlle. Titiens, yet she, with all her qualities, failed to reach the acme of perfection in vocalisation. Nevertheless, Frederick the Great was one day prevailed upon to interest himself in her favour, and he sent his first singer, Morelli, to report upon her merits beforehand. The statement returned said very little for the views current on German singing even in those days:

"She sings like a German," was Morelli's reply, and this was quite enough for the King, who did not trouble the aspirant to visit the palace. Another attempt was made some years afterwards, but even then Frederick himself could hardly be persuaded.

"What! hear a German singer!" said he, "I should as soon expect to derive pleasure from the neighing of my horse."

Possibly to the want of encouragement shown to "native talent" in those days may be in a great measure due the fact that the Germans have no real method of singing: and it is to be feared that it is now too late; for they believe so strongly that they can teach the whole world everything—even hair-cutting and table-waiting—that one dare not hope that they will condescend

either to learn to write vocal music or to sing it when written.

327.—*THE WAY TO GET RICH.*

THE best way to get rich is to be frugal, whatever one's means may be. Now rich musicians are not plentiful, though we know that they have their little harvests like other folks, but somehow they manage to run through them in a very dissimilar manner. Then again, frugality is not a characteristic virtue of musicians. There are a far greater number who follow Incledon than Reinhold. Incledon, it is said, used to wash down a ninepenny "Welsh rabbit" with "two bottles of Madeira at a cost of twenty-four shillings!" but of Reinhold the story goes that one morning during a severe frost in the month of January, whilst the snow lay on the ground, Hook the composer and his wife went by invitation to take a Sunday dinner with Reinhold, and when the coach had arrived at the door, and the coachman had knocked, it was opened by Reinhold himself, who held in his hand a little broom, with which, before they were admitted, he carefully swept their shoes, fearing lest they might in passing from the carriage to his room have taken up some snow, which would damage his carpets.

Another character—old Dignum, a Roman Catholic singer of the early part of this century—died rich, but this was more the result of selfishness and trickery than of true honest frugality. He, together with his daughter, one day received an invitation to dine out. The day fixed, however, was Saturday in Passion Week, which scarcely agreed with his religious convictions. Yet he did not like giving up the idea of the dinner, for all the delicacies of the season were sure to be there. In this

dilemma he went to his priest, paid two shillings and sixpence, and received an indulgence. Off, then, started he and Miss Dignum to the party, where he ate like a hunter; but Miss Dignum, it was observed, ate nothing.

"How comes it, Dignum," said Parke, the oboeist, who was also present, "that you can enjoy the good things of the table, while your daughter is not permitted to taste them?"

"Oh!" said the father, with a grin, "I've got a dispensation."

"Then why hasn't your daughter?" said Parke.

"Well," answered the other, "that would never have done, for it would have cost me half a crown!"

Now Dignum possessed thirty thousand pounds—a fact which became public when he died soon afterwards!

328.—*A REWARD FOR A SONG.*

WE are so unaccustomed to associate any ideas of music—except perhaps Psalm-tunes—with Oliver Cromwell, that we are apt to forget that it was during "the Protectorate" that opera first established a footing in England. The Protector himself was really a great lover of sweet harmony, and once when James Quin (who had been expelled from Christ Church) sung before him, Cromwell was delighted, and after pledging him in a cup of sack, in conclusion said, "Mr. Quin, you have done well; what shall I do for you?"

To which Quin made answer, "That your Highness would be pleased to restore me to my student's place," which he did accordingly.

How this exercise of authority was relished by the

dean of that day we are not told, and we may be quite sure that the Protector did not stay to inquire !

329.—*STRANGE POLICY.*

DUMÉNIL, a French tenor singer, may not have been “fond of his beer,” though he undeniably was of his champagne. It is said that every night he performed he drank six bottles of champagne ! Then, one lucky day, some one left him a considerable sum of money, and seeing no reason why he should not enjoy it, he forsook his profession, and gave himself up unrestrainedly to drinking, and—died !

330.—*AN ACCOMPLISHED AMATEUR.*

So many cruel things have been said and written of “amateurs” in music—not so much by “professionals” as by the semi-professional gentlemen who contrive to make more noise critically than musically—that it is desirable to place on record an instance where a distinguished amateur of the last century met with a marked professional compliment. Domenico Alberti, a Venetian gentleman, was so excellent a player on the harpsichord that his reputation spread far and wide. He was the composer, too, of many excellent lessons for that instrument ; and besides these he produced several operas—“*Endimeone*,” “*Galatea*,” and others, the texts of which were supplied by no less an one than the poet Metastasio. Nor was his singing inferior to his other musical accomplishments.

It was at a private party in Spain that a meeting between Alberti and Farinelli (before alluded to) took place. Alberti sang, and Farinelli, perfectly astonished

at the excellence of the performance, turned to him, saying, "I rejoice that you are not a professor, for," he added, "I should have too formidable a rival to cope with."

331.—*A SUCCESSFUL REPRESENTATION.*

ALL who interest themselves in the early days of opera in this country must have heard of the first Polly Peachum, the heroine of the "Beggar's Opera," by Gay. Her name, it will be remembered, was Lavinia Fenton—afterwards Duchess of Bolton. Once she fell out with the duke who shared his coronet with her, and his Grace would have left her but for a happy idea which the ingenious songstress hit upon for redeeming the duke's affections. Hastening to her room, she dressed herself in her character of Polly Peachum: presented herself before the duke, and sang in the most pathetic manner, "Oh! what pain it is to part!"

His Grace was so touched by the little device, and overcome by her beauty and fascination, that he quickly embraced her, and was reconciled—it proved, for life.

332.—*A FAVOURABLE INTERPRETATION.*

AN old gentleman (with, we may say, the common failing of papas in respect to their children) who believed firmly in the unrivalled excellence of his daughter's vocal powers, once obtained permission for her to appear at a concert. She accordingly went, accompanied by her mamma, the admiring papa being engaged at home with—the gout.

On the return of the two ladies mamma declared that nothing could be better than the way in which her daughter had been received; and miss, to confirm this

account, said that some Italians at the concert had taken her for Pasta.

“Yes, dear papa,” said she, “I had hardly sung a dozen notes when the Italians cried, ‘*Basta! basta!*’” (enough! enough!).

333.—COUNTER ATTRACTIONS.

THERE are some people whose favourite hobby or pursuit seems to master them so completely that all the ordinary feelings of human nature give way before it. Certainly music has this strange power, but it is hardly fair to say that it is responsible for more *gaucheries* than other pursuits, such as hunting, shooting, boating, or cricket—the chronicles of which latter would perhaps readily furnish us with examples of votaries quite as devoted as the Milanese gentleman who had a rich uncle, from whom he had some expectations, which his uncle’s illness might have led him to suppose would be shortly realised.

One evening a friend met this gentleman in the street. “Where are you going?” he asked.

“To La Scala, to be sure.”

“How! your uncle is at the point——”

“Yes—but Velluti sings to-night.”

334.—OUR ROYAL VOCALIST.

OF all the hours which Mendelssohn spent in London, probably none were happier than those passed in the society of her Majesty Queen Victoria and the late Prince Consort, at Buckingham Palace. “It was during the early days of the Queen’s married life,” says a writer in *Macmillan’s Magazine*, “when Mendelssohn went to the palace to try Prince Albert’s new

organ before he left England. The Prince delighted his visitor by his charming, clear, and correct playing on the organ, which 'would have done credit to any professional.' Then it was Mendelssohn's turn. He played 'How lovely are the Messengers.' Prince Albert managed the stops for him to his greatest satisfaction, and both he and the Queen joined in the chorus. Afterwards the Queen sang several songs for him. She sang quite charmingly, in strict time and tune, and with very good execution. Mendelssohn was obliged to confess that the song she had selected as his Italian Op. 8, No. 3, was by his sister Fanny, and so she consented to sing one that was really his own, and sang the 'Pilgerspruch Op. 8, No. 5,' really quite faultlessly and with charming feeling and expression. 'I thought to myself one must not pay too many compliments on such an occasion, so I merely thanked her a great many times, upon which she said, "Oh! if I had not been so frightened! Generally I have such long breath!" Then I praised her heartily, and with the best conscience in the world.'"

335.—A TOUR DE FORCE.

WE have often heard of "lungs of brass," and a "voice like a trumpet," but we were far from being aware that the human lungs were capable of competing successfully against the "brazen trumpet." One such victory, however, is recorded of Farinelli. He was once singing at Rome, when he met with a famous performer on the trumpet who had to accompany him in a *bravura* passage. It soon became evident to the audience that a contest was going on between the singer and the trumpeter. One night the struggle grew very exciting: after severally

swelling out a note and each trying to rival the other in brilliancy and force, they executed a shake and a swell together in thirds, which was continued so long that the audience, breathless with excitement, expected to see one of the two give up; and, in fact, the trumpeter, wholly spent, did give way; when, much to the surprise of every one, Farinelli broke out anew, apparently in the same breath, and not only swelled and shook upon the note, but executed the most rapid and difficult passages, till he was at last silenced, only by the shouts and applause of the enraptured audience.

There is on record another instance where a trumpet and trumpeter have been unable to compete against the human voice. The pleasant story is related in connection with Mrs. Billington, whose husband cared for nothing but her success; inasmuch as it saved him from doing anything to keep himself, and this was especially agreeable to his tastes. On one evening of a London season, she was singing a passage to which was a trumpet *obbligato*. Mr. Billington was conducting, and, believing that the trumpeter did not accompany with sufficient gusto, he quietly said, "Louder! louder!" This was quite bad enough, but suddenly the conductor reiterated the same cry, "Louder!—confound you, louder!" Hot and angry, the enraged German flung his trumpet to the ground, exclaiming:

"*Loudere and loudere be very easy do say, but, by gar! vere is de vind?*"

BOOK III.
INSTRUMENTALISTS.

BOOK III.

INSTRUMENTALISTS.



336.—*A TERRIBLE CRITIC.*

THERE can be no two opinions as to the legitimate groundwork for all piano-playing. Incessant scale-practice is the foundation for real progress and ultimate perfection with this superb instrument, *malgré* all reasoning to the contrary on the part of those who get up a dozen or so stock pieces which they practise incessantly, on the strength of which qualification they advertise for pianoforte pupils! Such “jobbery” with an instrument which hitherto has baffled human ingenuity and skill (for even a Moscheles or Thalberg would have confessed that the pianoforte is capable of more than a lifetime admits of achieving with it), is as sickening as it is erroneous; and intending students of the pianoforte will do well to steer clear of any quack “piece”-teachers, and seek instead the master who will choose the acknowledged, and, in the end, the shortest road.

Some years ago there was one Alexander Dreyschock performing in London, and although the exhibitions of execution and *tours de force* to which he treated the British public were something marvellous, he nevertheless

entirely failed to sustain his rapidly earned reputation, when his stock of concert fireworks was exhausted. Curiously enough, a little girl once discovered Dreyschock's fraud. The latter was at Moscheles' apartments, taking the pupil's part in some scale duets. Dreyschock, however, distinguished himself so discreditably that even Moscheles' little daughter noticed it, and, with the thoughtlessness of a child, finally ran to her mother, saying, quite loudly, "Mamma, Mr. Dreyschock hasn't learned his scales yet?"

337.—A ROYAL PERFORMER.

JUDGING from the lessons preserved in "Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book," and the accounts given by the historians of the time, "Queen Bess" must have been an excellent performer upon that instrument which had yet so many modifications and improvements to undergo before it developed into the "Broadwood Grand" of to-day. It is a pity that she allowed petty motives of vanity and jealousy sometimes to affect her displays of skill. We have hints dropped that she had no objection now and then to display the neatness of the royal ankle by her "high and disposed" dancing; and the following story, told by Sir James Melvil, the representative of Mary Queen of Scots at the English court, gives an amusing peep into the Queen's *boudoir*, and reveals a curious motive for industrious practising.

"The same day, after dinner, my Lord of Hunsdon drew me up to a quiet gallery, that I might hear some music (but he said that he durst not avow it), where I might hear the Queen play on the virginals. After I had hearkened awhile, I took up the tapestry that hung before the door of the chamber and stood a pretty space, hearing her play

excellently well. But she left off immediately as soon as she turned about and saw me. She appeared to be surprised to see me, and came forward, seeming to strike me with her hand; alleging that she used not to play before men, but when she was solitary to shun melancholy. She asked how I came there? I answered, as I was walking with my Lord Hunsdon, as we passed by the chamber-door, I heard such a melody as ravished me, whereby I was drawn in ere I knew how; excusing my fault of homeliness, as being brought up in the court of France, where such freedom was allowed; declaring myself willing to endure what kind of punishment her Majesty should be pleased to inflict upon me for so great offence. Then she sat down low upon a cushion, and I upon my knees by her; but with her own hand she gave me a cushion to lay under my knee, which at first I refused, but she compelled me to take it. She inquired whether my Queen or she played best. In that I found myself obliged to give *her* the praise."

Another version of this story lets out that the Queen was not quite sincere in her pretended surprise at being discovered; she herself having desired Hunsdon to act as he did in order that Melvil might have an opportunity of comparing her skill with that of Mary!

338.—THE POWER OF IMAGINATION.

AN old lady, who had never heard Paganini, once obtained leave to be present at the rehearsal of one of his concerts. On this occasion it happened that Paganini did not bring his violin with him, but borrowed one from a member of the orchestra, and, instead of playing, made a kind of *pizzicato* accompaniment. After the rehearsal the

lady addressed Mr. Cooke, the musical director: "Oh dear! Mr. Cooke, what a wonderful man he is! I declare, I may say, that till this morning I never knew what music was capable of."

Cooke replied: "Indeed, madam, he is truly wonderful; but allow me to observe that you are indebted rather to your imagination than to your ears for the delight you have experienced."

"How so, Mr. Cooke?"

"Why, madam, this morning Paganini has not played at all; he has not even touched a bow."

"Extraordinary!" exclaimed the lady. "I am more than ever confirmed in my opinion of him; for if without playing he can affect in such a manner, how much more wonderful are the sensations he must produce when he does play!"

339.—*GEORGE III. AS A VIOLINIST.*

"FIDDLERS," said Salomon one day to his august pupil, "may be divided into three classes: to the first belong those who cannot play at all; to the second those who play badly; and to the third those who play well. You, sire, have already reached the second."

340.—*TRUE TO THE LAST.*

THE solacing power of the violin over all other instruments is remarkable, but rarely has its aid been called into requisition under similar circumstances to those in which Macpherson—whom Burns has immortalised—used it. Now Macpherson was a robber, condemned to be hung at Inverness in the beginning of the last century. At the foot of the gallows he played a

“Farewell,” which he had composed while in prison. He then broke his violin over his knee, and ascended the scaffold to be hung !

For the benefit of those who may not possess a copy of the “Bard of Ayrshire” among their books, the poem referred to is here subjoined :

“Farewell, ye dungeons dark and strong,
The wretch’s destinie !
Macpherson’s time will not be long
On yonder gallows-tree.

“(Chorus) Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he ;
He play’d a spring, and danc’d it round
Below the gallows-tree.

“Oh, what is death but parting breath !
On mony a bludie plain
I’ve dar’d his face, and in this place
I scorn him yet again !
Sae rantingly, etc.

“Untie these bands from off my hands,
And bring to me my sword ;
And there’s no man in all Scotland
But I’ll brave him at a word.
Sae rantingly, etc.

“I’ve liv’d a life of sturt and strife,
I die by treacherie ;
It burns my heart I must depart,
And not avenged be.
Sae rantingly, etc.

“Now farewell, light—thou sunshine bright,
And all beneath the sky !
May coward shame distain his name
The wretch that dares not die !
Sae rantingly, etc.”

341.—*A TROUBLESOME DREAM.*

THERE are few lovers of music who have not heard of Tartini's violin sonata, "*Il Trillo del Diavolo*;" many, indeed, may have heard Herr Joachim or some other gifted artist perform it. The unenviable title to this composition was gained for it from Tartini's own account of the circumstances under which it was composed. One night in the year 1713 Tartini dreamed that he had made a compact with the devil, who promised to be at his service on all occasions; indeed, in the dream the musician's new servant anticipated all his wishes and fully satisfied his desires. Ultimately the two became so familiar that Tartini presented his Satanic Majesty with his violin in order to ascertain what kind of a musician he was; when, to Tartini's utter astonishment, he heard him play a solo, so beautiful, and with such taste and skill, that it surpassed all the music he had ever heard in his life. In a state of feverish excitement and delight Tartini awoke, and instantly seized his fiddle in hopes of repeating the music he had just heard—but alas! the devil had gone, and his music with him. Nevertheless, Tartini took music-paper and pen, and composed the sonata above referred to.

It is the best of all Tartini's works, but so inferior has its composer declared it to be to the music which he heard in his dream, that he said he would have smashed his instrument, and have abandoned music for the rest of his life, could he have subsisted by any other means.

342.—*BLIND ERROR.*

It is worthy of notice how often the obstinacy, stupidity, or prejudice of parents has nearly deprived the world of

some of its greatest celebrities. Beyond the realm of music we might mention many instances, but among the great names of music we find quite enough to illustrate the fact. Handel, it will be remembered, was to be brought up as a lawyer—so his parents arranged almost as soon as he was born; Weber turned from the profession, in the midst of which he first saw the light, to the position of a private secretary; the elder Schubert tried every means in his power to make a schoolmaster of Franz; while Schumann was destined for a lawyer—in fact, at the age of twenty he was being trained for that profession.

Numerous instances as familiar might be cited, but perhaps more welcome, as being less known, will be a sketch of the roundabout road which Tartini traversed to reach his destined goal. Born on the 12th April, 1692, at Pirano, and of well-to-do parents, Giuseppe Tartini was sent first to the "*Oratorio di S. Phillipò Neri*," and afterwards attended the "*Padri delle Scuole Pie*" at Capo d'Istria, that he might receive an education to fit him for the Church. The black gown, however, attracted young Tartini but little, so his parents sent him to Padua to study jurisprudence. This was another profession which the hot-headed youth cared for but little; so, being an adept at fencing, he one fine day determined to leave the law, and to go to Naples or to France as a fencing-master.

Only one thing stood in his way. He had just fallen in love with, and secretly married, a very pretty girl. The girl's parents were very indignant when they heard what had occurred, and swore vengeance on the law student. Nothing was left for him but to take flight, which he did, leaving the fair one

behind him. Disguised as a pilgrim he set out for Rome, but on his way he found an asylum in a monastery at Assisi, where he remained concealed for a long time. He would probably have yielded gradually to the attractions of the monastic life, had not his retreat been discovered. His musical studies enabled him to take a conspicuous part in the Sunday and festival services, and at one of these he was recognised by a resident of Padua who happened to be present.

Tartini's hiding-place was soon made known, and not long afterwards the fugitive received a communication from the family of his young wife assuring him of their forgiveness, and giving their consent to the union. Accordingly Tartini returned to Padua, and placed himself under Veracini, with whose instruction, and his own wonderful aptitude for the violin, he made such progress that he soon gained a European reputation as a violinist. Invitations flowed in from all the great capitals, but no terms tempted Tartini to leave his native soil.

Among the first of these offers was one from Lord Middlesex, inviting Tartini to London, and hinting that a visit to England would probably bring him in at least three thousand pounds; but it was declined in the following disinterested language: "I have a wife with the same sentiments as myself, and no children. We are perfectly contented with our position, and if we wish for anything, it is certainly not to possess more than we have at present."

We may rank Tartini among the happy few who have been honoured in their own cities—for though he was not born at Padua he adopted the place as his home, and that he was known and appreciated there we gather from

the fact that he was appointed leader of the orchestra in the cathedral there. He died in 1770, at the age of seventy-eight.

343.—*A REAL MIRACLE.*

THERE yet lives, though in retirement, one of the most extraordinary men of genius that the world of music has yet seen, namely Franz Liszt, the prince of pianists. Moulded by nature for a foremost place in the world, he chose music as his domain, and has made it completely subservient to his will. Some great names are associated with the pianoforte, but not one of them—not even Thalberg—has so individualised himself as has Liszt.

With Liszt at the piano the instrument appears to be changed into a complete orchestra, and under his mighty power a “sea of sound” proceeds from the instrument. So great is his execution that it might be called fanatical. But this is not all that accounts for Liszt’s greatness. There is something unearthly about him. God’s hand has marked him as one among a thousand. Never did strong passions play upon a more delicate face; never did an artist so affect and thrill his audiences as does Liszt when he first appears like a spectre, in the gorgeous saloons in which he occasionally presides. Liszt’s power of reading music is marvellous. Once he was at Erard’s in Paris when Mendelssohn happened to drop in with the manuscript of a concerto under his arm. Liszt asked to be allowed to look at it, whereupon Mendelssohn handed him the manuscript, and though it was hardly legible, Liszt played it off at sight as though he had been perfectly familiar with it.

Mendelssohn was thunderstruck. He hurried home, and with a more than usually beaming face and buoyant

manner declared "he had just seen a miracle—a real miracle," and forthwith related the incident.

344.—*A SCOTCHMAN'S EXCUSE.*

NEIL Gow, the fiddler, was thoroughly Scotch in one thing—he was fond of his whisky, and seldom went travelling either short distances or long without frequent "revivers." One morning he had an appointment with a noble patron at Dunkeld, but at the stated hour had not arrived at the castle. The duke waited till he grew tired of waiting—indeed, till he was obliged to drive off to keep another appointment. On the road he met the fiddler—staggering.

"Ah, Neil," said the patron, "it's a long road to Dunkeld this morning."

"Ah! ma laird," said the fiddler, "*it's no the length, but the breadth.*"

345.—*THE IMPATIENT COMPOSER.*

MUSICAL compositions, like their composers, have often had adventurous lives. Sometimes they have been buried for years in obscurity, their merits ignored, their existence scarcely known: at other times they have been denied a hearing, or made victims to vexatious accidents which have delayed that publicity which alone was needed to give them fame. An interesting little anecdote is given by Ferdinand Ries with reference to the first appearance of that graceful and highly-finished Concerto in G, which came from Beethoven's pen in 1808; an anecdote which also supplies an amusing illustration of the great composer's impatient and excitable temper.

"One day," writes Ferdinand Ries, Beethoven's

favourite pupil, "Beethoven brought me the manuscript of the Fourth Concerto, saying, 'Next Saturday you must play it at my concert!' Only five days remained. I was unlucky enough to reply that there was too short a time to play the concerto properly. Beethoven, in a towering passion, immediately repaired to the young pianist, Stein, to whom, nevertheless, he was not over-partial. Stein, better advised than myself, consented to play the concerto.

"Being, however, no more able than myself to master the difficulties of the piece in the time, Beethoven was compelled to abandon all hope of hearing it on the day he had wished; and Stein played the Concerto in C minor (No. 3), which I had also proposed as a substitute. Some time afterwards, Beethoven, no longer angry, said to me—'I thought you would not play the Concerto in G.'"

346.—A BOLD VENTURE.

PERFECT obedience and entire submission to the master's judgment are very safe and desirable traits in a pupil. Sometimes, however, a bold assertion of his own views on the part of the pupil gives truth to the proverb: "Nothing venture, nothing have."

The following interesting anecdote is a case in point, but in spite of the pupil's success, no one will deny that he richly deserved the master's rebuke. The story is told by Ries in speaking of the first performance of the C minor Concerto. Beethoven, it appears, had confided the manuscript of the work to Ries that he might practise it for his first appearance in public as Beethoven's pupil. On this occasion the great composer not

only conducted the orchestra, but very kindly turned over the leaves for the young *débutant*. Some days before the performance Ries had begged his master to write him a *cadenza* for the first movement. Beethoven, anxious to strengthen his pupil, declined, and good-naturedly informed him that he might write one for himself; whereupon Ries produced one of which Beethoven approved, save one passage which was so difficult of execution that its correct performance was doubtful. It was decided, therefore, that another should be substituted. Once before the public, however, Ries could not, he says, decide to play the easier passage, but dashed on with the forbidden phrase. Beethoven, who was seated near the pianoforte, suddenly drew back his chair, and watched with suspense the completion of the intricate passage.

"Bravo!" cried he as the pianist's hands left the keys, a mark of applause which the audience quickly took up.

But after the performance Beethoven, remembering that he had been disobeyed, said:

"You are always obstinate. I would never have given you another lesson, had you missed *one note* of that passage."

347.—A CURE FOR A POPULAR MALADY.

IF it were not for music and "the weather," we should be a most reticent set of folks. As it is we are not, for we have in music a good incentive to conversation, while our climate is an endless theme of which to talk. Every one must be familiar with that traditional custom which in most drawing-rooms sets conversation going directly a performer sits down to the pianoforte. There are a few bold spirits who will even carry on their (doubtless most

important) remarks in a distinctly audible tone throughout the progress of a song, but even the most timid talkers gather courage to open their lips during the performance of "a piece." The writer has a friend who once had the good fortune to be present on an occasion when a lady, an amateur vocalist of exquisite taste and skill, successfully put down a gentleman who appeared to be more fond of the sound of his own voice than of hers, by stopping suddenly in the middle of her song, and saying to him with a bow and a smile, "After you, sir."

Neither the lady nor the gentleman, perhaps, were aware that they were following high precedents, but a very similar story is told concerning Corelli. This great musician was performing on one occasion at the house of Cardinal Ottoboni, but observing the reverend *dilettante* engaged in eager colloquy with another person, Corelli laid down his instrument in the middle of the piece, politely remarking, "I fear the music interrupts the conversation."

348.—THE FIRST FLUTE AND ITS RECEPTION.

ACCORDING to Ovid, Minerva lays claim to have invented the flute, and to have discovered the power of a pipe "when pierced to give variety of sound." The fable, however, informs us that perceiving that she was laughed at by Juno and her sister Venus whenever she played the flute, she determined to look at herself in a mirror. This soon convinced her that she had been only too justly derided for her distorted face when swelling her cheeks to blow the instrument; whereupon she abandoned the flute in favour of the lyre. More probable is it, however, that she adopted this latter instrument from seeing her brother Apollo play upon it, and ob-

serving that his mouth was at liberty, and that he could sing and play at the same time, knowing too that no instrument was capable of expressing the emotions so divinely as the human voice. Ungenerous men will probably refuse the above myth, and instead prefer to believe that Minerva only gave up the flute to free her tongue (woman-like) to talk.

349.—THE “PUBLIC OPINION.”

THERE are two theories current in regard to criticism of public performances, between which we do not presume to decide: one says that the critic's office is to guide the taste of the public—the other that the critic is simply the mouthpiece of an already formed public opinion. Perhaps in this question the *via media* is the line to take. It would be very hard on artists who may happen to be in advance of their age if there were no critics who could help the public to recognise their merits; or to protest against public applause being wasted on unworthy objects. At the same time it is equally hard if the prejudice or stupidity of a critic prevents a sympathetic public from showing that the artist has really touched and pleased them. The public are shy in expressing an opinion for which they may be laughed at, and rarely speak out in the face of a flood of adverse criticism. But it takes a more trained and discriminating taste than that of a mixed audience to appreciate the highest kind of merit, and a great reputation may be made by *ad captandum* tricks and display. The best artist is he who, without undervaluing public applause, will yet work steadily on, uninfluenced by it, and a part of the business of a critic is to point public opinion to such an one. The value of ordinary applause was well gauged by one “of old time.” The

flute-player, Antigenides of Thebes, one day, hearing at a distance a violent outburst of applause bestowed upon a flute-player, said, "There must be something very bad in that man's performance, or those people would not be so lavish of their praise."

350.—AN ABRUPT MODULATION.

YEARS ago there resided near Canterbury a reverend gentleman who was an accomplished performer on the violoncello. He was noted for many eccentricities.

"In the midst of the adagios of Corelli or Avison," we are told, "the muscles of his face would sympathise with his bow and keep reciprocal movement." But the oddest peculiarity he indulged in was a habit (which reminds one of the story how Beethoven used to pick his teeth with the snuffers) arising from an imperfect eyesight. He was obliged constantly to snuff the candles which lighted his desk, and this he would do with his fingers whenever a reasonable number of bars' rest afforded a fair opportunity. Not to give offence, he used to thrust the snuff down the sound-holes of his 'cello. This was an occupation which hurt no one, and it would have been well, therefore, had nobody noticed the extraordinary trick. But one of those creatures called in those days 'a wag' (impressed no doubt with the conviction that whatever right a man might have to make a wine-cellar of his pianoforte, he certainly possessed no claim whatever for making a dusthole of his violoncello) declared he would make the parson pay for his extravagance. Accordingly he managed to make a secret acquaintance with the clergyman's instrument just before the music began. When the quartet party had assembled and were well advanced in Vanhall's forty-seventh for the violoncello and

other instruments, our friend 'spotted' a favourable rest. A good opportunity, thought he, for improving his light; so he snuffed the candles and dropped the burning wick into the usual place, when bang! went the 'cello into a thousand pieces. There was a smell of gunpowder, and when the smoke had cleared off Mr. B—— was found extended on the floor—only the worse by a 'cello.

351.—*VANITY!*

ISMENIAS, the great Grecian flute-player, was once sent to perform at a sacrifice, of which occasion Plutarch relates the following story. Ismenias having played some time without the appearance of any good omen in the victim, he who had engaged him advanced, snatched the flute out of his hand, and commenced playing in the most ridiculous and untutored manner, for which he was not a little censured by the spectators; but the happy omen just then appearing, he exclaimed:

"There, to play acceptably to the gods is their own gift."

Ismenias good-naturedly replied, "While I played the gods were so delighted and entranced that they deferred the omen from their desire to enjoy longer the rapturous music; but when you began to play, they were glad to get rid of your noise as quickly as possible, and upon any terms."

352.—*THE "MUSIC OF THE SPHERES."*

ONE of the many trials that come and go with Christmas-time is the "*waits*." Little by little we watch with delight the slow decline and fall of this pestilent institution. These night-disturbers do not care for an applauding public, but they like a paying one; and, happily, every year

the audiences of "the waits" revile them more and pay them less. The consequence is that the inharmonious band diminishes annually. It is true that the "waits" come at a time of the year when our best feelings are at the surface, and their "throaty" and ill-trained voices, with their accompaniment of uncertain chords, are overlooked or ignored by a sentimental section of the public. Nevertheless, the fact remains, that the "waits" are disappearing as English folk grow more artistic and discriminating. And this too takes place at the risk, not alone of our being thought selfish and hard-hearted, but at the risk also of troubles and inconveniences in another world which we have been told will be sure to come upon us if we do not assist "the waits!" Moscheles was once the recipient of one of these delicate hints, and he has put the same on record.

"At Christmas-time," writes Moscheles in his diary, "the waits mustered pretty strongly at my door. I knew this custom of old, and remembering my former tortures from their falsely-harmonised chorales, I told my servant to inform them that I would give them nothing unless they promised never to return. Trombone, sorely wounded, said to the servant, 'Tell your master he will not go to heaven, if he dislikes music.'"

On the other hand, we can only say that if 'the waits' represent the 'music of the spheres,' heaven would be the last place to which any one would want to go!

353.—*DOUBTFUL KINDNESS.*

THE prevailing tone of the musical profession is unquestionably one of mutual kindness, yet there is in this, as in other callings, a temptation for those who have

reached the "top of the tree" either to disparage their younger brethren's talent or to discourage their progress by magnifying the difficulties which they themselves have overcome. To this temptation some great musicians have succumbed. The annals of the opera stage are by no means free from stories of acts prompted by professional jealousy: some of the greatest composers have been known to throw cold water on rising talent which after years proved to have been of no common order; while the contemptuous tone adopted by the "profession" towards "amateurs" is only just now beginning to disappear. This feeling is unworthy of the men and their art. The amateur who gives all the time that he can to music, and does so from true motives, even if he can play but a Clementi sonatina, serves art just as nobly as the artist who can execute a Beethoven Sonata on the platform of St. James's Hall. All have not the same means of prosecuting their studies, and while it is a fact that in London there are many amateurs far more proficient in music, both practically and theoretically, than half of those who call themselves professors of the art, there should be some hesitation before a word of encouragement is withheld from a struggling student at whatever stage of progress he may be, and certainly no obstacles should be thrown in his way. In Mr. Coleridge's excellent translation of Mrs. Moscheles' work on the Life of her husband, there is a story concerning Moscheles which is anything but creditable to him, even when all allowances are made for his delicate musical organisation. Here it is verbatim:

"We arrived late in the evening at Tetschen, hungry and tired to death, and ordered supper in our room; but oh, misery! the sound of a piano suddenly breaks upon

us! Just imagine, only a thin door between me and Weber's 'Invitation à la Valse,' strummed by an unpractised hand, and drawled out (to quote Mendelssohn) as 'a slow presto.' I rang the bell, and frightened the Abigail with 'Who is playing there?' 'Oh, only a young man who, being engaged all day long in business, usually plays for a couple of hours of an evening.' 'A delightful prospect this!' thought I. I tried to eat, but that was impossible, so, without saying a word to my astonished family, I seized my hat, rushed out, and knocked at my neighbour's door. The 'come in' brought me face to face with the innocent delinquent. Assuming an air of feigned politeness, I began the conversation: 'Your playing has allured me, a perfect stranger, and I venture to call. I play a little too, and happen to have studied that identical piece: would you like to hear my reading of it?' I went straight to the piano—the young man, quite abashed, made way for me—and without waiting for his answer, I dashed through the piece in the wildest style and at a tearing pace, introducing double octaves wherever I could get them in; this had its effect. 'Alas!' he said with a sigh, 'I shall certainly never play it like that!' 'Why not?' replied I, 'if you work hard, but—good-evening to you!' My object was attained; my nightly tormentor became mute, whether for ever I can't say—at all events I could eat and sleep in peace. My wife and children, with their ears close to the wall, listened and enjoyed the joke immensely."

No doubt. But how about the poor student? Did Moscheles' severity damp or destroy the man's aspirations? It might have done so, whereas a few words of sound advice and encouragement would have been a stronger revenge for the unintentional affront, and at all

events would have been a little act of generosity, none the less noble because trivial.

Students of music must never be disheartened at what they see or hear. Proficiency in music means sheer labour, indomitable perseverance, and hundreds of hours at the instrument which is to be brought under control. Ideas of talent must be thrown aside. Good lessons, and incessant practice, will ultimately prove the truth that "*Labor omnia vincit.*"

354.—"*MANNERS MAKYTH MAN.*"

To be well-mannered is of far greater value than the utmost proficiency in music or any other art, though there are many people, apparently, who do not think so. There is a great deal of money spent annually in this country for tuition in music which would be far more profitably expended were it laid out in acquiring manners instead of music. And one of the first uses to which persons might with advantage apply some of their newly-acquired consideration and gentleness, might be to their music-masters. Till recently all circles have shown, more or less, a deplorable ignorance concerning the claims of art-workers, and it is only lately that Society has awakened to the fact that the status of professional musicians (professional, be it observed, and not merely *professing*), artists with the brush, chisel, etc., has been too long incorrectly defined. Thanks to a growing artistic taste, there is every hope that at no very distant future the man of talent in music or any other of the arts will have the same privileges of society afforded him as are now accorded to the equally professional man, the doctor or lawyer or clergyman. To show how truly absurd social exclusive-

ness can sometimes make itself, the experience of no less an one than Moscheles shall be given from Coleridge's admirable translation of the "Life of Moscheles."

"I had," he says, "during the last season given lessons to two young ladies, the daughters of Lord ——. The treatment I received in this household, where even the servants were disrespectful, was only to be met by the independent airs I was forced to assume, to assert my rights as a gentleman. Although not offered a chair, I sat down in the presence of the lady, and insisted on walking up the principal staircase although I was shown the back one. After waiting in vain for nearly nine months for thirty-five pounds due to me, a steward appeared at my house, and, finding only my wife at home, produced my account, on which the noble lord had written, 'Pay this man £15 on account.' My wife remonstrated, whereupon the steward answered in a sympathising tone, 'Well, ma'am, I advise you to take it while you can get it.' It then occurred to her that, the family being reported somewhat impecunious, she had better accept the man's advice. Soon afterwards my lady sent to beg I would again resume my lessons with her daughters. I refused. Then came an exceedingly polite question from my lord, asking the reasons of my refusal, and would I state them verbally, etc. I did so."

It is difficult to realise how any one with the least tinge of good feeling could possibly be responsible for such behaviour as that above related; though it is to be feared that this sort of treatment is anything but exceptional from some aristocratic parents who have most unwarrantable views about music-masters and their place in the social scale. Of course we are not forgetting

that actors and musicians are still by the letter of the law "vagabonds," but as the Court itself has granted them a passport, why do not the few who still refuse it them follow the good example of *their* betters?

355.—"ENGLISH WITHOUT A MASTER."

IN these days of rapid existence the object of all seems to be to find as many short cuts as possible. We see advertisements of somebody's art of teaching the piano-forte in "ten easy lessons:" another "professor" can teach us "how to sing" in twelve lessons, "without practice at home:" we have witnessed the birth of a "*tonic sol-fa*" system which is supposed to do wonders in teaching lazy people to read music printed in one way, when they will not take the trouble to learn to read it in its proper form. This is all very marvellous, no doubt; but perhaps a little incident which once occurred to Moscheles may act as a warning to those who are tempted to try these short cuts to perfection. In 1823 the great pianist was enjoying the hospitality of his friends the Barlows at Bath, when the following curious *contre-temps* happened. Being at dinner one evening, when the cloth had been removed for dessert, Moscheles was asked which fruit he would prefer. Fortified with a previous careful study of his dictionary, Moscheles politely asked to be helped to "some sneers," a remark which at once produced a burst of laughter from the assembled guests, who, knowing the slight acquaintance which he had with the English language, guessed the cause of the dilemma. Moscheles made no secret of it whatever. The fact is, in his search for his English sentences he had learned that "not to care a fig" for any one was synonymous with the verb "to sneer;" and, consequently, he supposed

that in asking for some figs the plural of "sneer" was quite an equivalent for "figs." One can neither help smiling at the discomfiture of poor Moscheles after such a well-intended effort, nor calling to mind the old proverb, "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing."

356.—*SELF-ASSERTION!*

ABEL—the player *par excellence* of the *viol di gamba*—in his day would distinguish himself after dinner by emptying his glass about three times as fast as other people. The journey to the drawing-room under these circumstances was attended with some difficulty. But once there and in possession of his viol, it seemed that the wine which had muddled his head and bewildered his legs only inspired his fingers. One evening, however, he flatly refused to play, until a sarcastic remark roused him, and he bellowed in reply, "Vat, shallenge Abel! No, no, dere ish but vun Got and vun Abel!" and proceeded to play after a fashion that seemed to justify his vanity and atone for his bad manners and the coarseness of his expression.

357.—*AN INEXPENSIVE GUEST.*

WHERE is the professional instrumentalist who has not in his time received more than one invitation to dine out and "to bring his instrument with him," unless, indeed, it be a Bülow or Hallé, who, as pianists, happily are spared that inconvenience—(fancy the sensation which would be caused by the sight of either of these gentlemen in evening costume superintending the conveyance of his favourite "grand" to some Mayfair *salon*!) Very few violinists can say they have never received such a combined

summons for themselves and their Amati or "Strad." But these "friendly" invitations are no joke; they do not pay the butcher, the baker, the laundress, or the tailor; and surely it ought to be well understood that private friendship alone can justify the invitation of an established professional performer on such terms. Perhaps musicians nowadays are more generous or less plain-spoken than formerly. Parke (writing in 1830) tells a story:

"When Fischer, the celebrated oboe-player, who was remarkable for the oddity of his manner, played concertos at the grand concerts given fifty years ago at the Rotunda in Dublin, a noble lord who had been enraptured with the rare talent he displayed, came up to him, and, after having complimented him, gave him a pressing invitation to sup with him the following evening; adding: 'You'll bring your oboe with you!' Fischer, who was a little nettled at that sort of invitation, hastily replied: 'My lord, my oboe never sups!'"

358.—*WHERE THE SHOE PINCHES.*

WITH the death of Abel, the *Viol di gamba* may be said to have become obsolete. (The organ-stop of the same name bears as much resemblance to the tone of the ancient instrument as organ-stops in general do to their namesakes!) Abel once fractured a blood-vessel, which accident confined him to his room for some time. The most painful consequence, in his own estimation, lay in the enforcement of total abstinence from liquors, a course which was very much at variance with his usual habits. "Oh!" he would say to the physician's repeated cautions, "am I never to daste my beloved old hock once more?" At last came

a change. The oft-given answer as to how he was, was varied by one to the effect that he was nearly well. "Oh! tank Got!" exclaimed Abel; "I sall soon daste my beloved hock again!"

359.—*AN ARTIST AT HOME.*

MANY no doubt can remember the grim and gaunt figure of Paganini—that extraordinary combination of all that was original and curious—while those who are not fortunate enough to be able to do this are more or less acquainted with his appearance from the many sketches and descriptions which have been given of him. To those who are curious about the private life of men of note there will be interest in the following sketch of Paganini at home by an eye-witness. The writer from whom we borrow called one day on the great violinist to take him out to dinner; and gives the following graphic description of the artist's dwelling:

"Everything was lying in its usual disorder; here one violin, there another, one snuff-box on the bed, another under one of the boy's playthings. Music, money, caps, letters, watches, and boots were scattered about in the utmost confusion. The chairs, tables, and even the bed had all been removed from their proper places. In the midst of the chaos sat Paganini, his black silk night-cap covering his still blacker hair, a yellow handkerchief carelessly tied round his neck, and a chocolate-coloured jacket hanging loose upon his shoulders. On his knees he held Achillino, his little son of four years of age, at that time in very bad humour because he had to allow his hands to be washed. His affectionate forbearance is truly wonderful. Let the boy be ever so troublesome he never gets angry, but merely turns round and observes

to those present, 'The poor child is wearied; I do not know what I shall do, I am already quite worn out with playing with him. I have been fighting with him all the morning; I have carried him about; made him chocolate; I do not know what more to do!'

"It was enough to make one die of laughing to see Paganini in his slippers fighting with his little son, who reached to about his knee. Sometimes the little Achillino would get into a rage, draw his sabre upon his father, who would retreat into the corner of the room and call out, 'Enough, enough! I am wounded already;' but the little fellow would never leave off until he had laid his gigantic adversary tottering and prostrate on the bed. Paganini had now finished the dressing of his Achillino, but was himself still in *dishabille*. And now arose the great difficulty how to accomplish his own toilette; where to find his neckcloth, his boots, his coat. All were hid, and by whom—by Achillino. The urchin laughed when he saw his father pacing with long strides through the apartment, his searching looks glancing in all directions; and upon his asking him where he had put his things, the little wag pretended astonishment, and held his tongue, shrugged up his shoulders, shook his head, and signified by his gesture that he knew nothing about them. After a long search, the boots were found; they were hid under the trunk; the handkerchief lay in one of the boots; the coat in the box; and the waistcoat in the drawer of the table. Every time that Paganini had found one of his things he drew it out in triumph, took a great pinch of snuff, and went with new zeal to search for the remaining articles, always followed by the little fellow, who enjoyed it vastly when he saw his papa searching in places where he knew nothing was hid. At last we went out, and

Paganini shut the door of the apartment, leaving behind him lying about upon the tables and in the cupboards rings, watches, gold, and, what I most wondered at, his most precious violins. Any idea of the insecurity of his property never entered his head; and, fortunately for him, in the lodgings which he occupied the people were honest."

360.—*A DANGEROUS ALARUM.*

Who has not sometimes wished for more than four and twenty hours to a day? Parke, now better known by his two volumes of "Memoirs" than by either his oboe or fiddle-playing, found it impossible to cultivate those two instruments except by stealing some hours from the night—and this he wisely did by getting up in the morning some time before the professional world in general is awake. To this end he hit upon the rather insane expedient of tying a rope to his wrist and allowing it to dangle through his window into the street below—so that the watchman on duty (for a consideration) might punctually pull it every morning till Parke's own head should appear at the window to tell the watchman to desist. This answered very well, till one fine summer morning some roysterers who had also been stealing some hours from the night (only at the other end) were going homewards and discovered Parke's cord. The temptation was irresistible, and accordingly Parke was dragged almost out of bed by a pull so violent that it nearly dislocated his wrist. As it was he had every reason to congratulate himself that the rope was round his wrist, and not his neck, or the gallant roysterers might have saved him the after-reflection that another such pull would have

forced him through the window to a quiet lodging on the pavement below.

361.—*A MISTAKE SOMEWHERE.*

THE imagination is a very powerful agency, and at times, and with some constitutions, it is capable of achieving wonderful feats. *À propos* of this the following story of Liszt is said to be true. One day the great pianist found himself in a ‘garden of ladies,’ some of whom begged of him to produce for them “the ecstasies, the artistic raptures which his magnificent talent never failed to evoke.” Overcome by their persuasive powers, Liszt seated himself at the piano and played. Some of the ladies were soon overcome with delight: some even fainted at the music!

“‘Well,’ said Liszt, ‘believe me, I played many wrong notes intentionally throughout the movements; indeed, so palpable were some of my errors, that had I been playing at any elementary music school I should certainly have been expelled as an impostor!’”

362.—*DISINTERESTEDNESS.*

THERE is a Scotch proverb, “Claw me and I’ll claw thee;” and in most professions, perhaps, certainly in that of music, when one man bestows praise upon his colleague it is in the hope of receiving payment in kind. It may be thought that this hanging together of any profession, and the disposition to stand by one another, is bad for the progress of the art, but it is undoubtedly better in every way than those exhibitions of jealousy and backbiting of which the following is a fair sample.

A., who is no great organist but a promising composer, brought out an organ-concerto at one of a well-known series of afternoon concerts; which concerto was well

received by the public at the concert and afterwards by the press. Not many minutes after the close of the concert, however, the writer met B.—one of the most famous of organists, but who scarcely knows an instrument of the orchestra by sight, and who certainly does not compose. B. had heard A.'s concerto, and upon our asking him for his opinion upon the same, we received the somewhat surprising information that it was badly written for the organ and still more so for the orchestra!

363.—*A MODEL.*

THERE once lived a frugal musician, Hackwood by name, whose reputation deserves to be kept alive. Of Hackwood it is asserted that he had drunk wine enough to float a ship! Not, however, at his own expense: it was at other folks' houses that he played the *bon vivant*. One evening he had been performing on the violoncello at Apsley House, then (1788) the residence of Earl Bathurst. As the musicians were dispersing one of them said to Hackwood:

“Which way are you going?”

“I'm not going your way,” was the reply, which rather surprised the inquirer, seeing that at that time there were no dwellings in London westward of Apsley House.

Suspecting, however, that Hackwood's notoriously parsimonious habits were at the bottom of the mystery, some of the other musicians (including the inquisitive gentleman aforesaid) waited outside the house, and were soon amused at seeing Hackwood emerge from the door in his evening dress with his instrument over his shoulder. The footmen who had been waiting on him at

table volunteered their assistance, but no ! he needed no porter nor coach. To the amusement of all who beheld him he turned eastwards, and though at the mercy of the weather, he seemed determined to forego both the expense and the guardianship of either coachman or porter, no doubt comforting himself that he had escaped the expense of either, and had avoided, as he vainly hoped, the observation of his friends in the profession.

364.—*ART BEFORE RELIGION.*

THE writer has heard that Lord F—— once desired to have his portrait painted, but was so busy with his parliamentary duties that he was unable to give up any night during the week for sittings. The difficulty, however, was got over by the artist's readily acquiescing in the unexpected suggestion of the noble lord, "Won't it do if I come on Sunday?"

Certainly it would do for the artist, it being no uncommon thing for the observances of religion to be held in secondary esteem by artists. Antonio Vivaldi for instance—violinist and composer—was more musician than Christian, although in orders. He was red-headed—hence he was commonly known as the "Red Priest." Many assert that he was a very pious man—so pious, in fact, that he would never take up his fiddle, or sit down to compose, without having previously gone to his rosary. In spite of this, however, one cannot help thinking, from the following anecdote, that Vivaldi's religion seldom cost him much inconvenience.

In pursuance of his clerical duties Vivaldi was once officiating at the Mass, when of a sudden a musical idea occurred to him ; and moreover it was so important that he left the altar, repaired to the vestry, and having

written down his theme resumed his place in the church. His superiors were scandalised at such a proceeding, and forbade his doing duty again as priest. However, the head of the diocese seems to have been an artist-bishop, and was generously in favour of forgiving Vivaldi, and of restoring to him his lost post, on the ground that "being a musician, Vivaldi could not be in his right mind;" a conclusion no doubt useful for the culprit, though anything but flattering for musicians in general.

365.—*A NAUTICAL COMPLIMENT.*

THERE are probably but few people who can, or do, turn a deaf ear to compliments. Direct or indirect, deserved or undeserved, folks can always accommodate mild flattery to themselves; indeed it is but the oil which preserves the vast machinery of the world from friction or stoppage; judicious praise gives energy and life to all upon whom it is bestowed. But the art of dressing this dish of flattery to suit various palates becomes more difficult in proportion as the subject of it is of refined and cultivated taste. Campbell says that an encomium or compliment seldom succeeds unless it be indirect.

Musical performers of all ranks are pretty well seasoned to flattery of every kind, and a comical history might be made of the various disguises under which it has been administered. Perhaps the raw material was never given in a less artistic fashion than that once chosen by Commander Sir A. S. Hammond, of whom it is said that he was standing one day (in Passion week, 1794) at the door of his hotel in High Street, Portsmouth, when some London artists belonging to a *troupe* then visiting Portsmouth

were walking along the street. Among them was Parke, on discerning whom the gallant commander called out :

“That’s a ‘deuced’ fine oboe-player sailing by.”

366.—*A COMPLIMENT.*

HAYE, one of the leaders at the commemoration festival of Handel, and who held the post of Master of the King’s Band in Ireland, was one day boasting of his having been to Italy and studied under Tartini; when Battishill, to whom he principally addressed himself, said :

“We thank you, Mr. Haye, for informing us of what we should never have learnt from the performance.”

“What, sir?” replied Haye; “have I brought from Italy nothing of the great Tartini?”

“Oh yes,” cried Battishill; “so much of his music that you have not yet exhausted it in your own compositions.”

367.—*A SKATING FIDDLER.*

IN these days, when skating-rinks are so popular, and when we have to reconcile ourselves to seeing wives and daughters disporting themselves on castors, we cannot but take interest in whatever appertains to “the skate.” Years ago there lived in Prince’s Street, Hanover Square, a person named Merlin, who had made himself famous for the production of ingenious mechanical novelties. Moreover, he had a turn for fiddling, and was frequently to be seen with his violin under his arm among the motley groups at the celebrated Mrs. Corneily’s masquerades at Carlisle House, Soho Square. On one occasion he made his appearance there on a pair of wheel-

skates, invented by himself, and, with the inevitable fiddle under his arm, darted about among the masqueraders, no doubt much elated at the "sensation" which he created. Like many of his prototypes, however, who have invented wings and feathers, only to fly to destruction, Mr. Merlin's own invention brought him to signal grief. The skates did their work admirably so long as they were required to carry the violinist along, but, like many of our present "slaves of the rink," he found it no easy matter to stop. The consequence was that he felt himself impelled rapidly and irresistibly into the middle of a large and valuable mirror; with what result either to the man, the mirror, or the musical instrument it is almost needless to say.

We are hardly surprised to learn that from that day Mr. Merlin abjured wheel-skates entirely. Experience is a dear school!

368.—AN ABRUPT PARTING.

AN enthusiast in music, Lalande by name, who had practised the violin day and night, once applied to Lully for a post in the band of the Paris opera-house. He was refused, and thereupon went out, smashed his violin to pieces, and abandoned instrumental music for ever afterwards.

Certainly this is as neat an instance of a man "cutting off his nose to vex his face" as could well be found.

369.—FACILE PRINCEPS.

IN the close rivalry which prevails in the musical, almost more than in any other, profession, it is seldom that any one competitor out-distances all others so completely as to gain an indisputable supremacy over them. Still more rare is it when the beaten ones of their own accord confess

the victory ! When, however, the superiority of a player, singer, or actor is accepted by his fellows, there is something peculiarly graceful in the acknowledgment. Such a dignified tribute of homage was paid to Paganini on his visit to this country. So great was the impression created by Paganini when he performed at his first concert in London, that the gaunt genius had no sooner ceased playing than Mori rose up, and in an off-handed manner walked about inquiring, " Who'll buy a fiddle and bow for eighteenpence ?" while John Cramer exclaimed, " Thank Heaven, I am not a violinist." Happily, none of the violinists who were there thought it necessary to follow Mrs. Bracegirdle's example and retire from their profession on the spot, because another had surpassed them, nor did Mori present Paganini with his " Strad." in testimony of his admiration !

370.—*AN UNEXPECTED "BENEFIT."*

ONE day, while walking in Vienna, Paganini came across a poor boy playing upon a violin. He went up to him, and learnt that he maintained his mother and a flock of little brothers and sisters by the money which he picked up as an itinerant musician. Paganini turned out his pockets, gave the boy all the coins he could find, and then, taking the boy's violin, commenced playing. A crowd soon assembled, and, when he had finished playing, Paganini went round with his hat, collected a goodly sum, and then gave it to the boy, amid loud acclamations from the bystanders. Of all the stories told of the charitable dispositions of celebrated musicians, the above is perhaps the most touching. Certainly it is the most remarkable, as being, from its very eccentricity, so thoroughly in character with the man of whom it is told.

371.—*QUANTITY AT QUALITY PRICE.*

PRESENTS, like compliments, are very acceptable things. A valuable ring, for instance, a diamond pin, or even a gold snuff-box, are generally welcome in themselves, provided always they have not to be paid for in hard cash, or by an unpleasant load of obligations; but a hat too large, or a pair of boots much too small would be rather a nuisance if one were expected to wear them out of respect to the donor. Parke tells a story which makes us thankful that the proverbial white elephant is not an institution in this country, or there are some people who would inevitably make one a present of it.

“Cramer, being engaged to lead the band at a late music-meeting at Manchester, was invited by Mr. B——l to dine with him, when, amongst other vegetables on the table, were some turnips (a root Lancashire is famous for), which he praised very much. In the early part of the following year Cramer received a letter from Mr. B——l, informing him that he had, by the waggon, sent a present of a few turnips, which would be forwarded to his house. A few days afterwards, the present—a whole hogshead of turnips—was brought in a cart to Newman Street, for the carriage of which Cramer had to pay—two guineas!”

372.—*A GOOD LESSON GRATIS.*

FELIX GIARDINI, a Piedmontese musician, previously referred to, and who won reputation about the middle of the last century, was indebted for his first steps in the art to Jomelli, who obtained for him, at the age of seventeen, a post as violinist in the orchestra of the opera-house at Naples. He had not long held this appointment before his

talents began rapidly to develop, and his facility of execution, added to the inexperience of youth, frequently led him to introduce *extempore* flourishes, and to vary the passages given him to play without regard to the intentions of the composer. (It is a pity that all performers who indulge in this questionable habit cannot be cured as efficaciously as was Giardini.) In speaking of it he himself relates his cure.

“This practice,” says he, “gained for me great reputation, till one evening Jomelli, who had composed the opera that was being rehearsed, came into the orchestra and seated himself close by me, when I determined to give the *Capelmeister* a touch of my taste and execution; and, in the accompaniment of the next song, I gave loose to my fingers and fancy, for which I was rewarded by the composer with a violent slap in the face; which was the best lesson I ever received from a great master in my life.”

373.—TIT FOR TAT.

THAT “erratic star,” as Giornovich has been called, once announced a concert at Lyons, but failed to attract an audience. Finding that the Lyonese did not seem to value him at his own price, he determined to be revenged, and thereupon deferred the concert till the next evening, offering as a bait the tickets at half price. A rush was made, all the tickets were sold, the theatre was crammed; when suddenly the expectations of the audience were let down by the unexpected announcement, that the advertiser had quitted the town—*sans cérémonie*!

The next anecdote of Giornovich shows that the epithet above quoted was not altogether undeserved.

374.—*QUITS!*

GIORNOVICH was one day in a music-shop purchasing some fiddle-strings, etc., when he accidentally broke a pane of glass.

"Those who break windows must pay for them," said the shopkeeper.

"Right," replied the other; "how much is it?"

"Thirty sous."

"Well, there's a three-franc piece."

"But I have no small change."

"Never mind," replied the *virtuoso*, instantly dashing his cane through another square, "we are now quits."

375.—*A CLOSE SHAVE.*

It may not be generally known that the world was once very near being deprived of Paganini altogether. It is said that at the age of four years he had an unusually severe attack of measles, and for a whole day was in a state of catalepsy or apparent death. So convinced were all that the child was dead, that he had actually been enveloped in a shroud, and but for a slight movement which was observed, would inevitably have suffered the horrors of a premature interment.

376.—*VERY DREAMY.*

MANY means were resorted to to develop young Paganini's musical genius, and one of the most successful was the excitement and enthusiasm inspired within him by his mother's persuading him that at his birth an angel had appeared to her in a vision, and had assured her that he should excel all others as a performer upon the violin.

377.—*A WAY TO THE KING.*

BOUCHER, violinist to His Majesty Charles IV. of Spain, owed a good deal of his success to the fortunate termination of a scheme which he once plotted. He was very poor, and desired to let the King hear him play. So one day he posted himself at the lodge-gates of the palace, and, much to the consternation of the gate-keeper, declined to "move on." Finding it impossible to remove him, the gate-keeper at last yielded to necessity. Boucher, being allowed to remain, soon began to play in his best style. It was not long before the sounds of the King's carriage were heard: his Majesty was going to take his morning drive, and as he approached nearer Boucher played with increased energy and effect.

The King, struck with such music, stopped the carriage and inquired who the player was. On being informed he ordered that he should attend at the palace on the following day. Boucher was only too ready to obey the mandate. He went; enchanted the King with his playing, and shortly afterwards was appointed first violinist of his Majesty's chamber band.

Nowadays, when there is such talk in every profession about not being able to "get on," Boucher's case comes *à propos*. Possibly "interest" is still far too powerful; yet the student, with courage, perseverance, and self-help, may still accomplish much, if we may judge by their power in past times, when the access to fame and fortune was a far more difficult road than it now is.

378.—*A STRIKING LIKENESS.*

THIS same Boucher bore a strong resemblance to the first Napoleon, and when he was performing in St. Petersburg

the Emperor Alexander determined to secure his services for a little piece of masquerading which could hardly be said to be included in the duties of a court musician. Upon an appointed day Boucher was shown into an apartment of the palace, where on a sofa were lying a small three-cornered hat, a sword, a colonel's uniform of the Chasseurs of the French Imperial Guard, and a cross of an officer of the Legion of Honour.

"Now," said the Emperor upon entering, "all those objects which you see there belonged to the Emperor Napoleon: they were taken during the campaign of Moscow. I have frequently heard of your likeness to Napoleon, but I did not expect to find it so strong as it is. My mother often regrets that she never saw Napoleon; and what I wish you to do is to put on that dress, and I will present you to her."

In a short time Boucher had arrayed himself in the imperial costume, and having quite finished his toilette, he was conducted to the apartments of the Empress. The Emperor assured his mother that the illusion was perfect, and that she might now safely say that she had seen the great man!

379.—DISCRIMINATION.

MATTHEW DUBOURG, that English violinist of the last century of whom we may always be proud, happened once to be staying at the family seat of the Earl of Mornington, and before long became a great friend of the earl's little boy—who afterwards turned out so talented a musician. The child's father was a very fair violinist, and had his favourite instrument, which he was anxious to hear in the hands of so great an artist as Dubourg;

but as he was handing it to him the child interrupted him, and would not permit his father to part with it. Having persuaded the child that he would not hurt it, however, Dubourg took the violin and began to play. The child's face soon showed signs of great enjoyment, and there was much more difficulty in inducing the little fellow to allow Dubourg to return the violin, than there had been before to let him borrow it; nor would the child afterwards permit his father to play whilst Dubourg was in the house.

This incident is worth remembering as an instance of a natural discernment of the beautiful developed unusually early—a thing by no means always met with in precocious musical talent.

380.—*A POWERFUL PIANIST.*

ROSEINGRAVE, at one time organist at St. George's, Hanover Square, used to tell the following tale of his first meeting with Scarlatti. He was in Italy; and at an academy there, where he and others had been passing the evening, a young man, dressed in black, with a black wig, and very quiet, was observed standing in a corner of the room. He was asked to play.

“When he began,” said Roseingrave, “I thought ten hundred devils were at the instrument, for never had I heard such passages and effects before. So far did he surpass my own playing, that had I but had a knife within my reach, I would have cut off my fingers. So abashed was I, that as it was I could not, I declare, touch an instrument for a month afterwards.”

381.—A WARNING.

It was after the incident just related that poor Rosegrave went insane through being rejected by a lady on whom he had fixed his affections. His delusion took the following strange form. He used to say that this lady's cruelty had so literally and completely broken his heart that he heard the strings of it *crack* at the time he received his sentence; and on that account ever afterwards called the disorder his *crepation*, from the Italian verb *crepare*, to crack. Never afterwards could he bear the least noise, and if when he was playing at church any one near him coughed or blew his nose with violence, he would immediately run out of the church in the greatest terror, crying out that it was "Old *Scratch*" tormenting and playing upon his crepation.

The consternation caused on these occasions can be well imagined, and it soon became necessary to dismiss from the organ-loft the unhappy victim of this insanity.

382.—A WANDERER'S RETURN.

THE fashion for interpolated adornments and cadenzas of the singers' or players' own manufacture is happily dying out: occasionally some of our pianoforte-players treat us to cadenzas composed by themselves, but then the interpolation is a work of careful composition, and its introduction is warranted by an express mark in the score. The impromptu "flourish" is a thing of the past. Formerly, however, a performer was nothing without his little piece of personal display, and the audience were, in consequence, sometimes treated to wonderful freaks of fancy.

There is in existence an edition of Handel's songs

with the adornments "as sung by Miss Stephens, Mr. Incedon, and Mr. Braham," and very funny they are sometimes. We question whether Handel approved of this fashion, and there is a story in which the compliment paid to an eccentric improvisatore has a tinge of sarcasm which is very amusing as coming from one who was usually so very plain-spoken.

One night, while playing for Handel in Dublin, Dubourg, the famous English violinist of that day, had, among other pieces, to perform an *obbligato* to a song, in which the close was marked *ad libitum*. In accordance with the custom, he commenced an elaborate cadenza, and for a long time wandered about through the most intricate modulations, till at last he seemed to become rather uncertain as to his original key: but coming at length safely to the shake which was to bring the piece to an end, Handel, much to the delight of the excited audience, cried out: "Welcome home—you are welcome home, Mr. Dubourg!"

383.—A SATISFACTORY EXCHANGE.

DUPRÉ the ballet celebrity, and Léclair the French violinist, when they set out in life, had each mistaken his calling, and only by sheer accident dropped into those spheres which they afterwards adorned so much. Originally Léclair was the dancer, and Dupré the violinist, till one day the dancer was on the stage rehearsing a new step, the details of which, and the continued accompaniment of the violinist below, so overheated the dancer as to force him to cry out:

"Your scraping there is enough to drive a man mad!"

"Yes ! and your jumping is only worthy of a clown," retorted the child of Apollo. "Perhaps," he added, "as you have such a very delicate ear, and so little grace, you would like to take my place in the orchestra ?"

"And you," rejoined the other, "are so awkward with your bow, that I fain believe your most useful limbs are your legs. You will never do any good where you are : why don't you try your luck in the ballet ? Here, give me your fiddle and come up here."

He did so, and never left the stage till he had made a fortune ; while L clair the dancer went into the orchestra, and rose to be a chief exponent of the French school of violin-playing.

384.—*PARDONABLE PROVOCATION.*

THERE is a certain set of artists in music upon whom money seems to act as a sort of paralysis. It was so with Rossini, and also (among many other instances which might be cited) with Lully. It is a pity that some means could not have been employed to kindle again in Rossini the neglected inspiration, such as an ingenious friend hit upon for inducing Lully to resume his violin. So fatal was the influence of success and its attendant fortune upon Lully's career that he entirely laid aside his violin, and refused to have such a thing in his house, nor could any one prevail upon him to play upon one. Marshal de Gramont, however, was his match. He determined not to be entirely deprived of his favourite treat, and devised the ingenious plan of making one of his servants, who could bring more noise than music out of the instrument, play upon the violin in Lully's presence ; whereupon the ex-violinist would rush to the unfortunate tormentor, snatch the fiddle from him, and seek to allay his disturbed

equanimity (which, much to the delight of those within hearing, always took him a long time to accomplish) by playing himself.

It is sad to think that the mass of abominable music which must have greeted the ears of Rossini during his long period of inactivity never succeeded in provoking him to the composition of another "*Guillaume Tell*."

385.—*MIND THE STOPS.*

THE following extraordinary instance of absence of mind seems to be worth recording. At one of the "Antient Concerts" (performances which, alas! are now no more) the orchestra had assembled, time pressed, and everything was ready for the expected arrival of their Majesties, when it was suddenly discovered that the organ would not speak. Additional power was given to the bellows, and the organist put down the keys with increased vigour; but not a sound could be obtained. The organ-builder was sent for in furious haste. He came, and after minutely inspecting the interior of the instrument, and finding nothing wrong, at length went round to the key-board, when he perceived that the organist—Joah Bates—the Stainer of the time, had forgotten to pull out any of the stops!

386.—*SEVERE.*

VIOTTI, though always ready to acknowledge most cordially the merit of other violinists, did not hesitate to expose anything resembling false pretension in art-work. Once he gave a contemporary an example of this. Puppo, whose talents upon the violin were great, and which Viotti was the first to praise, was fond of boasting that he was a scholar of the great Tartini, which

was known *not* to be the case. On a certain occasion, when Lahoussaye, who was really a disciple of Tartini, was present, Viotti begged him as a favour to give him a specimen of Tartini's manner of playing. "And now," said he in a voice loud enough to be heard by all the company, "now, M. Puppo, listen to my friend Lahoussaye, and you will be able to form an idea as to how Tartini *did* play."

387.—A GENTLE HINT.

Not only was Viotti the most finished violinist of his age, but his unassuming manner and gentleness, his devotion to art, and manner of interesting himself in the welfare of those who gave evidence of promise in music, and especially his turn for repartee, secured for him a place in the best of Parisian society. Nevertheless he did not make himself a slave either to courtly favours or princely patrons. Amid all his successes he preserved an unalloyed devotion to his art—not a common quality even nowadays. It was this sacred love of music for the art's sake which finally led to Viotti's farewell to public applause, and this at a time when he was beginning to reap the just reward of his labours. The circumstances were these. Viotti's fame had attracted the notice of royalty, and Marie Antoinette had sent for him to Versailles in order that he might perform at a court concert. On the day appointed all the members of the Court were assembled in the theatre, and the performance began. Already the first bars of his favourite solo commanded breathless attention, when an outcry was heard in the saloon: "*Place à monseigneur le Comte d'Artois!*" In the midst of the tumult, the indignant Viotti coolly placed his violin under his arm and walked out of the

place, leaving the whole Court in amazement, to the great scandal of the assembled guests.

388.—*A PRACTICAL JOKE.*

WHILE cordially agreeing with the many severe things which have been said of practical joking, it is pleasing to be able to record one instance in which the joke had a distinct object apart from that of wanton annoyance. No one can have looked at Hogarth's picture of "The Enraged Musician," without feeling that the painter must have studied it from life. This, indeed, is the fact. His difficulty, however, was to secure a model, and though at first sight it would not appear such a very difficult thing to enrage a musician (indeed, experience tells many of us that it is rather the reverse), yet to combine the musician in a passion with the circumstances necessary to the painter's purpose was not quite so easy. The musician whom Hogarth selected as his victim was one Castrucci, whom Lord Burlington brought from Italy in 1715. He was a wonderful violinist, but so eccentric that folks set him down as little less than mad. Round Castrucci's house Hogarth one day collected all the noisy street-performers whom he could find. Their combined efforts very soon brought the distracted Castrucci to the window, his face displaying the keenest anguish under this auricular torture. Hogarth of course was on the watch, and how he profited by this study from a live model we all know. True, it was not a kind act, but then the painter has recompensed the musician by immortalising him!

389.—AN APPRECIATIVE IRISHMAN.

PAGANINI received some enthusiastic receptions in his time, but probably never a more spontaneous outburst than that which came from a son of Erin's Isle after one of his performances in Dublin. On the occasion in question Paganini had just completed that successful effort, the Rondo à la Sicilienne from "*La Clochette*," in which was a silver bell accompaniment to the fiddle, producing a most original effect (one of those effects, we presume, which have tended to associate so much of the marvellous with the name of this genius). No sooner had the outburst of applause ended, than the excited Paddy in the gallery shouted out as loud as he was able :

"Arrah now, Paganini, just take a drop o' whisky, my darling, and ring the bell again like that !"

390.—PAGANINI-ISM.

AMONG the many strange and mysterious folk that have been a subject of speculation for their fellows there have been few musicians. Their lives generally, although not barren of romance or eccentricity, have perhaps never been considered by others as anything quite supernatural. The following extract from the *Argosy* sounds more like a passage in the life of some dark man of science :

"Many of his (Paganini's) admirers," says the writer, "warmly upheld it as their opinion that he was in reality an angel sent down to this world, in pity, for the purpose of lightening the miseries of earthly life by giving man a foretaste of what the heavenly harmonies will be hereafter. They said, with truth, that it was as if a choir of

sweet-voiced spirits lay hid within the instrument, and that, at times, it seemed as though this choir turned into a grand orchestra. In further support of this opinion, they said that Paganini lived on air, or at most a little herb-tea. On the other hand, his detractors hinted that his private life was a most ill-regulated one, and that, far from living on air, he ate in a ravenous and almost brutal manner, although he at times chastised himself with long fastings, by which he had ruined his health. Paganini's detractors further stated that he had despised all forms of religion, and never put his foot upon consecrated ground. Some declared that he had a league with Satan, and held interviews with him in an old Florentine castle, much frequented by the artist, from which, they said, fearful sounds were heard proceeding on stormy nights, and where the great master was known to have lain as one dead for hours together, on different occasions. These persons believed that at such times Paganini had only come back to life by magical agency. In all probability what gave rise to this latter story is the fact that Paganini destroyed his health and nervous system by continual use of Leroy's so-called Life Elixir. He was, at any rate, credited liberally by some with dealings in the black art. His glance was said to be irresistible, and to partake of some of the qualities ascribed to the evil eye. A flower-girl told how she met him one day in a lonely neighbourhood, and had remained standing still as one fascinated—as a bird is petrified by the gaze of a serpent—while he paced up and down before her, declaiming loudly, and bursting into fits of demoniacal laughter. Another swore to having seen a tall dark shadow bending over him at one of his concerts, and directing his hand; while a third testified that he had seen nine or ten shadowy

hands hovering about the strings of the great master's violin."

After all this, many readers will no doubt think that both Paganini and his history become more mysterious than ever.

391.—*UNEXPECTED FAMILIARITY.*

THE Duke of Cumberland—brother to George III.—had, like many other dukes, little work to do, and was very fond of mischievous sport and practical jokes. Aware, therefore, of the particular aversion which Baumgarten (his favourite musician) entertained to quitting *terra firma*, it always afforded the royal duke much enjoyment to entice the poor fellow either into a boat or into some unaccustomed situation where his anxiety to preserve whole bones or a dry skin might be turned into ridicule. On one occasion, however, the musician made the patron repent his joke. The duke, who had lately bought a pair of high-bred horses, one morning invited Baumgarten to ride with him on the box of his brake, to try the animals. Had it been any one else the musician would have refused him, but this was impossible with his Royal Highness, so with fearful steps he ascended to what he considered a very dangerous situation; and had not been there many minutes before the young duke began whipping the horses till they nearly kicked themselves out of their harness. All this while Baumgarten was doing his best to hold on to the box; but the duke's oft-repeated warnings of "Take care, or you'll be off!" at last so terrified Baumgarten that he clasped his hands round the waist of his royal patron, exclaiming:

"By God, if I go, you shall too!"

In this fond position the two remained till they reached home again.

392.—*A LAST SALUTE.*

MR. CERVETTO, of the Drury Lane orchestra in the days of Garrick, was a spare man with a very long and prominent proboscis, and this did not escape the notice of the "gods," who nicknamed him "Nosey," and used to greet his appearance in the orchestra with shouts of recognition liberally mixed with the "chaff" peculiar to the gallery, such as "Play up, Nosey;" "Nosey, play up." It seems, however, that the audience in Drury Lane, in the days referred to, were neither better nor more fortunate than any chance assemblage of men of all ranks must necessarily be. For the nose of Cervetto's face was recognised by performers on a very different stage, and the story is a curious instance of how the force of association will make itself felt under the most adverse circumstances. One morning Cervetto happened to be passing on horseback through Tyburn Road, when a crowd at the notorious "gate" soon convinced him that it was an execution day, and he had gone but a few steps farther when he saw two culprits coming along, prayer-book in hand, in a cart. One of them, looking up from his book, suddenly started, and nudging his companion, exclaimed (loudly enough for Cervetto to hear it): "*D—— my eyes, Jack, there's old Nosey!*"

393.—*UNBEARABLE!*

THE musical world may be divided into two sections—the legitimists and the illegitimists: that is, those who delight in the pure and unadorned, the refined and delicately-finished in Art; and those who have a meed of praise only for the wonderful, the extravagant and exaggerated—disciples, as they may be termed, of the trick and firework

school. The devotees of these respective schools are as narrow-minded and quarrelsome as folks with opposite opinions can possibly be. To show how far they at times allow their sentiments to carry them, a tale from Mr. Cox's "Musical Recollections" concerning Kieseewetter, a violinist of the extravagant school, may be repeated. The event occurred at one of the Festivals of 1824.

"Near to the place," says this pleasant writer, "where I had taken up my position, sat an old and peculiarly narrow-minded specimen of the *laudator temporis acti* school. That old gentleman sat without giving any indication of emotion or pleasure during the earlier parts of the *motivo*, which the player was more calmly executing; but the moment he entered upon the development of a passage to which the legitimists of that day had applied the term of trickery, that was too much for the hearer; with an expression of contempt not easily to be forgotten, he literally jumped from his seat, and exclaiming, 'I don't want to have another shilling's-worth of such nonsense cut off!' abruptly left the room, and could not be induced again, either at the rehearsal or at the concerts, to sit out Kieseewetter's performance!"

394.—AN ANCIENT PRECEDENT.

THE social position of musicians is an interesting subject, on which an agreeable paper might be written, so many are the topics which would call for notice in treating of it. For instance, the seeming inseparable connection of wine and music might be accounted for. Musicians, it is well known, are credited with a love of the bottle that is almost alarming. Whether they deserve such a reputation is not for us to say; but here is one point which can

hardly be said to stand in their favour, and this is that the accusation is no new one. As far back as 300 B.C., Livy tells us, the *Tibicines*, or flute-players of Rome, possessed that mania for "sponging" which is so common nowadays in the lower walks of musical and dramatic work.

"The flute-players," says the historian, "taking offence at the preceding censors refusing them the privilege of eating in the Temple of Jupiter, according to custom (this was a free dinner obtained from the sacrificers), withdrew in a body to Tibur, so that there were no performers left to play before the sacrifices. This created religious scruples in the minds of the senators, and ambassadors were sent to Tibur to endeavour to persuade the fugitives to return to Rome. The Tiburtines readily promised to use their utmost endeavours to this end, and first summoning them before their senate, exhorted them to return to Rome; but finding them deaf to reason or entreaty, they had recourse to *an artifice well suited to the dispositions of these men*. For upon a certain festival they were all invited by different persons, under pretence of their assisting in the celebration of a feast. As men of this profession are generally much addicted to wine, they were supplied with it, till, being quite intoxicated, they fell fast asleep, and in this condition were flung into carts, and carried to Rome, where they passed the remaining part of the night in the Forum, without perceiving what had happened. The next day, while they were full of the fumes of their late debauch, upon opening their eyes they were accosted by the Roman people, who flocked about them, and having been prevailed upon to stay in their native city, they were allowed the privilege of strolling through all

the streets in their robes three days in every year, playing upon their instruments, and indulging themselves in those licentious excesses which are practised upon the same occasion to this day. The privilege of eating in the temple was also restored to such of them as should be employed in playing before the sacrifices."

395.—AN INDUCEMENT TO TALK!

"DEAR old Bob," as those who enjoyed the pleasure of an acquaintance with Lindley used to call him, was the Piatti of fifty years back. A perfect master was he of his instrument. It was not alone the wonderful ease which he always exhibited, his reading powers, or his artistic finish that made his playing so worthy of record; it was more the surprising purity and strength of his tone. He would produce sustained sounds of such smoothness and volume as recalled the pedal notes of a fine organ. Lindley, so perfect in violoncello-playing, was not so accomplished a master in the art of speech, having an impediment rather embarrassing to himself and his listeners. Wardour Street, Soho, was in his day the midday lounge for the man of fashion and the artist, the *connoisseur* and the collector of curiosities—for this last-named article of commerce was even more than now the specialty of that quarter. Naturally, the leading instrumentalists of the day were to be seen wandering there at times, and one day Lindley, with a fellow-musician, halted in front of a shop where, among other attractions, a parrot was exposed for sale. The artists stood criticising Polly, and in their turn were regarded contemptuously by the shopman, who saw that they were not likely to be customers.

“Ca—ca—can—can he—e—e t—t—t—talk?” asked Lindley, pointing to the parrot.

“Yes!” was the answer; “a d——d sight better than you can, or I’d wring his blessed neck!”

396.—AN EARLY MUSICAL CONTEST.

MUSIC is of all the arts, perhaps, one which has been most characterised by a spirit of strife and emulation; and this from the very earliest days of its existence down to the present time. From the high position and favour of the art in our times we can hardly look upon this as a matter of regret; for, but for this competitive emulation, music could scarcely have reached its present degree of perfection; yet it is curious that so harmonious an art—one that does so much to dispel the baser passions and to arouse the true—should be so mixed up with the least inviting forms of human sentiment; and, moreover, should owe much of its present perfection to a persistent exercise of ill-feeling, unfairness, and moral obliquity. Such has been, and is still, the case. Surely there is but one grand end and aim of *all* music: but can any one who has had any public experience with the art say that he has, as a rule, found its workers very much impressed with an unselfish desire to promote music for music’s sake? We believe not; and it says no little for the art, that, amid all the jealousy, trafficking, etc., which has always surrounded it, music still retains its magic power in charming the sorrows of human life.

It is no new thing this disturbed arena of musical art.

“When Music, heavenly maid, was young,”

it was much the same, and the mythological age only

introduces us to warfares and contests between musical divinities. For an instance let us quote Burney :

“ Marsyas, having engaged in a musical dispute with Apollo, chose the people of Nysa for judges. Apollo played at first a simple air upon his instrument ; but Marsyas, taking up his pipe, struck the audience so much by the novelty of its tone and the art of his performance that he seemed to be heard with more pleasure than his rival. Having agreed upon a second trial of skill, it is said that the performance of Apollo, by accompanying the lyre with his voice, was allowed greatly to excel that of Marsyas upon the flute alone. Marsyas, with indignation, protested against the decision of his judges, urging that he had not been fairly vanquished according to the rules stipulated, because the dispute was concerning the excellence of their several instruments, not their voices ; and it was wholly unjust to employ two arts against one. Apollo denied that he had taken any unfair advantage of his antagonist, since Marsyas had employed both his mouth and fingers in performing upon his instrument, so that if he was denied the use of his mouth, he would be still more disqualified for the contention. The judges approved of Apollo’s reasoning, and ordered a third trial. Marsyas was again vanquished ; and Apollo, inflamed by the violence of the dispute, flayed him alive for his presumption.”

397.—“ *STEAM AND MUSIC.*”

“ WHAT do you think of that ?” said a gentleman to another who had listened with the deepest interest to a celebrated pianist.

“ Oh !” replied he, “ I think it might be done quicker by steam !”

Just so. The same remark would apply most appropriately to many performances of our own time. At the present day we have reached the height of *prestissimo* in musical execution; nothing short of steam machinery is now needed to put into shade the startling exhibitions which have come to be regarded as "the thing" in music. How deplorable it is to see the poetical side of art giving way to the mechanical in such a wholesale fashion! Did the great masters ever dream that music would come to this? Yet every day introduces us to fresh evidence of the growth of this rage. Studies in "velocity" for every instrument under the sun are heaped upon us; soloists practise hours and hours to acquire mechanical dexterity in singing and playing; new pianists may as well not come to us, unless like Bülow, Rubinstein & Co., they can raise a perfect whirlwind of tone from an Erard or Broadwood; and, lastly, it has grown to be the fashion to award the palm of superiority—not to the band which can render an overture or the like with the most expression, and in a manner that best reproduces the composer's ideas, but to that band which can manage to get through it in a few seconds less than its recognised time of performance. Nowadays but few folks are foolish enough to run off with the notion, that when they find Mozart's "*Figaro*" overture announced in their programmes, they are to expect an exposition of the ideas which Mozart has there introduced. Oh no! a look at the audience will prove this. A musical match is on the *tapis*. The opposing forces are the *Figaro* overture and Time; and if the room is not too hot for the violins, the overture may safely be "backed" to win. Shade of Mozart! This is what express trains and Derby-winners have done for music.

One more step, and we shall have arrived at the “pink of perfection” in our rage for rapidity. Let us openly avow our preference for the mechanical over the emotional, and musical caterers will not be long in coming to the front with some monster programmes — “embracing features” (as the commercialists say) quite to the taste of those troubled with the mania for “execution.” They might contain also musical wagers, of the same calibre as one really carried into effect some years ago by a certain Mr. Scarborough, organist of Spalding. From the account before us it appears that this individual made a bet that he would strike one million notes on the piano in the space of twelve hours. Accordingly he took a compass of three octaves, ascending and descending the different scales, and struck—

109,296 notes in the first hour,			
125,928	„	„	2nd „
121,176	„	„	3rd „
121,176	„	„	4th „
125,136	„	„	5th „
125,136	„	„	6th „
127,512	„	„	7th „
127,512	„	„	8th „
47,520	„	„	20 minutes,

thus making a total of 1,030,392 notes in a little over eight hours, which, with the periods of rest which he allowed himself, amounted to a few minutes short of the twelve hours agreed upon.

398.—*A POWERFUL ACCOMPLISHMENT.*

THE lady-musician of the nineteenth century, with her charms and her music, often accomplishes some wonderful captures and surprising achievements, but still, with all the advantages of modern times, she is far behind her ancient Grecian sisters in her power over human passions, by or in her devotion to the musical art. Considering how peculiarly well-adapted is music for woman's capacity, it is a matter for regret that it is not more generally and completely taken up and worked by female industry—either as a social accomplishment or as a source of gain. Save the pianoforte and singing, nearly the whole of the vast field of musical enterprise and industry is monopolised by man.

The Greeks of old show a very different picture. The women of that classic nation were more closely allied to music than were the men: many of them are immortalised in history. There is Lamia, for instance, the celebrated flute-player, whom Demetrius took prisoner when he captured the island of Cyprus, about 312 B.C. Plutarch dwells as follows upon the merits of this Grecian beauty:

“Lamia was among the female captives taken in this victory. She had been universally admired, at first, on account of her talents, for she was a wonderful performer on the flute; but afterwards her fortune became more splendid by the charms of her person, which procured her many admirers of great rank.”

Demetrius did not long remain a warrior; he became a slave to Lamia, and though her beauty was on the decline, and the prince was much younger than herself, he gave himself up to her will, and at her instigation

conferred so many and such extraordinary benefits upon the Athenians, that, we are told, they rendered him divine honours, and dedicated a temple to Lamia under the name of "Venus Lamia."

399.—*STATISTICS RUN MAD.*

PERHAPS the most whimsical application of arithmetical calculation ever made was the work of a Parisian *dilettante*. In his time Paganini had been making most successful attacks upon the pockets of the British public. On the Continent Paganini was less successful commercially, excepting only in Paris, where his concerts, crowded at high prices, returned him immense sums. At one of these the receipts amounted to 16,500 francs (about £687 10s.). The statistical critic alluded to set himself the task of making a little reckoning. During the evening Paganini had performed three pieces, each occupying five pages of music of about ninety-one bars to the page. The fifteen pages thus contained 1365 bars, by which the 16,500 francs were divided. The quotient came out at twelve francs for a bar, or twelve francs for a semibreve, six francs for a minim, three francs for a crotchet, one franc fifty centimes for a quaver, fifteen sous for a semi-quaver, and half this sum, seven and a half sous, for a demisemi-quaver; while there were six francs for a minim rest, three francs for a crotchet rest, and so on; with still a remainder of 420 francs towards the expense of the concert.

400.—*A DANGEROUS NEIGHBOUR.*

ALL who have heard Mr. Harper play the trumpet will probably have thought to themselves that never before was there such strength and volume of tone brought from a single instrument. No doubt Mr. Harper has thought so too. But that wonderful nation, the Greeks, boasted a trumpeter named Herodorus, who lived about 300 B.C. He possessed such mighty lungs that he could only be heard in safety from a great distance when performing on his terrible instrument.

What a pity M. Berlioz was not in those days. He might have written a symphony "*spaventévole*" for such an artist!

401.—*A WITTY ANCIENT.*

DORION was a practised flute-player among the Greeks. He was also a poet, a wit, and a glutton. More of his wit than his music has come down to us, and we must admit that his pleasantries do him credit. Burney relates of him that "being at Milo, a city of Egypt, and not able to procure a lodging, he inquired of a priest who was sacrificing in a chapel, to what divinity it was dedicated; who answered, 'To Jupiter and to Neptune.' 'How should I be able,' says Dorion, 'to get a lodging in a place where the gods are forced to lie double?'"

Another little joke of his is also given.

"Having lost at a banquet a large shoe which he wore on account of his foot being extremely swollen with the gout, 'The only harm I wish the thief,' said he, 'is, that my shoe may fit him.'"

402.—*MUSIC AND THE PASSIONS.*

THE ancient authors abound in accounts of the effects of music in exciting or repressing the passions, and some of the instances which they cite are so curious and so interesting that they might appropriately find a place in such a collection as this, did our space permit. The reader, however, who feels specially interested in the subject, is referred to the classical authors themselves, or even to Burney's "*History of Music*," where they will find the theme largely descanted upon. Plutarch also has much to say on the topic. Speaking of Solon, he tells us: "This celebrated legislator, by singing an elegy of his own writing, consisting of a hundred verses, excited his countrymen, the Athenians, to a renewal of the war against the Megarians, which had been put an end to in a fit of despair, and which was forbidden to be mentioned on pain of death; but by the power of his song they were so enflamed, that they never rested till they had taken Salamine, which was the object of the war."

The same author also relates that Terpander quelled a violent outbreak among the Lacedæmonians by means of music; and that Antigenides so aroused Alexander by playing before him, that the prince suddenly rose from the table, seized his sword, and would have killed some one had not the musician quickly altered the rhythm and character of the music. Something of the same sort of account is given by Boethius concerning Pythagoras, who "seeing a young stranger enflamed with wine, in so violent a rage that he was on the point of setting fire to the house of his mistress, for preferring his rival to him; and, moreover, animated by the sound of a flute playing

to him in the Phrygian (an animated) mode, had this young man restored to reason and tranquillity by ordering the *Tibicina*, or female performer on the flute, to change her mode, and play in a grave and soothing style according to the measure usually given to the *spondee*."

Pope in his "Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus," has mercilessly ridiculed the accounts of the power attributed to music by the ancients, and we must say that we feel inclined to agree with the author of "The Dunciad," when he refuses to give credence to accounts which are certainly over-seasoned with that quality known as the "miraculous."

403.—AN INDIRECT HINT.

MUSICIANS as a rule love good cheer, both liquid and solid; fortunately for this predilection they have been at all times favoured guests of the wealthy, and perhaps no class in the whole community has had so large an experience of the hospitality of great men. That this rather undignified position of musical artists is no new thing is shown by the following story of ancient date:

Philoxenus, who taught Antigenides the flute—and who, Burney says, "was so great an epicure that he is said to have wished for a throat as long as that of a crane, and *all palate*, in order to prolong the relish of the delicious morsels he swallowed—being served with a small fish at the table of Dionysius of Syracuse, and seeing an enormous turbot placed before the tyrant, put the head of the little fish close to his mouth, and pretended to whisper to it: then placed it close to his ear, as if to receive the answer more distinctly. Upon being

asked by Dionysius for an explanation of this mummary, he said, 'I am writing a poem, sir, upon Galatea, one of the Nereids, and as I want information concerning several particulars relative to her father Nereus, and the watery element, that are quite out of my ken, I was in hopes of obtaining some satisfaction from this fish; but he tells me that he is too young and ignorant to be able to satisfy my curiosity, and refers me to that grown gentleman before your Majesty, who is much better acquainted with aquatic affairs.' The tyrant understood him, and had the complaisance to send him the turbot."

While Philoxenus may be commended for his wit, he can hardly be admired for his good manners; and it is quite certain that his craftsmen of to-day emulate him but little in his behaviour at table, or that hospitality and friendship so marked between musical patrons and musical artists would of necessity soon become a thing of the past.

404.—*A HIGHLAND ORPHEUS.*

"Music hath charms to soothe a savage breast," and, given the correct kind of music and the proper degree of savagery, the fact is no doubt true: indeed, a profane modern has parodied the line so as to bring the "savage beast" within reach of the charms of music, and has quoted the legend of Orpheus, with others, in proof of the truth of it. It is a pity that the line did not occur to a certain Highland piper of whom it is related that having opened his wallet one day by the side of a wood, and prepared to eat his dinner, he was disagreeably surprised by the approach of three wolves. In the first impulse of fear the piper threw his bread and meat to them until all the contents of his wallet were exhausted. As a last

resource he took up his bag-pipes, the sound of which had just the effect we should have imagined upon the wolves—it drove them away !

“The deil faw me,” said the now dinnerless piper ; “gin I had kent ye lo’ed music sae weel, ye suld ha’ ha’en it before dinner.”

À propos of this story, it may be observed that the Scotch national instrument appears to have acted with exactly the opposite effect to the lyre of Orpheus, or the pipe of the Hamelin piper. Was it that the Scotch wolf was not strictly speaking a “savage beast,” or can it be that the bagpipes produce sounds which are not music ? May-be English readers will more easily answer this question than Scotch ones !

405.—*SOOTHING.*

It is related of Martin Luther that he spent the greater part of the night before he appeared to give an account of his doctrines before the Diet of Worms, playing on the lute, in order to compose and calm his mind.

This will be easily understood by those who know the power of music under such circumstances, and its never-failing power of dispelling dejection and of lifting the soul into an atmosphere that braces it and strengthens it when all other expedients have failed,—excepting perhaps those cases where the soul is dead to *innocent* enjoyment.

406.—*A LOVE-STOP.*

OF all the extraordinary expedients for communication between a lover and his lady with which novelists, dramatists, and librettists have familiarised us, none is more eccentric than the one which was adopted by the lover of Susanna Kennedy, Countess of Eglistowne.

Long before the pianoforte became the favourite instrument of torture for a young lady and her friends, the "dulcet pipe" was in fashion. One day the fair Susanna, a young lady by the way who was six feet high, received a beautiful flute as a present. When she attempted, however, to play upon it, she found that something obstructed the sound, and on further examination she discovered that the ventage was closed by a small roll of paper, which on inspection she found to be a copy of verses expressing envy of the happy pipe which was to be so often pressed by her lips. Perhaps it was the lady's great height which made the lover so timid, or possibly he was so short himself that he felt those lips were quite beyond his reach in another sense: at all events we can but commend his ingenuity, and hope that he was accepted at last.

407.—*A ROYAL FLAUTIST.*

FREDERICK THE GREAT was a capital flute-player, and possessed a number of flutes—in fact, so many that it was one man's work to keep them in good order and to preserve them dry or moist according to the weather. The monarch used to call his flute his "most innocent princess" and no small share of his time did he devote to this "princess." His greatest drawback was his extreme nervousness when playing. He considered it a great disgrace to play a wrong note, and lest such should be the case, he would never attempt a new composition before others until he had beforehand shut himself up and practised at it for some hours. Even then he trembled upon the first two or three occasions.

It is a pity that less exalted amateurs do not oftener follow this royal example.

408.—*WORKMEN AND THEIR TOOLS.*

"It is not the cowl which makes the monk," runs the old proverb, and we might say with equal truth, "it is not the fiddle which makes the fiddler." It would be a curious study to find out how many exquisite "Cremonas" are in hands which are quite powerless to draw out their sweetest tones: how many magnificent "Broadwoods" are the property of young ladies whose notion of musical performance is to "play their piece" when called upon: and how many rare voices are the gift of persons whom no amount of teaching will ever train to be singers! "I gave two hundred and fifty guineas for that piano. You should hear my daughter play," says a fond commercial parent. (A delicious *non sequitur* of which papa is quite unconscious.) But there must be, it seems, some folks who really believe that the instrument is the main cause of the performer's success.

It was so with a certain nobleman who, being much struck with the playing of Giardini, one night paid him an enormous price for his violin, in the belief that he too could draw from it the same music. Discovering his mistake, he was only too glad to get back half the money upon returning it to Giardini. Yet he could not believe that it was the same instrument which he had bargained for, and before returning it he set a private mark upon it. The next time that Giardini was playing in public, the conceited amateur took care to be present, and soon felt assured that he had been imposed upon.

He waited upon Giardini immediately after the concert, and requested permission to examine the violin upon which he played that evening—when lo! the

private mark was there upon it. Instantly the man of fortune offered to repurchase it. Giardini asked double the original price for it. The nobleman was not to be deterred by the cost, and once more he became the possessor of an instrument which he knew not how to use, and was too self-opinionated to be taught.

A fiddle that once belonged to Haye, "the King's bandmaster" of a hundred years ago, enjoys a somewhat similar reputation. From a favourite violin of German make he produced a tone so sweet and powerful that he received many solicitations to part with it. On one occasion some lord even offered him three hundred pounds down in cash for it as well as a life annuity of one hundred pounds!

Haye, however, possessed a handsome independence, and declined the offer. When he died some time afterwards, the same fiddle was put up for sale with his other effects, and realised but forty pounds!

409.—"GOOD TRAITS."

IN the autumn of 1832 Paganini was an invalid at Paris, and seldom saw any one but Nicette, a merry country girl who waited upon him, and often cheered him up in hours of sadness. One morning she appeared with weeping eyes and waited upon the musician without saying a word.

"What's the matter, child?" said the musician; "has any misfortune happened to you?"

"Alas! yes, sir."

"Speak—speak! what is it?"

She was silent.

"Now out with it," said he; "I see it all clearly

enough. After he had made you a thousand promises, he has forsaken you. Is it not so?"

"Alas! poor fellow! he has indeed forsaken me, but he is quite innocent."

"How has that happened?"

"He has drawn a bad number in the conscription, and must go off for a soldier. I shall never see him again!" sobbed the poor girl.

"But can't you buy a substitute for him?"

"How could I get such a large sum? Fifteen hundred francs is the lowest price, for there is a report that a war will soon break out," said she.

Paganini said no more, but when Nicette had left the room he took his pocket-book and wrote in it, "To think what can be done for poor Nicette."

It was towards Christmas-time, and Paganini's health was improved, when one afternoon Nicette came into the room where he was, and announced that a box had come, addressed to Signor Paganini. It was brought in, and the first thing which he pulled out was a large wooden shoe.

"A wooden shoe," said Paganini, smiling. "Some of these excellent ladies wish to compare me with a child, who always receives presents and never gives any. Well, who knows but that this shoe may earn its weight in gold?"

Nothing now was seen of Paganini for three days, during which time his clever hand had transformed the shoe into a well-sounding instrument. Soon afterwards appeared an advertisement announcing that on New Year's Eve Paganini would give a concert, and play five pieces on the violin and five on a wooden shoe. A hundred tickets at twenty francs each were instantly sold.

Paganini duly appeared, and played on his old violin as he alone ever did; then taking up the wooden shoe he commenced a descriptive fantasia. There it was—the departure of the conscript; the cries of his betrothed at the parting; the camp life; the battle and victory; the return-rejoicings and marriage-bells; all were vividly portrayed.

The company departed, but in the corner of the room stood Nicette, sobbing bitterly.

"Here, Nicette," said Paganini, going up to her, "are two thousand francs—five hundred more than you require to purchase a substitute for your betrothed. That you may be able to begin housekeeping at once, take this shoe-violin and sell it for as much as you can get for it."

Nicette did so, and a wealthy collector of curiosities gave her a very large sum indeed for Paganini's wooden shoe!

Here is another anecdote of Paganini as related by one who took part in some of the frequent demands upon his goodness of heart. When Paganini was in London he resided at No. 12, Great Pulteney Street, in a house belonging to the Novellos, next door to which was a "young ladies'" school, kept by a hump-backed old lady. The girls were perfectly aware who their next-door neighbour was, and with the fondness of female youth for mischief had nicknamed Paganini "the devil."

Now in order to avoid being heard from the street, "the devil" used to practise his violin in a back room which happened to be divided only by a thin partition from the next house. The adjoining room was one devoted by the old lady to the most advanced of her pupils, and here

they were allowed to do their needlework apart from the others, and were frequently left to themselves.

When the cat's away, however, the mice play. The temptation to make overtures to "the devil" was too great for the young ladies; and whenever they heard him in his room, while one kept a look-out at the door for the intrusions of "old hump-back," there was a graceful "tat-tat-tat" at the partition, and a half-singing, half-speaking call, "Pag—an—in—ee, Pag—an—in—ee—the Carnival—the 'Carnival de Venise;'" whereupon he would go to his window, open it, and accede to the request, playing as carefully and beautifully as he was ever known to play the piece in public, nor did the *maestro* ever once fail to gratify the wishes of his fair neighbours.

410.—TO INTENDING FIDDLERS.

GIARDINI was once asked how long it would take to learn to play on the fiddle.

"Twelve hours a day for twenty years together," was his reply.

Whether this be true or not, Giardini had better have left it unsaid, or at all events have qualified it a little for the benefit of the many who never can attain perfection in anything, and yet for whom patience and perseverance are equally valuable acquirements.

Intending fiddlers had far better throw their best energies into their work—keeping before them such an example as the following trait from the "Life of Lolli:" "This eminent violinist, when he entered on an engagement at Stuttgard in 1762, found there a superior in the person of Nardini. This so humiliated him that he at

once requested the duke to allow him a year's leave of absence to travel. Instead of travelling he retired to a secluded village and practised unceasingly at his instrument. At the expiration of the allotted time, he returned from his supposed journey, but with such increased powers as a violinist that Nardini soon after left the place to seek another field for his labours."

BOOK IV.
MISCELLANEOUS.

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MISCELLANEOUS.



411.—*A FIELD FOR CULTURE.*

“LET us sing to the praise and glory of God.” This proposal, so frequently made, is too generally a prelude to a performance which has in it but little of the spirit of worship in any sense. This is not a book of sermons or essays, or we might discuss at length the true or false conditions of church music, or its place as a religious exercise. Let us, however, in a few words, strike at the root of the evil. Clergymen, as a set, are absolutely unmusical. It is true here and there we find what is known as a “musical curate,” but it is astonishing how very limited are the acquirements which enable a curate to lord it over his vicar in matters musical. The curate finds supporters (not to say admirers) among the ladies of the parish; he bamboozles the churchwarden; bullies the organist; and having instilled into the parish choir a due sense of their utter ignorance and of his own wonderful cleverness, he obtains a better cure—resigns, and goes away, leaving behind him anarchy, presumption, and the like, where he found modest stagnation.

In this and in various other ways church music is ill

served by the clergy, for, not content with knowing little about the art, they proceed ruthlessly and recklessly as though they knew everything, and the unfortunate organist is frequently obliged to acquiesce in some performances which seem to be founded on the belief that heaven and those therein are best pleased with broken tunes and murdered harmonies. Surely these are not the sounds of which one sang :

“Hark how it falls ! and now it steals along,
Like distant bells upon the lake at eve,
When all is still ; and now it grows more strong
As when the choral train their dirges weave
Mellow and many voiced ; where every close
O'er the old minster roof, in echoing waves reflows.
Oh ! I am rapt aloft. My spirit soars
Beyond the skies, and leaves the stars behind ;
Lo ! angels lead me to the happy shores,
And floating pæans fill the buoyant wind.
Farewell ! base earth, farewell ! my soul is freed.”

We sincerely hope that a future exists for church music in this country, for now it is anything but what it should be, in spite of our progress during the past fifty years. The time has come when praise has grown to be as important a feature as prayer in the Church's service, and we must meet the want. We need a new standard of church music, and one that shall be general—something more congregational and artistic than we now have. There must be a thorough understanding, unity of sentiment, and right division of labour between the parson and his musical director—a thing much easier of attainment now when organists and musicians generally are better educated than formerly. It is the clergyman's own fault, if, having the appointment and choice of his

organist in his own hands, he selects a person who does not combine religious feeling with musical skill and taste in due proportions.

And it is to be hoped that before long amateur church musicians will cease to "arrange" great scores in order to bring them within the grasp and comprehension of the ignorant and vulgar. Even were the course justifiable, it demands the greatest judgment, technical skill, good taste, and experience. Yet this is too often forgotten, and the result as frequently recalls a story told by Dr. Harrington, who once questioned a rustic concerning the efficiency of a parish choir, of which Mr. Rustic was a member, and being told that "they often sang several of Handel's choruses:" "What!" said the doctor, "Handel's choruses!" and having made this remark he proceeded to make further inquiries in order that he might satisfy the curiosity which we can readily imagine was awakened in his mind, as to how the country choir encountered the difficulties of these pieces.

"Why, sir," replied the country bumpkin, "we couldn't make much hand of 'em at first, but we altered some of the nawts (notes), and now they do very well."

412.—*MISTAKEN!*

Of people who concern themselves about music there are two kinds—amateurs and professionals.

Now amateurs, properly so called, are to the musical profession almost like the air it breathes; without them not only could the professors hardly live, but a most powerful stimulus to the continued creation of music might be lost. But the word "amateur" (like "artist") is a little undecided in its meaning, and many claim the title simply because they are fond, not of music,

but of talking about it. That many such talk a vast deal of nonsense there can be no doubt; but then, they must not be confounded with the real amateur. The following story is not without parallel in our own times.

At a music-meeting at Salisbury, it was once proposed to perform Handel's "Messiah" with Mozart's accompaniments; whereupon a *dilettante*, who professed himself a great admirer and judge of Handel's music, got into a passion, swore that Handel was destroyed by Mozart, and that he for one would not sit to hear a fine oratorio ruined by interpolations, etc. The meeting committee paid little attention to this effusion, and Handel, with Mozart's accompaniments, was accordingly announced in the bills. Our amateur, in spite of his resolution, attended the performance for the purpose, perhaps, of nursing the wrath which he liberally vented upon its conclusion, abusing it in the most violent terms, and vowing that as to people pretending to hear Handel's music, it was all nonsense, and a mere impossibility, it being Mozart's only, and not a note of Handel's in it.

"Sir, you are mistaken," said one of the committee, who with difficulty suppressed a hearty laugh at the ignorance of the self-sufficient judge; "we wanted Mozart's accompaniments, but, in the end, could not have them; and you have all this while been condemning, in unmeasured terms, Handel's own music, without a note being added to it by any other composer whatever!"

413.—NORTH BRITISH MUSIC.

THAT Scotch folk are peculiar in their musical notions can hardly be disputed. There are at least two facts to prove this. One is their banishment of instrumental music from

their churches, and the other their persistent love of the bagpipe. However, with Professor Oakeley in the North better things may be expected, and if the bagpipe does not grow obsolete, we may rest assured that any future Ettrick Shepherds will scarcely be as much 'at sea' as was a certain James Hogg, on an occasion when his ignorance contrasted strangely with his general information and quick perception in other matters.

When Hogg visited London, "a literary friend," it is said, "took him to the opera, where he soon gave unequivocal symptoms of drowsiness; yet to an inquiry implying a doubt of his enjoyment, he replied, 'Eh! I like it gey weel, sir.' When he *did* give his attention to any portion of the performance, his eyes were observed to be fixed on Mr. Costa, the conductor. At length he could restrain his curiosity no longer, but exclaimed, 'Wha and what the deil's that fallow that keeps a *fugle-ing* you?'"

The story and its subject recall a comical notion that is held by some Scotch folk, that most of the best music is derived from Scotch National Airs; and that all Italian airs especially are copied from Scotch ones. This theory is quaint and original, certainly, but we should never have believed it as seriously intended had not a modern "mon" given us a still more formidable pill to swallow. Mr. Brinley Richards stated, not long ago (in a very interesting lecture at Tenterden Street), that the lovers of "*Auld lang syne*" were indebted to the Chinese for this pure and sympathetic melody. On referring this to our friend the patriotic "mon," he would not hear of it.

"Don't you think it," said he, "more probable that a Chinese may have come over here and have borrowed it from us?"

414.—*A HINT FOR THE R.A. COMMITTEE.*

MANY pictures have issued from the Royal Academy rooms, but seldom has one gone forth into the world with such a flourish of trumpets as that which accompanied the now celebrated "Roll Call," by Miss Thompson. In view of the probability of martial subjects becoming the fashion among artists, it would only now be fair if the committee allowed intending exhibitors to fall back upon some such device as the Greek painter Theon adopted, when exhibiting a picture in which he had represented a soldier ready to fall on the enemy. According to Ælian, Theon knew the virtue of martial music, and so he first took the precaution of making a trumpeter sound the charge, and perceiving that this music animated the spectators he uncovered his picture, which immediately gained the admiration of all who beheld it.

À propos. Since writing the above note, that wonderful idea of Beethoven as an accompaniment to paint-pots and canvas has emanated from that curious institution—the Westminster Aquarium. Fancy—Mr. Hicks' ideas being actually "played up to" with Beethoven's Choral Symphony! We wonder whether the composer of "*Fidelio*" ever dreamt—even during his most troublous nights—that a musical censor of standing would some day write, in real earnestness, that "the band played Beethoven's music well up to the panorama!"

Following up this idea of illustrating one art by another, what scope could be given for the exercise of ingenuity by the committees of the academies of music and painting! How appropriately might such a picture as that of "The Devils entering into the Swine" have been accompanied by the tune "When Pigs begin to

Fly :” how many a cottage interior, with the everlasting baby crowing over its father’s return from work would appeal with redoubled force to our sympathies if the *sweet* strains of “He always comes home to Tea” were kept gently sounding hard by !

415.—*MANAGERIAL MARTYRDOM !*

FEW callings require so heterogeneous a collection of faculties as that of an operative manager. In addition to all the technical knowledge necessary, and to all the organising and administrative skill, he must add the physical strength of a Hercules, the foresight of a prophet, and the temper of an angel. All this, too, is nothing without a strong sense of humour, a ready wit, unfailing tact ; he must be able to hold his tongue “like a man,” but to use it like a woman, to scold or to persuade, and to be firm. Perhaps all these faculties were never more nearly united than in Laporte, who managed Her Majesty’s Opera from 1835 to 1841. He was an adept not only at gilding but at administering a disagreeable pill, and often saved himself from a “scene” by a joke. One day a great artist of the establishment presented himself fuming with rage at the manager’s room, and delivered volley after volley of sentences, half English and half Italian, respecting some subject in dispute.

“My dear ——,” said Laporte quietly, “I see what it is. Your wife has ordered you to get into a passion,”—a remark which so much tickled the *signor* that he left laughingly declaring that he had come there for a row, and it was not fair to disappoint him.

As an instance of operative foresight, the following tale of a certain French *impresario* deserves to be recorded to the credit of his nation’s ingenuity :

The Frenchman was taking out to New Orleans an opera company, which, by special agreement, was to include but one tenor. For the first few days of the passage all the singers were below in the "land-lubber's" usual condition of collapse; but as they gradually got over the first sensations of misery, some of the stronger of them managed to crawl on deck for fresh air, and also to try their voices after the weakening process to which they had succumbed. Among these was the tenor. Slowly and jealously he commenced testing his vocal powers, when he was suddenly surprised by the voice of another tenor singer! Soon after, he was more astonished to hear yet a third tenor practising the scale—and then a fourth and a fifth. The astonished rivals met, and, discovering the deception which had been practised upon each of them, in a towering rage they rushed down to the manager's cabin demanding an explanation of his conduct.

"Yes, yes," said he, "you are quite right, gentlemen, and I will keep my word. None of you have, I think, been to New Orleans before. When we arrive there, the yellow fever is sure to be raging, and two of you will probably succumb to it before we land; very likely two more before our rehearsals are over. So you see, gentlemen, I shall hardly be wrong in my stipulation."

Severini—director of the Paris opera—once set a notable example of the firmness needful in dealing with tyrannous Semiramides, Normas, Anna Bolenas, and such like. He had occasion to complain in somewhat severe terms to Madame Malibran. She, conscious of her attractive powers, defiantly retorted:

"Sir, if you are dissatisfied, you know your remedy—cancel our agreement."

"Very good, madam," said Severini, and sending for

his part thereof, he requested to have hers also. On receiving it, to the great astonishment of the *diva*, he coolly tore them both into pieces.

Rossini was in the theatre at the time, and when he heard of the affair, quietly observed to the manager that he had sacrificed 100,000 francs a year.

"No matter," replied Severini, "I have secured my peace of mind."

416.—UNDESIRABLE CELEBRITY.

OF every profession it is probably true that the outside world is totally unable to realise the difficulties and annoyances which lie below the surface, and form a great part of the life of even the most prosperous members of it. Nor of any profession is this more true than of music. The prizes to be drawn are so great, the rewards of success so dazzling, that outsiders believe that for the 'great ones' of the profession there can be no crumpled leaf in the bed of roses. But the truth is the reverse of this charming picture. From the conductor to the sorter of music, from the *impresario* to the call-boy, from the *prima donna* to the guardian of the lamps, the rewards and punishments are, on the whole, pretty fairly distributed; possibly, indeed, we might find that the higher we look in the scale the more heavily are the punishments heaped against the rewards. Ebers, in his "Seven Years of the King's Theatre," confirms the truth of this with a charming anecdote. He was dining one day with Taylor, and other opera *habitués*, when the subject of capital punishments was started. During the discussion Taylor remained in a reverie. A gentleman at table

strongly advocated the abolition of capital punishment in all cases.

“What would you inflict, then, on a criminal of the worst kind?” asked another.

“By ——!” said Taylor, starting up, “make him manager of the opera-house. If he deserved a worse punishment, he must be a devil incarnate.”

It is this same Taylor who has treated us to a somewhat novel plan for conducting the management of an opera establishment. Ninety-nine out of every hundred sane beings would probably aver, that, supposing they took to operatic management, their best place, and the one most conducive to success, would be the scene of action; or, at least, to be about the theatre occasionally, and at other times at no great distance from it. Nevertheless, this appears to be an erroneous conclusion, according to Mr. Taylor’s theory. One of this gentleman’s proclivities was that he never did, and never seemed to care to, live out of the pale of the King’s Bench.

“How can you conduct the management of the King’s Theatre,” he was asked one day, “perpetually in durance as you are?”

“My dear fellow,” he replied, “how could I possibly conduct it if I were at liberty? I should be eaten up, sir—devoured. Here comes a dancer—‘Mr. Taylor, I want such a dress;’ another, ‘I want such and such ornaments.’ One singer demands to sing in a part not allotted to him; another to have an addition to his appointments. No; let *me* be shut up, and they go to Masterson (Taylor’s secretary); he, they are aware, cannot go beyond his line, but if they get at *me*—pshaw! no man at large can manage that theatre; and in fact,”

said he, "no man that undertakes it ought to go at large."

Too much stress, however, should not be laid upon Taylor's impressions, for he possessed characteristics which, happily for society, marked him as a rarity among men.

His biographers tell us that it was a rare thing ever to meet the worthy when he was not more or less elevated with wine, and extremely noisy. One evening he formed one of a coterie in which Sir John Ladd, his lady, and Lady Hamilton often took part, and on this occasion the wine had so affected him that Lady Ladd found it expedient to empty the boiling contents of the kettle over him, an operation which, it is said, had the somewhat paradoxical effect of completely cooling him.

417.—*ANIMALS AND MUSIC.*

ANIMALS of all kinds are more or less susceptible to the strains of music, but especially is this the case with sheep; perhaps not the animals that we see in London, which are driven well-nigh mad with the hooting and yelling of drovers and cattle-market officials, but the continental sheep, and those that graze on our own hills and dales, have a keen sense of pleasant sounds. Bombet, in his "Letters on Haydn and Mozart," fully bears out the truth of the musical organisation of the sheep. He writes:

"In my early youth I went with some other young people, equally devoid of care, one day, during the extreme heats of summer, to seek for coolness and fresh air on one of the lofty mountains which surround the Lago Maggiore in Lombardy. Having reached by day-break the middle of the ascent, we stopped to contemplate

the Borromean Isles, which were displayed under our feet in the middle of the lake, when we were surrounded by a large flock of sheep, which were leaving the fold to go to their pasture. One of our party, who was no bad performer on the flute, and who always carried his instrument along with him, took it out of his pocket.

“‘I am going,’ said he, ‘to turn Corydon; let us see whether Virgil’s sheep will recognise their pastor.’”

“He began to play. The sheep and goats which were following one another towards the mountain with their heads hanging down, raised them at the first sound of the flute; and all with a general and hasty movement turned to the side from whence the agreeable noise proceeded. Gradually they flocked round the musician, and listened with motionless attention. He ceased playing, still the sheep did not stir. The shepherd with his staff obliged those nearest to him to move on. They obeyed: but no sooner did the flautist begin again to play than his innocent auditors again returned to him. The shepherd, out of patience, pelted them with clods of earth, but not one would move. The flautist played with additional skill, the shepherd fell into a passion, whistled, swore, and pelted the poor fleecy amateurs with stones. Such as were hit by them began to march, but the others still refused to stir. At last the shepherd was obliged to entreat our Orpheus to stop his magic sounds; the sheep then moved off, but continued to stop at a distance as often as our friend resumed the agreeable instrument. The tune he played was nothing more than the favourite air of the opera at that time performing at Milan.”

The cow, too, seems to possess an organisation more or less musical—judging by the following:

“A few years ago a man who lived at Allerton, near

Liverpool, by trade a tailor, but who could occasionally handle his fiddle as well as his needle, was on his way home, from where he had been exercising his musical talents, for the entertainment of his country neighbours. In passing through a field about three o'clock in the morning, in the month of June, he was attacked by a bull. After several efforts to escape, he attempted to ascend a tree ; not, however, succeeding in the attempt, a momentary impulse directed him to pull out his fiddle, and fortifying himself behind the tree as well as he could, he began to play ; upon which the enraged animal became totally disarmed of his ferocity, and seemed to listen with great attention. The affrighted tailor, finding his fierce and formidable enemy so much appeased, began to think of making his escape, left off playing, and was moving forward. This, however, the bull would not suffer, for no sooner had the tailor ceased his fascinating strain, than the bull's anger appeared to return with as much rage as before : he, therefore, was glad to have recourse a second time to his fiddle, which instantly operated again as a magic charm upon the bull, who became as composed and attentive as before. He afterwards made several more attempts to escape, but all in vain : for no sooner did he stop his fiddle, than the bull's anger returned, so that he was compelled to keep fiddling away till near six o'clock (about three hours), when the family came to fetch home the cows, by which he was relieved and rescued from a tiresome labour and frightful situation."

Among birds, we are not surprised to find a love for musical sounds very largely developed. Mrs. Piozzi, in her "*Observations in a Journey through Italy*," gives an interesting account of a certain pigeon.

"An odd thing," says she, "of which I was this morn-

ing a witness, has called my thoughts away to a curious train of reflections upon the animal race, and how far they may be made companionable and intelligent. The famous Bertoni, so well known in London, by his long residence among us, and from the undisputed merit of his compositions, now inhabits this, his native city; and being fond of dumb creatures, as we call them, took for his companion a pigeon; one of the few animals that can live at Venice, where scarcely any quadrupeds can be admitted, or would exist with any degree of comfort to themselves. This creature has, however, by keeping his master company, obtained so perfect an ear and taste for music, that no one who sees his behaviour can doubt for a moment of the pleasure he takes in hearing M. Bertoni play and sing; for as soon as he sits down to the instrument, Colombo begins shaking his wings, perches on the pianoforte, and expresses the most indubitable motions of delight. If, however, he or any one else strikes a false note, or makes any kind of discord upon the keys, the pigeon never fails to show evident tokens of anger and distress; and, if teased too long, grows quite enraged, pecking the offender's legs and fingers in such a manner as to leave no doubt of the sincerity of his resentment. Signorina Cecilia Giuliani, a scholar of Bertoni's, who has received some overtures from the London theatres lately, will, if ever she arrives there, bear testimony to the truth of an assertion very difficult to believe, and to which I should hardly myself give credit, were I not a witness to it every morning that I choose to call and confirm my own belief. A friend protested that he should be afraid to touch the harpsichord before so nice a critic; and although we all laughed at the assertion, Bertoni declared that he never knew the bird's judgment fail, and that he

often kept him out of the room for fear of affronting or tormenting those who came to take musical instruction."

The above stories (and many similar ones which might be collected) certainly tempt us to believe that there really is more foundation for the old legend of Orpheus and the beasts than we have yet learnt to acknowledge.

418.—*MUSICAL COOKERY.*

MANY musicians even of the highest order have had fastidious palates, and when their cooks have failed them have followed the old saying—"If you want a thing well done, do it yourself." Beethoven was frequently his own cook—not always from necessity, though he had a strong notion that no one else could prepare his food so well as himself. Rossini could cook rice better than any one he knew. Paganini's skill in cooking was only second to his violin-playing. Lully in the height of his fame did not forsake his early love—the stew-pan. But a less celebrated musician furnishes the most whimsical story—namely Weichsel, the father of Mrs. Billington, of whom Parke says, "He would occasionally supersede the labours of his cook, and pass a whole day in preparing his favourite dish, rump-steaks, for the stewing-pan; and after the delicious viand had been placed on the dinner-table, together with early green peas of high price, if it happened that the sauce was not to his liking he has been known to throw rump-steaks, and green peas and all out of the window, whilst his wife and children thought themselves fortunate in not being thrown after them."

À propos of musical cookery, and the present dearth of good cooks, a certain Count Castel de Maria once had

a kitchen utensil which might certainly be revived, and that with advantage, nowadays. This was a spit—a musical one: one that played tunes, and so regulated and indicated the condition of whatever was hung upon it to roast. By a singular mechanical contrivance this wonderful spit would strike up an appropriate tune whenever a joint had hung sufficiently long on its particular roast. Thus, “Oh! the roast beef of Old England,” when a sirloin had turned and hung its appointed time. At another air, a leg of mutton à l’*Anglaise* would be found excellent; while some other tune would indicate that a fowl à la *Flamande* was cooked to a nicety and needed removal from the fowl-roast.

419.—IMPERIAL CRITICISM.

OF all the arts, music has little to complain of in its treatment by royalty. In all European courts it has always been the favoured art among the members of the royal circle, some of whom, too, have become conspicuous by their assiduity of practice in one or more of its branches. We need not look from home for an example of this devotion to the art. The name of the late Prince Consort will occur to many as the composer of much fine music, notably some truly devotional hymn-tunes; besides which the prince was also a very efficient organ-player. Happily his untimely decease has not extinguished the song of the muse: H. R. H. the Duke of Edinburgh sustains his father’s reputation.

If we turn to other European courts, numerous instances of royal musical proficiency come before us.

One name will here be sufficient, viz., that of the Austrian Emperor Charles VI., whose musical abilities were of a very high order; he it was, by the way, who, after Farinelli had been pronounced perfect by every singing-master in Italy, gave him a lesson which Farinelli declared "was of more use to him than all the precepts of his masters, or the examples of his rivals."

"The Emperor," to quote Hogarth, "after listening to him one day with great admiration, told him that in his singing he neither moved nor stood still like any other mortal—all was supernatural: but," he added, "these gigantic strides, these never-ending notes, are merely surprising, and it is now time that you should think of pleasing; you are too lavish of the gifts with which nature has endowed you; if you wish to reach the heart you must take a plainer and simpler road."

These few words, Farinelli said, wrought an entire change in his style. From that time he studied to be simple and pathetic, as well as grand and powerful; and thus charmed his hearers as much as he formerly astonished them.

Another Charles, the Fifth Emperor of France, was a musical amateur of great ability, and could easily detect the least mistake that any performer made. Then he would immediately cry out: "So-and-so is wrong," and point out the man; or if he failed to do this he might be heard muttering such compliments as "the red-headed block-head," etc., of those whom he discovered in error. In fact, this King knew more than he was given credit for by musicians of the time. No doubt Guerrero was labouring under a delusion when he tried to palm upon the Emperor a book of motetts and masses apparently of his

own composition. Upon summoning his singers, however, and selecting one as a specimen, the Emperor, much to the alarm of the singers around him, called his confessor, and said,

“See what a thief, what a plagiarist, is this son of a ——! Why here, this passage is taken from so-and-so, and this from another,” naming them as he continued his search.

420.—A “*SWAN’S SONG.*”

EVERY one must be familiar with the old legend of the dying swan’s song alluded to in Gibbon’s well-known madrigal :

“The silver swan, who living had no note,
When death approached unlock’d her silent throat,” etc. ;

and few lovers of music as they hear the lines can help calling to mind the image of the dying Mozart, spending his last breath in singing his own “Requiem,” or of Malibran literally singing herself to death. But there is extant a story (related by a French chronicler) of a still more curious embodiment of the legend. It is said of a certain Mdle. de Limeuil, a maid of honour at the French court, that she expired in the act of singing to a violin accompaniment. “When the hour of her death had arrived, she sent for her valet, such as all the maids of honour have, and he was called Julien, and played very well on the violin. ‘Julien,’ said she, ‘take your violin and play to me continually, until you see me dead, the “Defeat of the Swiss,” as well as you are able; and when you are at the passage “All is lost,” sound it four or five times as piteously as you can;’ which the other did, while

she herself assisted him with her voice. She recited it twice, and then turning on the other side of her pillow, said to her companions, 'All is lost this time, as well I know,' and thus died."

Leopold I. of Germany went out of this world in a similar fashion to the above. He was a most devoted lover of music, who sustained an orchestra of unrivalled perfection and magnificence up to the very moment of his death. Feeling that his end was fast approaching, he sent for his band, ordered them to commence a symphony, which they played till he expired to the accompaniment of a full orchestra!

421.—*APPARENT IMPROBABILITIES.*

WE are all familiar with the story of the gentleman who claimed to be musical on the ground that though he could not himself sing he had a brother who played the German flute; and most people regard it to be a myth, but perhaps the following (for the truth of which a friend of the writer can vouch) may add some weight to its probability.

A musical friend being in need of a gardener, he was waited upon in due course by a young man, who, after dwelling at some length upon his fitness for the post, sought further to strengthen his cause by touching the professional weakness of our musical friend.

"You will," said the gardener, "be also doing something for music—as my father, who lately died, used to play the clarionet."

Our friend is of a most generous turn of mind, but unfortunately the gardener's qualifications in the line he professed were too unpromising to be, even with his

artistic claims, a sufficient *raison d'être* for an engagement.

On another occasion, the friend in question being engaged some years since in conducting a series of orchestral concerts in the north of London, he found it desirable to enlarge his orchestra, which already numbered some hundred performers, several of them of the first class. One day a respectable-looking man, having the usual leathern case under his arm, presented himself at the office-door wishing to speak to the "Musical Director." Applicant wished for an engagement: had been sent by, and had a good character from Mr. B——, at that time manager of a London theatre, whose orchestra was—to say the least of it—respectable.

Conductor: "What is your instrument?"

Applicant: "Clarionet, sir."

Conductor: "If you can stay to rehearsal to-day, I will see what you can do. About your salary?"

Applicant, sharply: "Not particular, sir."

Conductor, aside: "(That's a bad sign.) Have you a C clarionet with you?"

Applicant, doubtfully: "Sir?"

Conductor: "I mean that most fellows have a B flat and an A clarionet—I have one of each in my band. If I engage a third I would (for reasons I have) prefer a C. What is the instrument you have with you?"

Applicant: "Well, sir, I don't exactly know, I only bought him this morning. I haven't learnt him yet!"

It transpired that applicant had really been engaged by the theatrical manager aforesaid to sweep the stage!

422.—*HAVING HIS MONEY'S WORTH.*

A RICH and parsimonious old gentleman once gave his friends a musical entertainment. While the musicians were all at work he seemed satisfied with the performances; but when the principal violin came to an incidental solo, the old man inquired, in the most vehement language, why the rest of the band were idle.

"It is a *pizzicato* for one instrument," replied the performer.

"I can't help that," exclaimed the man of *taste*. "Let the trumpets *pizzicato* along with you!"

This is very like the tale told of Jacob Astley and the musician in his band. This "horsey" celebrity always had a great horror of being imposed upon, and once observing a violinist in his band enjoying a cessation from playing, he walked up to him, and asked him what he meant by it.

"Why, sir, here's a *rest* marked in my *part*—a rest of several bars."

"Rest!" exclaimed Astley, "don't talk to me about *rest*, sir; I pay you to come here and play, and not to *rest*."

423.—*HONEST CRITICS.*

THERE is so much fashion in the popularity of either an art or an artist that we seldom meet with any one strong-minded enough to speak out his honest opinion if it should happen to run counter to the popular fancy. How many persons might be pointed out at a "Monday Popular" who are suffering the torments of unutterable boredom with the patience of martyrs because they have not the courage to confess that they do not understand Brahms,

Gade, Raff, or other modern "lights" at all, and that they prefer Claribel to Schumann, Sullivan to Bach, and Lecocq to Wagner! But the "music of the future" and a host of other modern torments are all patronised by a class of beings who would sooner die than be behind their age, or the fashion. How well it would be if some of them would profit by the example of a well-known French deputy, who, finding himself at the opera one night, fell asleep while Tamburini and Lablache were singing one of their grandest duets. The snoring of the unappreciative deputy attracted the attention of a friend, who, sorely scandalised at such behaviour, awoke the sleeper, saying, "Are you not fond of music, and such singing?"

"Music!" muttered the deputy, rubbing his eyes; "of all *noises*, music is the least disagreeable to me; but too much of it sends me to sleep."

Peter the Great once showed his prudence (?) by going to sleep at the opera.

"Had the performance wearied him?" he was asked, to which he is said to have replied,

"No! on the contrary, I liked it to excess, and went to sleep from motives of prudence!"

The discovery that somnolence is the height of musical enjoyment certainly adds another to the many achievements of this "great" monarch.

424.—CURES BY MUSIC.

In one of George Eliot's earliest books is a wonderful delineation of a girl taking refuge in music from her own passion. "Caterina," it reads, "went away and sat down to the harpsichord in the sitting-room. It seemed as if playing massive chords, bringing out volumes of sound, would be the easiest way of passing the long

feverish moments before twelve o'clock. Handel's 'Messiah' stood open on the desk, at the chorus 'All we like sheep,' and Caterina threw herself at once into the impetuous intricacies of that magnificent fugue. In her happiest moments she could never have played it so well; for now all the passion that made her misery was hurled by a convulsive effort into her music, just as pain gives new force to the clutch of the sinking wrestler, and as terror gives far-sounding intensity to the shriek of the feeble."

That music alone should have this especial quality of sympathising with the emotions and nerves is perhaps one of the strongest possible reasons why the study of music should be urged upon one and all—those with the prospects of busy lives, as well as those "with nothing to do."

But it is curious to observe how our modern novelist's theory is but an echo of the practice of a certain ancient philosopher. Clinias the Pythagorean related that whenever he was angry he used to take his harp, and play upon or sing to it; "a resource which," he said, "never failed to restore him to a mild and considerate disposition, however angry he might previously have felt."

Many such cures with the aid of music might be cited, were there but space to admit them. One such may be sufficient. Madame de la Marche once heard of her husband's inconstancy, which caused her such mortification that she made several attempts to destroy herself—in fact she went mad. Physicians attended her, but they afforded little relief, and the poor patient remained incurable; till one day a monk chanced to be begging alms in the neighbourhood where Madame de la Marche lived. He heard of the lady's state, and suggested the

experiment of music at the hands of some skilful performer. This was speedily arranged; and as occasion required the soothing balm was administered with such effect that in less than three months the violent symptoms began to diminish, and ultimately Madame de la Marche was restored to health both of body and mind.

425.—*MUSICAL LITERALISM.*

IN composing music there is a sense in which it certainly is not true that "imitation is the sincerest flattery," and the attempt to imitate literally the subjects suggested by the words or ideas which have inspired the composer, instead of "flattering" the originals, generally render them ludicrous. Would any one have ever seen anything comic in the gait of a frog, if Handel had not unluckily set his hops and skips to music? Should we have ever thought that really graceful curves and motions could have been made funny, if Haydn had not made that wretched "worm" crawl out musically at the end of a recitative, "in sinuous trace"?

The temptation to imitate literally must be strong, for so many of the greatest composers have fallen before it, and even Beethoven and Mendelssohn scarcely save their musical cuckoos, nightingales, and donkeys from the taint of vulgarity. Handel dangerously imperils one of his great choruses with the "sheep" which are "going astray" all through it; and he suggests a very different sense of the word "cry" from the true one in his setting of the words "continually do cry" in the "*Dettingen Te Deum*"—where the music is far more plaintive than triumphant. Nor can we exempt Bach himself, who must plead guilty to a very literal "cock-crow" in the

“Johannes Passion-Music,” as well as to a veritable rabble-cry in the “Mathäus-Passion” on the word “Barabbas.”

Still these were men who could afford to trip sometimes. But the smaller the man the greater the absurdity when he goes out of the way to try and copy the sins of the great. We have heard of a “Te Deum” wherein at the words “Holy, holy, holy,” the organ-pedals have a passage of panting and jerky notes, intended to represent the fanning of the cherubim’s wings; and we have heard, too, of one or more settings of the words “They that go down to the sea in ships,” wherein the listener, singer, and all concerned are carried under the sea, not with boats, but with the aid of semibreves, minims, and crotchets. But what shall be said of a certain composer of recent date, who shall be nameless, but who somehow learned that “*agnus*” meant “lamb,” and forthwith set about giving a delightfully pastoral character to an “*Agnus Dei*” with the aid of pipe, oboe, and cornemuse?

After all, the attempts are generally failures, from the composers’ own point of view. They cannot do it half so well as less ambitious, but more expert, professors. The perfection of the art of musical literalism must be studied at the feet of a John Parry or a Corney Grain, who can use it for its only legitimate purpose, viz., to raise a hearty laugh.

426.—A NICE AMUSEMENT.

JOHN JAMES HEIDEGGAR, *alias* the Swiss count (who used to boast that he came to England without a farthing and there learnt how to make five thousand a year by opera management, “which,” he used to add jocosely, “he

would defy any Englishman to do in Switzerland!"), was universally acknowledged to be the ugliest human creature in the kingdom. He was frequently the cause of infinite merriment, and once the then Earl of Chesterfield made a bet with another noble peer that he could not produce an uglier person than Heidegggar. After searching every corner of the town an old woman was selected and confronted with "the Swiss count."

The umpire's decision was against Lord Chesterfield, whereupon his lordship proposed that the old lady's cap should be transferred to Heidegggar's head; when, amidst thunders of applause, Lord Chesterfield was unanimously declared the winner, as the woman stood no chance against her competitor in ugliness with the addition of the cap.

427.—*A POSER.*

WE are scarcely yet accustomed to the idea of either American music or American composers—unless we decide to class "negro melodies" as music, or to rank Mr. Sankey with Palestrina and Purcell. Nor can we be surprised that a nation who could perpetrate a musical festival with an accompaniment of bells and cannons has not as yet made itself a strictly musical reputation. America has, however, produced one composer of merit (in his own eyes), by name Billings. True to his national vanity, Mr. Billings not only believed firmly in his nation's worth, but thought still more of his own musical knowledge and acquirements.

Happily in America individual conceit stands a small chance—there is so much of it—and pretenders find their level more easily, if not more suddenly, than they do

here. Mr. Billings' self-laudation became so loud that a witty "leveller" determined to give the musician an opportunity of distinguishing himself in his art. He therefore sent Billings a note requesting an interview to consult with him about a difficult question in music, which, said the wag, no other man in Boston could answer.

Billings was at the appointed place to the moment, and said: "Whatever your question may be, I pledge myself to answer it, as there is nothing connected with the science which I have not mastered."

"My question," rejoined the wag, with the most serious face imaginable, "is an important one; indeed, it affects the whole world, and has never yet been answered."

"Let me hear it," said Billings, growing excited.

"It is this," was the reply. "When a man snores in his sleep through two octaves, so that the whole house can hear it, do you consider the sounds produced to be vocal or instrumental music?"

428.—*MORI AND THE FOOTMAN.*

A FOOTMAN once went into Mori's music-shop to buy a fiddle-string, and while making the purchase, an old gentleman entered the shop and began to examine various compositions for the violin. Among others he took up a piece by Paganini, and perceiving its difficulty, asked the shopman if he thought that Mori himself could play it.

The young man, a little perplexed, and unwilling to imply that his master's powers had any limits, said that he had no doubt he could perform it after a week's practice; upon which the footman broke in upon the discourse, and declared that Mori could do no such thing,

for "I have been practising the piece myself for three weeks, and cannot play it yet!"

429.—"*TOO CLEVER BY HALF.*"

A WELL-KNOWN shop at Hamburg was once honoured with a visit from a person of unexceptional appearance, who, after making a small purchase and paying for it, asked that it might be laid aside till he called again. "By-the-bye," added he, just as he reached the door, "may I trouble you also just to put this Cremona with it? It is rather in my way in running about town."

An hour or so afterwards a handsome carriage stopped at the warehouse door, and a personage, decorated with various orders, and of commanding presence, attended with footmen in livery, alighted. The senior partner instantly stepped forward and escorted him into the warehouse. He purchased several small articles, and proceeding round the warehouse to inspect others, chanced to rest his eyes on the violin. He took it up, turned it over and back again two or three times, and at last ordered one of his lacqueys to make a trial of it. Presently the servant was ordered to stop, and the great man inquired of him what he thought of the instrument and of its value.

"Why, certainly if your Excellency could make it your Excellency's own for five hundred ducats I should say that your Excellency would be in possession of the finest Cremona violin in the world!"

The distinguished person took M. Schramm—for this was the partner's name—aside, and offered him four hundred ducats: from that he ascended to five hundred, whereupon the partner was compelled to explain that the instrument belonged to a stranger, and was waiting his

calling for it. M. Schramm was proceeding with his regrets that the instrument was not for sale, and was cut short by the great man saying :

"Well, mark me, if you can secure me this violin you shall not repent your trouble. Do your utmost to make the purchase, and go to five hundred ducats if necessary. There's my address, and I shall expect to see you at five o'clock with the violin and the account."

After repeated bows from M. Schramm the visitor reached his carriage.

In an hour or two in walked the impatiently-expected owner of the instrument. He took up his parcel and violin, and was about to leave.

"Stay, sir," said M. Schramm, somewhat embarrassed, "one word with you, if you please—would you feel inclined to s—s—sell that violin? I could make you a good offer for it—say three hundred and fifty ducats, cash."

The proposition, however, was met by a short and dry answer in the negative, and a further move to the door. Three hundred and sixty ducats were then offered by the business man, and so on, till at last—though with much regret—the treasure was parted with for four hundred and seventy ducats, and a receipt for five hundred. The bargain was completed—M. Schramm took the Cremona, the stranger accepted the ducats, and they parted the best of friends.

Overjoyed at the thought of a clear gain of thirty ducats, with the prospect of more, in addition to obliging so great a customer, M. Schramm, exactly at the hour given, presented himself at the hotel of St. Petersburg, situated on the Jungfernstieg. With the violin in his hand, and the receipt for five hundred ducats in his

pocket, he in the most imperious tone requested to see his Excellency, the Baron de Strogonoff, Ambassador from Russia to the Court of St. James's—such being the address on his Excellency's card.

The porter did not recognise the name. M. Schramm thereupon became cross at such stupidity, and insisted upon seeing some one better acquainted with the arrivals at the hotel. The discussion grew noisy—the servants gathered round, and ultimately the master of the hotel was drawn to the scene of the dispute. He in the most positive manner assured M. Schramm that no such ambassador was staying at his establishment. Inquiry was then made at all the hotels in the place—but at none of them was anything known of Baron de Strogonoff.

It was now high time for M. Schramm to consider himself a dupe, and with much chagrin he returned home, only to receive the jeers and taunts of his fellow-townsmen for paying so high a price for a fiddle which was hardly worth a single ducat!

430.—A MUSICAL PUN.

THE inability of the Scotch to understand a joke is as notorious as their musical deficiencies. It is scarcely surprising that a person who can tolerate a bagpipe should see nothing funny in Tom Hood. But with their characteristic independence, though they decline to accept the music and the wit of other nations, they possess music and wit of their own, which are, to say the least, interesting so long as the music is not performed on the national instrument, or the jokes made in the national dialect.

It is said that a young Scotchman, much given to making puns, was visiting London with his father, who

much objected to the habit, and with more sympathy for English prejudices than Scotchmen usually show, strictly desired his son to break himself of the habit during his stay in London. But bad habits cannot be cured in a day. It happened that shortly after their arrival they passed Newgate, and saw a man confined in the stocks, with his legs firmly jammed in between two ponderous blocks of wood, his body being on one side, and his feet, of course, on the other. The inevitable pun rose to the young man's lips, but remembering his father's injunction just in time, he checked his words and contented himself with suggestively whistling the tune of "Through the wood, laddie."

431.—"WITH HEART AND VOICE."

WE hear a great deal nowadays about "hearty services," and certainly few things are more desirable in church music than that it should be of such a character that the congregation can join in heartily; but there is a *via media* in all things, and it is to be feared that many musical persons have found "hearty" services a synonym for the noisiest, coarsest performance of the most trashy and vulgar music. It would be a good thing if certain of the clergy who arrange these things could be persuaded that noise is not heartiness, and that persistent bellowing is scarcely a fit mode of devotion. Happily there are many who have already learnt to look less lovingly on these "hearty" displays; but that the failing is an old one is shown by a quaint and rapturous description of church-singing at York during the great rebellion in 1644, which occurs in "Musick's Monument," a work written by one Thomas Mace. The author was an "excellent performer on the lute;" and his work was an

attempt to preserve the "Remembrance of the best practical Music." His account of this particular "psalm-singing" will amuse even the most unmusical reader.

"The psalm-singing," says he, "was the most excellent that has been known or remembered anywhere in these our latter ages. Most certain I am, that to myself it was the very best harmonical music that ever I heard; yea, far excelling all other, either private or public cathedral music, and infinitely beyond all verbal expression or conceiving. Abundance of people of the best rank and quality, being shut up in the city, viz., lords, knights, and gentlemen of the counties round about, besides the soldiers and citizens, who all, or most of them, came constantly every Sunday to hear public prayers and sermon; the number was so exceeding great that the church was (as I may say) ever cramming and squeezing full. Now, here you must take notice, that they had then a custom in that church (which I hear not of in any other cathedral which was), that always before the sermon the whole congregation sung a psalm, together with the choir and the organ; and you must also know, that there was then a most excellent, large, plump, lusty, full-speaking organ, which cost, as I am credibly informed, a thousand pounds. This organ, I say (when the psalm was set before the sermon), being let out into all its fulness of stops, together with the choir, began the psalm. But when that vast conchording unity of the whole congregational chorus came (as I may say) thundering in, even so, as it made the very ground shake under us (oh! the unutterable, ravishing soul's delight!), in the which I was so transported and rapt up into high contemplation, that there was no room left in my whole man, viz., body and spirit, for anything below divine and heavenly raptures."

432.—A COOL REQUEST.

THE expression "*fanatico per la musica*" has passed into a saying, but there was a time when the "*fanatico contra la musica*" was a more influential and less phenomenal person than he (happily) now is. The zeal of the Puritans against every custom, however innocent, which prevailed among Roman Catholics extended to music. The following petition to Parliament may interest some of those who have witnessed in later days some displays of the same spirit; or have heard the conversation of those extraordinary folks who detect sin in a surplice and who cannot distinguish music from mummery. This document is headed, "A Request of all true Christians to the House of Parliament," and, among other things, prays "That all cathedral churches may be put down, where the service of God is grievously abused by piping with organs, singing, ringing, and trowling of psalms from one side of the choir to another, with the squeaking of chanting choristers, disguised (as are all the rest) in white surplices; some in corner caps, and silly copes, imitating the fashion and manner of antichrist, the Pope, that man of sin and child of perdition, with his other rabble of miscreants and shavelings."

Such fanatics might have learnt a lesson from Luther, who, so far from excluding music from the church, gave it the next highest place to theology, saying: "I verily think, and am not ashamed to say, that, next to divinity, no art is comparable to music."

433.—*DANGEROUS COMPANY.*

CONGREVE has familiarised the world with the power of music; but even his liberal conception of its influence over the mind falls short of some of the achievements—mental and physical—which owe their origin to the agency of music. Several instances of this art's control over the emotions will be found herein; but few, if any, of these are more curious and strange, especially in respect to the direction in which the emotional element has asserted itself, than the following circumstance, which happened to a gentleman named Hardingham at a performance of Handel's "Messiah," at Norwich, some years back. On this occasion, as the oratorio proceeded, the gentleman in question was observed to grow much agitated, standing upon a bench, distorting his face, and contorting his limbs in a very extraordinary manner. At length he dismounted, and with a strange expression of countenance, made his way to the orchestra, and, catching up one of the wax-lights that stood within his reach, he attempted to set fire to the room. On seeing this, several gentlemen rushed upon him, and had him conveyed home; but never to the end of his days did Mr. Hardingham recover his senses.

434.—*A GREAT PARISH-CLERK!*

YEARS ago it was not considered *infra dig.* for eminent persons, princes, and even the highest in the state to join in the choral services of the church, to don a surplice, and to assist wherever possible. Sir Thomas More, even when he was Lord Chancellor, it is related, "wore a surplice, and sung with the singers at the high mass and matins, in the church at Chelsea; which the Duke of

Norfolk on a time finding, sayd, ‘God bodie, God bodie, my Lord Chauncellor a parish clarke! You disgrace the King and your office.’

“To which his lordship answered in the words of David and Michael :

“‘*Quo autem abjecero me adhuc amplius, et fuero humilior ante oculos meos.*’ (‘And I will be yet more vile than this, and will be base in mine own eyes.’—2 Sam. vi. 22.)”

435.—A GREAT DISASTER.

MARSHAL SAXE, like other great men of his time, boasted of a private theatrical company, at the head of which was Favart, a prolific writer of *opéras à ariettes*, or ballad operas. Attached to the company, also, was a very beautiful girl named Chantilly, with whom the marshal fell desperately in love. Favart, however, had already won the girl’s heart, and she preferred him to the soldier. Seeing their powerful master’s intentions, she and Favart determined to escape, and the opportunity was afforded them during the siege of Maestricht. It was a dark, stormy night; the bridges which connected the marshal’s two armies, encamped on either side of the river, were carried away, and the troops were thus separated.

In the midst of the excitement caused by this disaster, Favart and Mdle. Chantilly eloped. The next morning one of the marshal’s officers found him sitting on the bed in a state of violent grief and excitement. The officer sought to comfort the general.

“Ah! my dear sir,” exclaimed Saxe, “it cannot be repaired; I am lost!” The officer continued to point out the smallness of the disaster, and that all could be

repaired in a few hours. "What!" cried the marshal; "is it the bridges you are referring to? That is nothing—but—Chantilly. Oh! Chantilly—I have lost her—she has deserted me!"

The great soldier had passed the whole night in despair, because the little actress had jilted him. Nor was the passion a mere passing fancy. He never forgot her. And years afterwards Louis XV. granted a *lettre de cachet*, by which, though Chantilly was now Madame Favart, Saxe had her seized and imprisoned, until, ultimately, she consented to become his mistress!

436.—THE "POWER OF SOUND."

No one can have attended a performance of the "Messiah" for the first time without being struck by the sudden rising of the audience to their feet as the first bars of the "Hallelujah" chorus are heard. This custom is one which might easily be criticised if we were to accept the reason given for it by a good many people, viz., that "the words are so sublime" that they enforce that mark of respect. This is not so. If the homage were to the words it would be scarcely necessary to supply a "Messiah" audience with chairs, for surely as much homage is due to the words "Worthy is the Lamb" as to "Hallelujah," etc. Moreover, if such emotional demonstrativeness in audiences is to be encouraged, the words of the Passion music, "He was despised," "Surely He hath borne our griefs," etc., should be listened to by a kneeling audience. But the fact is that the words had but little to do with the origin of the custom. The custom itself dates from the first performance of the "Messiah." On that occasion the audience, overpowered by the grandeur and impressiveness of the

"Hallelujah" chorus, rose as one man, and remained standing to the end of it, a striking testimony to the "power of sound."

So arose a precedent which some would hardly like to see disregarded, though there are many who, in accepting it, do so reluctantly, and with some inward feeling of annoyance at the excitability of the Irish audience which initiated it.

437.—THE WRONG MOOD.

AN enthusiastic amateur, having listened attentively for the tenth time to "*Il Matrimonio Segreto*," warmly expressed his admiration of its grace and harmony.

"What a comfort," he said, "to be able to sit out an opera without wool in one's ears! Out of such materials Rossini would have made ten operas."

"Sir," said one of his neighbours, "why put your verb in the conditional mood, *when it should be in the indicative?*"

438.—PROGRESS.

THE opera-house now, and the opera-house of the beginning of the eighteenth century, are two very different things. Time has certainly made a change in this institution, and *habitués* now see no such sights as at one time were always occurring, especially at the French opera: where balustrades had to be put up to keep the occupants of the stage balconies from climbing over on to the stage: where attempts were continually being made to break into the actresses' dressing-rooms: where sentinels were always coming into dangerous contact with *abbés* and other obstreperous ecclesiastics: where half the house followed the example set by the head of the kingdom, and put in an appearance in a state of intoxication; and where also

the highest in the land, literary men and others, used to join in the singing, louder even than the actors themselves, and who, when called to order, insisted that they had a right to sing at the *Académie de Musique* !

439.—*A MUSICAL MUDDLER.*

THERE is no art or science more tampered with than is Music. Girls, boys, and grown-up folks take up the study of it, and in less time than is taken to learn the first stages of some commonplace trade, it is put aside as a *fait accompli*. Girls go to school, or have teachers at home, to be taught music, and with one or two pieces under their fingers they are sent back to their mammas as “knowing music.” Teachers, so called, advertise to instruct in the art at one shilling the lesson or two lessons for eighteen-pence, when really they have no more faculty for properly teaching the art than they have for deciphering the hieroglyphics on the recently discovered Assyrian monuments. When shall we be soundly educated in music, and when will a system be adopted by which advertising teachers will be subjected to some sort of qualifying examination? The amount of ignorance that prevails on such points of the art as theory, instrumentation, the capabilities of instruments, musical history, etc., is simply astonishing. People take their musical degrees without having the slightest *practical* acquaintance with the instruments of an orchestra, and the result is that three-fourths of such are hardly ever again heard of, after their ambition is once gratified by the hood of silk and fur. Not only among teachers but throughout the musical profession there have been the most astonishing examples of triumphant ignorance. Not only do men get, by interest or otherwise,

places for which they are utterly unfitted, but they continue to escape public detection.

It is not so long ago that a story was whispered in "the profession," how a showy successor of Jullien, when conducting (!) the rehearsal of a new overture, inquired of his principal violin whether he had better beat two or three in the bar.

An instance of almost equal ignorance and pretension is told (in Parke's Memoirs) of a Mr. Butler who wrote the music to "The Widow of Delphi," produced at the Covent Garden house in the year 1780. Parke declares that in the part for the kettle-drums (which it is well known give only one sound each) he had written all the notes in the octave. "On being informed that several could not be played at once, Butler politely thanked the performer who beat them, and requested he would furnish him with a *scale* of the kettle-drums!"

440.—THE PATRON SAINT OF MUSIC.

ALTHOUGH, thanks to certain well-known pictures, and to Dryden's "Ode," most people are accustomed to regard St. Cecilia as the patron saint of music, the legend connected with her is by no means so familiar to general readers. We therefore give it here.

St. Cecilia's fame as a martyr long preceded her reputation as a musician. Indeed, previous to the fifteenth century she was very seldom represented with musical instruments or musical symbolisms, and the addition of these, in later representations of her, though justified by an incident in the legend, appears to have been due rather to a desire to distinguish her from another saint (Dorothea, who previously shared with St. Cecilia the emblems of a palm, a wreath of roses, and an attendant angel) than to

her having been already regarded as the patroness of music. The "patronage" probably had its rise in the pictures, and the idea being once set on foot, the usual result of an amalgamation of heathen mythology with Christian legend took place: and the similarity between the statues of Apollo with the lyre, and the pictures of St. Cecilia with harp or organ, easily produced a similarity of legend, placing St. Cecilia among Christian saints where Apollo ranks among heathen deities. It was, however, as martyr, not as musician, that St. Cecilia first gained notoriety.

The story itself is one of the most ancient of early Christian traditions, and dates from the third century. Cecilia was a Roman lady in the time of the Emperor Alexander Severus. Brought up in the Christian faith, she became at an early age remarkable for her piety. She excelled in music, and composed hymns, which she sang so divinely that angels came down to listen to, and join with, her. She was betrothed to a young Roman noble, named Valerianus, who had however been educated in heathen superstitions. By the influence of Cecilia, Valerianus was led to inquire into the doctrines of Christianity, and was baptized by St. Urban. On returning to his wife after his baptism he found her singing with an angel, who crowned them each with a wreath of red and white roses gathered in Paradise; and who, as a reward for the speedy conversion of Valerianus, promised to grant whatever he desired. Valerianus immediately requested the conversion of his brother Tiburtius. The angel withdrew smiling approval, and immediately Tiburtius entered. Perceiving the fragrance of roses, and not seeing any (the celestial wreaths being invisible to unbelievers), he inquired what it meant. In reply Cecilia

explained to him the doctrines of Christianity so eloquently that he was converted on the spot. The three thenceforward made themselves so conspicuous in Rome for piety and good works that they incurred the enmity of the prefect Almachius, by whose command Valerianus and Tiburtius were thrown into prison. Here they speedily converted their gaoler, and he and they were executed for refusing to join in the heathen sacrifice. Cecilia was the next victim. On the same plea of having refused to sacrifice to the gods, Almachius condemned her to be thrown into a caldron of boiling water, but neither the water nor the flames which leapt up round it could harm her. Almachius then ordered her to be killed with the sword, but the executioner trembled so that he only wounded her in the back. Here the miraculous element suddenly vanishes from the story, for she died three days afterwards, and was buried by St. Urban with her husband.

It is not for us to separate the truth from the falsehood in the above legend, but it will be seen that the musical feature is by far the least prominent in the original story, though to some extent it is the most probable part of it all! The subject has been cleverly treated by Chorley in the libretto (one of his best) which Sir Julius Benedict has set to music, and which was produced at the Norwich Festival of 1866 under the title of "St. Cecilia : a cantata." This is the only adaptation that we know of the legend itself to musical purposes, but the connection of St. Cecilia with music as its patroness is frequently referred to by the poets. The most celebrated of her poetical laudations is Dryden's well-known "Ode," set to music by Handel, where St. Cecilia is referred to as follows :

"At last divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame.
 The sweet enthusiast from her sacred store
 Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds,
 With nature's mother-wit and arts unknown before.
 "Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
 Or both divide the crown ;
 He raised a mortal to the skies
 She drew an angel down."

Towards the close of the seventeenth century it was the custom to give concerts on St. Cecilia's day—22nd November. Like most fashions, however, this one went out, and, as yet, has not returned.

441.—"*HOW TO PROCURE AN ORGANIST.*"

THOMAS MACE is a name familiar to all students of musical history, as a writer upon musical matters, and author of that quaint and humorous work which he published in 1676, entitled "*Musick's Monument, or a Remembrancer of the best Practical Musick, both Divine and Civil, that has ever been known to have been in the world.*" The style of the work will be gathered from a perusal of the following extract from its sixth chapter :

"*How to procure an organist*—The certain way I will propose shall be this ; namely, first I will suppose you have a parish clerk, and such an one as is able to set and lead a psalm, although it be never so indifferently. Now this being granted, I may say that I will—or any musick-master will, or any more inferiors, as virginal-players, or many organ-makers, or the like—I say any of those will teach such a parish clerk how to pulse or strike most of our common psalm tunes, usually sung in our churches, for a trifle, viz., twenty, thirty, or forty shillings, and so well that he need never bestow more cost to perform that duty

sufficiently during his life. This, I believe, no judicious person in the art will doubt of. And then, when this clerk is thus well accomplished, he will be so doated upon by all the pretty ingenious children and young men in the parish, that scarcely any of them but will be begging now and then a shilling or two of their parents to give the clerk, that he may teach them to pulse a psalm tune: the which any such child or youth will be able to do in a week or fortnight's time very well. And then, again, each youth will be as ambitious to pulse that psalm tune in publick to the congregation, and no doubt but shall do it sufficiently well. And thus, by little and little, the parish in a short time will swarm or abound with organists, and sufficient enough for that service. For you must know, and I entreat you to believe me, that seriously it is one of the most easy pieces of performances in all instrumental music to pulse one of our psalm tunes truly and well after a very little showing or slaving upon the organ. The clerk, likewise, will quickly get in his money by this means, and I suppose no parent will grudge it him, but rather rejoice in it.

"Thus you may perceive how easily and certainly these two great difficulties may be overcome, and with nothing so much as a willing mind. Therefore, be but willingly resolved, and the work will soon be done. And now again, methinks I see some of you tossing up your caps, and crying aloud, 'We will have an organ and an organist, too; for 'tis but laying out a little dirty money, and how can we lay it out better than in that service we offer up unto God? And who should we better bestow it upon if not upon Him and His service?' This is a very right and absolute good resolve: persist in it and you will do well, and doubtless find much content and satisfaction

in your so doing. For there lies linked to this an unknown and unapprehended great good benefit, which would redound certainly to all or most young children, who by this means would, in their minorities, be so sweetly tinctured or seasoned, as I may say, or brought into a kind of familiarity or acquaintance with the harmless innocent delights of such pure and undefilable practices, as that it would be a great means to win them to the love of virtue, and to disdain, contemn, and slight those common, gross, ill practices, which most children are incident to fall into in their ordinary and accustomed pursuits."

The rest of the first part of this singular work is devoted to an eulogium on psalmody and parochial or congregational music, and the use of the organ in divine service; to a dissertation on how the psalms may be performed without an organ; while, lastly, there are two chapters upon the subject of cathedral music, which he regrets to say is on the decline in this kingdom.

There has evidently been a great change since Master Mace wrote. Cathedral music can now be heard, not only in every cathedral, but in almost every church throughout the kingdom. In these days, too, the "pulsing of psalm tunes" is not apparently so easy a task as Master Mace took it to be in his time. It is a very difficult matter now to find an organist who will play a psalm or hymn tune properly. Organists who perform the most elaborate and intricate voluntaries are apt to fail ignominiously in the apparently simple part of their work. The great tendency seems to be to make a sort of "free fantasia" of the hymn tune by an ascending bass, and chromatic passages from the two extremes of the keyboard; or, the chords are played in *arpeggio*, and

twelve or sixteen quavers take the place of four minims to the bar—that is, when it is a proficient organist who is performing the feat; if it be otherwise, the number becomes more or less, according to the proficiency of the player, and his dexterity in squeezing the notes in. This is distinct from the common habit of giving undue prominence to parts which, not being the melody of the tune, should not be brought thus to the front—a proceeding not only radically unmusical, but suggestive of a sad want of good taste. In accompanying either Gregorian tones, or the unison-singing of large bodies of voices, this free organ-playing is in its place, but certainly not when the parts are well balanced and sustained by good voices. This custom, however, is no new vice. To what an extent it was once developed may be seen in the specimens of the 'mode of giving out Psalm Tunes' which are given in Messrs. Stainer and Barrett's excellent "Musical Dictionary."

442.—*PARENTAL PARTIALITY.*

THE belief which many parents have in the vast superiority of their own children over those of other people, most frequently finds scope for its exercise if the infantile talents give any signs of musical development. Certainly nothing is more dangerous to the future proficiency of the young musician than the ill-judged and ill-timed expressions of wonder, the indiscriminate praise, and the admiration almost amounting to reverence, which some parents lavish upon their prodigies. The true artist—especially the musician—can only win his way to perfection through disappointment, struggle, and sorrow: and the criticism which seems at first so severe and unkind, is in reality a guide to higher excellence. The critic may be entirely wrong (and in many cases is far more incompe-

tent than the artist whom he criticises), but the fact of being criticised, of having the rough corners chipped off, even by a clumsy workman, tells in the end. The following story serves well to point this moral: it would be well if the "infant phenomenon" could oftener meet with as honest a critic.

A certain German Jew had a son, who early showed a fondness for music, and, to the misery of his neighbours, selected the violin upon which to give vent to his artistic soul. The boy's father was, in the orthodox parental fashion, deeply impressed with the marvellous talent of his son. Not only had the neighbours to endure the sound of the boy's praises as well as the noise of his performances, but scarcely any stranger visited the town without being invited to the Jew's store "to hear vat they should hear." One day a professor of music chanced to be passing the Jew's door, and, hearing some fiddling, looked about him, whereupon Moses at his door pounced on him and said: "Dat is my son; vill you not shtep in, and hear vat you shall hear?"

Accepting this offer, young Moses was summoned with his violin. The performance over, the father suddenly exclaimed: "Now, vat you think of dat? You have heard much worse than dat!"

"Not much," soberly remarked the professor, somewhat annoyed that the Jew had not used more discrimination than in selecting him to listen to his offspring's scraping.

It is to be hoped that the boy profited by the hint; but in such cases what is to be done with the parents?

443.—PISCATORY CRITICISM.

It is hard to say anything in disparagement of a body so useful in many respects as amateur performers, and if

they would but recognise their own sphere and keep to it, no one would find much ground for complaint; but unfortunately amateurs do not do so. They are constantly inviting criticism, and as frequently get it. In illustration of one common amateur failing may be cited a story related of the well-known Theodore Hook.

It was his good, or evil, fortune to find himself one night at a "musical party." In the course of the evening's tortures a certain young lady attacked a very difficult song, which she gave with exaggerated expression and a great many blunders. Next to Hook sat an elderly lady, as decided an amateur in criticism as the songstress was in singing, overflowing with gushing ignorance and sparkling superlatives.

"Oh! Mr. Hook," she murmured, "don't you adore her singing? It's so full of soul!"

"Well, madam," said he, "for my part I think there seems more of the flounder than the *sole* about it."

444—A CONNECTION.

PERHAPS the last person whom we should connect in any way with the musical art would be the hero of those exhibitions which are a nuisance to London for one day in the year—the 5th of November. From the following *jeu d'esprit*, however, it seems that he has become associated with two of the first pianoforte-makers of the present day, for from it we learn that when Mr. Guido Fawkes was under the Parliament Houses for the last time, in the course of his wanderings and investigations there, he came across a door, at which :

First, he knock'd *piano* ;
Then, he gave a *forte*.
The door not being *Broadwood*,
He was *Collard*.

445.—AN INQUIRING MIND.

THE ignorance that prevails generally concerning musical instruments is most remarkable. Not only are *un-musical* people unaware of the names of the various instruments which they see every day of their lives either in the concert-room or in the street, but even *musical* people—those who profess to know something of the art—are nearly as ill-informed. Indeed, the writer once knew of a gentleman taking his Mus. Bac. degree, who could not distinguish the several instruments in a full orchestra. It is scarcely surprising therefore to find prevailing a wondrous ignorance concerning the mode of using or of handling the several instruments, which probably is not exaggerated in the following illustration.

The company of one of the opera-houses, at the close of a London season, had arrived at Liverpool to embark for a continental tour. The instruments among other things were being shipped, and with them was the double bass, or “big fiddle” as it is also called, not cased as usual—for this member of the *string* family will stand a little rough treatment. It soon attracted the attention of the Jack Tars, three or four of whom settled round, scrutinising it with keen interest. By the order of an officer they soon dispersed, but not long afterwards another bluff seaman was discovered secretly watching it with wondering eyes. He was asked his reason for standing thus idle.

“Well, yer know,” said Jack, “I’m just waiting for to see the length of the bloke’s arm that can play that there fiddle!”

446.—SUGGESTIVE.

A CERTAIN sheriff-substitute was one of the most facetious members of the order. He had a habit of *crooning*, or whistling in an undertone, some of the more popular Scottish airs while perched on the bench. A youthful prisoner was once before him, found guilty of an act of larceny. After pronouncing a sentence of imprisonment, the sheriff added, "Take care you don't come here again, young man, or——" he closed the sentence by humming the tune "Ower the water to Charlie;" a hint which the juvenile criminal no doubt applied to himself.

447.—NOT TO BE CAUGHT.

WHEN the huge wooden horse was descried from the walls of Troy, it is little to be wondered at that the wise heads of the city were inclined to be suspicious; but it was reserved for the ingenuity of a later age to detect hostile craft in the presence of a band of musicians, and to hear amid their harmonies the subtle growlings of a political discord. A treaty having just been concluded between Soliman II., the Sultan of Turkey, and Francis I. of France, Francis thought fit to mark the occasion by sending to the Sultan a band of most accomplished musicians, thinking that such a present would be worthy of his acceptance and agreeable to his tastes. Soliman received them with great politeness, had them into his palace upon several occasions, and was much pleased with them. Nevertheless, he found that the pleasing music tended to enervate his mind. Perhaps the musicians were less skilful than "old Timotheus" in varying their themes, perhaps they played too often

"Softly sweet in Lydian measure ;"

or too frequently

“ Chose a mournful muse ;”

at all events the Sultan began to fear lest the military ardour of his people should be weakened if the musicians were allowed to remain among them. He therefore gave a grand banquet to the whole orchestra, rewarded them handsomely, and sent them back to France, having first taken the precaution of smashing all their instruments. At the same time he issued a decree forbidding all musicians to settle in his dominions under pain of instant death. Soliman always regarded this musical present in the light of an artful trap on the part of Francis I., and once even told the French ambassador that he believed his sovereign had sent this amusement to divert him from the business of war, just as the Greeks presented the Persians with the game of chess to slacken their military ardour !

448.—*GETTING OVER A DIFFICULTY.*

To the uninitiated a full orchestral score is probably as perplexing and unintelligible a thing as an unillustrated Chinese novel. Indeed, to the musically educated eye and ear some composers' scores are oftentimes past comprehension. Who has not heard the anecdote of the musical wit who was one day discovered in the act of reading a score upside down ?

“ What are you doing there ?” asked the visitor.
“ Why you have got the music the wrong way.”

“ Yes,” replied the wit, “ but as I can make nothing of ——’s music with the right end upwards, I have turned it topsy-turvy to see if that will assist me in solving its intricate meaning.”

449.—*A DISAGREEABLE COMPANION.*

MUSIC has not the same effect upon all constitutions. Some folks are as deaf as a bat to the music of a sublime symphony or a plaintive love-song, and there are those who would stare were they to be informed that, intellectually speaking, they were deformed, and were for ever shut out from one of the most beautiful, and certainly the purest, enjoyments of life. But there are others who go to the opposite extreme, and who, to the ordinary listener, seem to be so strangely affected by the sounds of music that they almost lose their self-control while they are under Apollo's influence.

Such an one was a certain young man of Brescia, who, at the period when he lived (1790), was the man in all Italy most affected by music. Bombet says of him that "he passed his life in hearing it." But this is not all that is known of this young man of Brescia. He possessed some wonderful proclivities, among which was that of slipping off his boots whenever the music pleased him very much. This, of course, was most ungentlemanly behaviour, but unfortunately he did not stop here, but not unfrequently became a public nuisance on those occasions when the music so preyed upon him that he used to throw the boots over his head, quite forgetful that they would fall upon the heads of any of the spectators who could not steer clear of them in their descent.

450.—*THE MUSICAL COAL-HEAVER.*

"THERE goes the famous small-coal man, a lover of learning, a musician, and a companion of gentlemen." So the folks used to say as Thomas Britton, the coal-heaver of Clerkenwell Green, paced up and down the neighbouring streets with his sack of small coal on his back, destined for one of his customers. Britton was

great among the great. Britton was courted by the most fashionable folk of his day. He was a cultivated coal-heaver, who, besides his musical taste and ability, possessed an extensive knowledge of chemistry and the occult sciences.

Britton did more than this. He gave concerts in Aylesbury Street, Clerkenwell, where this singular man had formed a dwelling-house, with a concert-room and a coal-store, out of what was originally a stable. On the ground-floor was the small-coal repository, and over that the concert-room—very long and narrow, badly lighted, and with a ceiling so low that a tall man could scarcely stand upright in it. The stairs to this room were far from pleasant to ascend, and the following facetious lines by Ward, the author of the “London Spy,” confirm this :

“ Upon Thursdays repair
To my palace, and there
Hobble up stair by stair ;
But I pray ye take care,
That you break not your shins by a stumble ;

“ And without e’er a souse
Paid to me or my spouse ;
Sit as still as a mouse
At the top of the house,
And there you shall hear how we fumble.”

Nevertheless beautiful duchesses and the best society in town flocked to Britton’s on Thursdays—not to order coals, but to sit out his concerts.

Let us follow the short, stout little man on a concert day. The customers are all served, or as many as can be. The coal-shed is made tidy and swept up, and the coal-heaver awaits his company. There he stands

at the door of his stable, dressed in his blue blouse, dustman's hat, and maroon kerchief tightly fastened round his neck. The concert-room is almost full, and pipe in hand Britton awaits a new visitor—the beautiful Duchess of B——. She is somewhat late (the coachman, possibly, is not quite at home in the neighbourhood).

Here comes a carriage, which stops at the coal-shop, and laying down his pipe the coal-heaver assists her grace to alight, and in the genteelest manner escorts her to the narrow staircase leading to the music-room. Forgetting Ward's advice, she trips laughingly and carelessly up the stairs to the room from which proceed faint sounds of music, increasing to quite an *olla podrida* of sound as the apartment is reached—for the musicians are tuning up. The beautiful duchess is soon recognised, and as soon in deep gossip with her friends. But who is that gentlemanly man leaning over the chamber-organ? That is Sir Roger L'Estrange, an admirable performer on the violoncello and a great lover of music. He is watching the subtle fingering of Mr. Handel, as his dimpled hands drift leisurely and marvellously over the keys of the instrument.

There, too, is Mr. Bannister with his fiddle—the first Englishman, by-the-bye, who distinguished himself upon the violin; there is Mr. Woolaston, the painter, relating to Dr. Pepusch of how he had that morning thrown up his window upon hearing Britton crying “small coal” near his house in Warwick Lane, and having beckoned him in, had made a sketch for a painting of him; there, too, is Mr. John Hughes, author of the “Siege of Damascus.” In the background also are Mr. Philip Hart, Mr. Henry Symonds, Mr. Obadiah Shuttle-

worth, Mr. Abiell Whichello ; while in the extreme corner of the room is Robe, a justice of the peace, letting out to Henry Needler of the Excise Office the last bit of scandal that has come into his court. And now—just as the concert has commenced, in creeps “Soliman the Magnificent,” also known as Mr. Charles Jennens, of Great Ormond Street, who wrote many of Handel’s librettos and arranged the words for the “Messiah.”

“Soliman the Magnificent” is evidently resolved to do justice to his title on this occasion, with his carefully-powdered wig, frills, maroon-coloured coat, and buckled shoes ; and as he makes his progress up the room the company draw aside for him to reach his favourite seat near Handel. A trio of Corelli’s is gone through : then Madame Cuzzoni sings Handel’s last new air ; Dr. Pepusch takes his turn at the harpsichord ; another trio of Hasse, or a solo on the violin by Bannister ; a selection on the organ from Mr. Handel’s new oratorio, and then the day’s programme is over. Dukes, duchesses, wits and philosophers, poets and musicians make their way down the satirised stairs to go, some in carriages, some in chairs, some on foot, to their own palaces, houses, or lodgings.

All things have their end, and Britton and his concerts had theirs. In the month of September, 1714, the small-coal man died, and the circumstances of his death are not less remarkable than those of his life. It appears that a person of the name of Honeyman, a blacksmith by trade, lived about this time in Bear Street, Leicester Square. This man was a celebrated ventriloquist, and was introduced by the afore-mentioned Mr. Robe, J.P. for Middlesex, at one of Britton’s concerts.

It was only a joke on the magistrate's part, but alas ! it proved a very serious one. Honeyman, without moving his lips, or seeming to speak, announced from a distant part of the room that Britton would die in a few hours, unless to avert the doom he would fall on his knees immediately and repeat the Lord's Prayer.

All were terrified. The poor man did as he was bid, but it was of no avail. The shock to his system had been so great, and he suffered so fearfully from terror, day and night, that he died within a few days afterwards. So closed the career of one of the most famous of the many originals found, both in the records of the past and the experience of the present, to be mysteriously connected with art—artists, but not “professionals;” lovers of art, but not “amateurs.”

451.—CAT MUSIC.

THERE is music and music. Alas ! what with screaming street organs, German bands, frantic cornets, and the whole tribe of vocal and instrumental performers which infests London streets, such a truth is but too keenly realised. Notwithstanding, however, the preponderance of the bad over the good, let us be thankful that matters are no worse, and that the project originated by Foote for a supply of “cat music” has not as yet resulted in adding one more nuisance to the many which already testify to the power of sound. How the plan fell through it is difficult to imagine, for when Foote first took the Haymarket theatre he seriously designed, among other things, to entertain the public with an imitation of cat music. Nay, he even engaged the first cat mimic of the day—Cat Harris by name—and a concert was arranged. Cat Harris, however, did not appear at the

rehearsal, and no one could tell where to find him. At last, some one having given the information that he lived in the Minorities, Foote asked Shuter, another of the "cat" staff, whether he knew the number of the house.

"No," was his reply; "but I might find him out."

Off he started to the court where the feline hero was supposed to reside. Not knowing the house, Shuter stationed himself in the middle of the court, and forthwith commenced a cat solo. A window was soon thrown up, and out popped the head of the veritable Cat Harris, who soon joined the other in an edifying duet.

"Come along," said Shuter; "Mr. Foote is waiting for us; we cannot begin the Cat Opera without you."

Talking of pussy reminds us of an incident in which she played a conspicuous part. At a fashionable musical gathering an amateur tenor was once rendering with exquisite taste a new ballad, and had just reached the tender refrain:

"Me—e—et me once again,
Me—et me once aga—a—ain,"

when of a sudden pussy (who had found her way among the company) made a rush for the door near which the singer stood, and with uplifted tail displayed an eagerness to get out.

"What can the cat want?" said the lady of the house; and as the feline beauty continued its earnest errand, the lady followed it till it stopped short on the area-steps where the cats'-meat man was in the habit of leaving a daily portion of his *viand*. It was an unfortunate occurrence, but there were many young ladies of the company who were inquisitive upon pussy's sudden

departure, and their features too clearly betrayed that the explanation which the hostess offered left no other conclusion in their minds than that pussy had mistaken the tenor's tender refrain for the call of the cats'-meat man.

We believe that Du Maurier has produced this scene in his inimitable style in a number of our friend *Punch*.

452.—*A VALUABLE HINT.*

AMONG the curiosities of music we may fairly rank that peculiar race of humanity who attend musical performances apparently for no other reason than to edify those around them *gratis* with their own skill in humming or whistling through a whole programme. They are really an interesting study: their acquaintance with music appears to be unlimited; their ear by no means defective; their nerve—well, of cast steel, for no angry looks abash them; their “*physique*” admirable, for they show no signs of fatigue at the close of the longest opera or oratorio. Still there must be something wrong about them! Is it that their professional career has been for ever marred by an excess of self-confidence? or is it that the entire disregard of other people's enjoyment which they manifest would have rendered difficult for them success in a profession remarkable for the kind-heartedness of its members and for their dislike to any “selfish beast?” Certain it is that the public have to endure in these persons a nuisance not to be dealt with by police, vestry, board of guardians, or even parliament itself. Go where one will where there is music, these humming-tops are sure to be met. If it be the Covent Garden band that is playing, or Sims Reeves who is singing, our selfish

friend takes no heed. His species is to be met at opera, oratorio, and concert, from the fastidious stalls at the bottom, to the haunts of "the gods" at the top of the house. There is only one course open to the persecuted amateur who finds himself in too close proximity to a specimen of this humming race. We give it in the form of an example, which is proverbially "better than precept." One of this objectionable brotherhood was enjoying a representation of Mozart's *chef-d'œuvre* "*Don Giovanni*," in their usual style, by humming the airs so loudly as to annoy the audience for some distance all round him. At last, the nuisance becoming unbearable, his next-door neighbour cried out :

"What a fool!"

"Are you referring to me?" said the troublesome little man.

"Oh! no, sir," quietly observed the other; "I mean Mario, who prevents my hearing you."

453.—*THE VEXED QUESTION.*

WE all know how much the simple notice "Bonnets allowed," or "Dress regulations not enforced," influences the choice of a seat at a theatre or any such place of entertainment. Some of us possibly could go further and admit that we know what it is to sit through an opera with the consciousness that somebody else wore last night the faultless "swallow-tail" which we are disporting, or that somebody else will, for a consideration, wear it to-morrow night. Some of us perhaps have even borrowed a shilling to storm the nearest hosier's and secure a white tie that we might be admitted to hear the last new singer or opera, for (for obvious reasons) white ties cannot be hired! But, inconvenient as the full-dress

regulations are sometimes, there are very good reasons why they should be enforced, and no sympathy should be given those who attempt to evade them, or to force their way into "dress" seats in defiance of the rules of the house. That neither the grievance nor the attempts to break the rule are new, is amusingly shown by the following anonymous letter, one of the many received by Ebers during his management of the Haymarket opera-house. It seems that admission had been very properly refused to a gentleman who presented himself at the pit-door in a pair of drab pantaloons, etc. He was astonished at such treatment, and wrote to the manager to complain and to justify himself.

"I was dressed," he says, "in a *superfine blue coat WITH GOLD BUTTONS*, a white waistcoat, fashionable tight drab pantaloons, white silk stockings, and dress shoes, ALL worn but once, a few days before, at a dress-concert at the Crown and Anchor Tavern!" After devoting a page or so to the expression of his indignation at the manager's presuming to "enact sumptuary laws without the intervention of the legislature," and a threat of appeal to "a British jury," the epistle continues: "I have mixed too much in genteel society not to know that black breeches or pantaloons, with black silk stockings, is a very prevailing full-dress; and why is it so? because it is convenient and economical, *for you can wear a pair of white silk stockings but once without washing*, AND A PAIR OF BLACK IS FREQUENTLY WORN FOR WEEKS WITHOUT ABLUTION."

There was a P.S. which capped all:

"I have no objection to submit an inspection of my dress of the evening in question to you or any competent person you may appoint."

By-the-bye, if all the anonymous communications which managers receive were as amusing as this one, the nuisance of their constant influx would not so much matter ; but we fear the funny ones are the exception !

454.—*THINGS OF THE PAST.*

HISTORY affords some interesting details of theatrical performances of the past, which even the *laudator temporis acti* must be glad to miss from the curiosities of our present civilization. Thus we read that the amiable Margarita de l'Epine, when she appeared at Drury Lane in 1704, as a rival of Mrs. Tofts, was not only hissed and hooted, but had an orange flung at her by a charitable lady of the audience, who happened to have a predilection for Mrs. Tofts' singing.

Then again, nose-pulling in the pit seems to have been much in fashion ; a correspondent to the "Spectator" dwells upon it in no very flattering terms. He writes :

"A friend of mine, the other night, applauding what a graceful exit Mr. Wilkes made, one of these nose-wringers overhearing him, pulled him by the nose. I was in the pit the other night," he goes on to say, "when it was very crowded. A gentleman leaning upon me, and very heavily, I civilly requested him to move his hand ; for which he pulled me by the nose. I would not resent it in so public a place, because I was unwilling to create a disturbance ; but have since reflected upon it as a thing that is unmanly and disingenuous, renders the nose-puller odious, and makes the person pulled by the nose look little and contemptible. This grievance I humbly request you will endeavour to redress."

In Italy at the same period it was neither the orange-throwing nor yet nose-pulling which constituted the

grievance. It was the unceremonious manner in which the occupants of the boxes treated those in the pit. These gentlemen, being, of course, masters of the situation, and cultivating to a moderate extent a habit more fashionable at present on the other side of the Atlantic, thought nothing of practising the art of accurate expectoration upon those below. We do not find that it was much resented, though the recipients made in return the most "nasty" faces that could be imagined. If by any chance we were mistaken in supposing that these relics of the past are not to be regretted, and if there really are any who would like to see these pleasant customs restored, they may be glad to know that in this last particular they still may be gratified. They have only to take a journey to a certain northern city, to which it is said to be needless to carry coals, and in one, if not both, of the two chief theatres there they may see some very pretty practice in expectorative archery; only in this case the aim is longer: it is no more from the boxes, but from the gallery, that the range is measured. Still, no doubt visitors will find the effect in the pit precisely the same.

455.—*A. WRONG DESTINATION.*

"It was one night during the 1825 season," says Ebers in his very interesting volume, "that I was informed by a watchman of the theatre that some suspicious-looking persons had been haunting the neighbourhood of the theatre, and that he apprehended some mischief. I directed him to procure additional assistance, and if the individuals were again seen, we would apply to the police. They did not make another appearance, but a few nights afterwards an assistant brought me a note,

which, he said, had been placed among some old properties under the stage, by a man whom he had observed stealing about there, with great care to avoid observation. I made no scruple of reading this *billet*, which, indeed, was not sealed. I read it as follows :

“ ‘I think we had better postpone the affair—it would be dangerous ; and in the present state of things suspicion must be kept asleep. Now the *combustion* is agreed on, a day or two will be well sacrificed to insure safety. What a blow up ! How we shall startle the manager !’

“ This letter, coupled with what I had before heard, alarmed me no little ; the words ‘combustion’ and ‘manager’ appeared sufficient to designate the object of the letter ; and, as the danger was to be apprehended from within, I was much disturbed. I showed the letter to one or two friends, and such inquiries were made as were judged prudent. Next day one of the gentlemen to whom I had shown the note came to me, and, after a violent fit of laughter, informed me that he had discovered the plot : that the word I had read ‘combustion’ was ‘conclusion,’ and that the whole letter related to an intended elopement of one of the gentlemen of the orchestra with a figurante, who was kept under strict surveillance by her nearest female relation (*the manager*), with whom she resided.”

456.—A DEAN'S CRITICISM.

It is well known that Dean Swift was not one of those men who “have music in themselves.” The rugged old gentleman always appears in the stories of his times like a perpetually-suspended discord—the resolution of

which, if it ever came, was so faint and uncertain that it never brought with it any feeling of satisfaction. This is no doubt uncomplimentary to the author of "Gulliver;" but he quite deserves it, for he was still less polite towards the musical folk of his day; nor could he ever distinguish much difference betwixt "tweedle dum" and "tweedle dee." The following is a sample of his usual strain, quoted from his "Journal to Stella." It is dated "Windsor, Aug. 6th, 1711. We have a music-meeting in our town to-night. I went to the rehearsal of it, and there was Margarita (de l'Epine, a singer of considerable talent) and her sister, *and another drab, and a parcel of fiddlers.*"

The dean has, however, made a small contribution to the scraps of musical literature—and this is as much as could be expected from so confirmed an enemy. We refer to his celebrated Latin double pun—a lament over a broken fiddle which a lady's train has swept to its destruction: "*Mantua vae miseræ nimium vicina Cremonæ.*" Possibly, however, the dean's professed dislike to, and contempt for, music may have been in some degree affectation. We can scarcely credit politeness with being the cause of his request to Lady Burlington for a song.

"Lady Burlington," said the dean after dinner one day, "I hear you can sing; sing me a song."

The lady, not quite liking this unceremonious address, positively refused.

The dean said she should sing; or he would make her. "Why, madam, I suppose you take me for one of your poor English hedge parsons: sing when I bid you."

As Lord Burlington did nothing but laugh at the

dean's freedom, the lady was so vexed that she burst into tears and retired.

Swift's first compliment when he saw her again was :
" Pray, madam, are you as proud and ill-natured now as when I saw you last ?"

To which she answered with great good humour :
" No, Mr. Dean, I'll sing for you if you please." (Scott's " Life.")

457.—*IN THE DARK AGES.*

THE history of the sacred musical drama during its earliest years throws a curious light upon the religious aspect of those times. Instead of the reverent performance of an oratorio to which we are now accustomed, the occasion was the signal for an outlet of party spite and religious fanaticism. These plays founded upon scriptural subjects—oratorios they might be called—were made the vehicles of opinion, both by Catholics and Protestants, who derided each other's religion at the expense of a coarse and profane dialogue, only exceeded in its grossness by the ludicrous situations in which the most sacred persons and things of Holy Writ were introduced.

Nor were they content with singing the words of a sacred musical composition : the performance seems to have been a kind of combination of the oratorio (in the form in which Bach's Passion-music preserves it) and the drama as exemplified in the Ober-Ammergau Passion-play : the music was illustrated by acting, and in some cases even by dancing upon stages erected in the churches. These religious theatricals afforded a tempting opportunity for the controversialist pens of con-

tending parties, and a few of the titles show us that although the principle of the "liberty of speech" seems to have been freely granted, there existed nothing answering to the censorship of the stage or the guardianship of the Lord Chamberlain.

One work entitled "The Whore of Babylon"—a most *elegant* comedy, it is described—was put to the credit of our King Edward VI. The titles of others were, "Jesus, the True Messiah," a comedy; another "The new German Ass of Balaam;" "The Calvinistical Position;" "The Christian Cavalier of Eisleben," a delectable, spiritual comedy, including the "History of Luther and his two greatest enemies, the Pope and Calvin." Another was called "Abraham and Sarah," "containing the good life of their son Isaac, and the bad conduct of Ishmael, the son of his handmaid, and how they were turned out of the house;" and another was "The Spiritual Comedy of the Soul," in which there were nearly thirty personifications—St. Paul, St. John Chrysostom, two little boys, with a kind of prelude to perform, the announcing angel, who always spoke the prologue in those old mysteries. Other interlocutors were God the Father, Michael the Archangel, a Chorus of Angels, the Human Soul, with her Guardian Angel, Memory, Intellect, Free-will, Faith, Hope, Charity, Reason, Prudence, Temperance, Fortitude, Justice, Mercy, Poverty, Patience, and Humility: to which were added Hatred, Infidelity, Despair, a Chorus of Demons, and—the Devil!!!

458.—CHURCH AND STAGE.

CONSIDERING that it is to the Church that we owe the existence of the stage, it is a pity that there should be

anything like a quarrel between them. The fault lies first of all at the door of the Church. She has been too violent and abusive towards her offspring, whom, to speak figuratively, she turned out of doors. Certainly there was at one time every provocation. Stage people, actors and writers, did and said dreadful things, and unluckily dramatic writers, holding up the mirror to nature, represented too truly some very degenerate sons of Mother Church, who needed as much cleansing in their way as the stage. This widened the breach, and unhappily the clergy, who should have known better, set to work the wrong way to repair it. They scolded instead of soothing, and abused instead of showing the way to improvement.

The scolding did no good either to the authors or actors: the latter especially failing to see why there should be sin in belonging to a profession of which priests and monks formerly kept a monopoly in their own hands. The consequence has been that, thanks to the repellent attitude of strict church people, many members of the dramatic, and we must add the musical, profession (for the two have shared the strictures showered on "mountebanks" and "vagabonds") are now content to be ignored and excluded, and in their turn ignore both church, clergy, and their offices.

The above remarks were suggested by a little incident which lately came under the writer's own observation, and showed him that one of these excluded "vagabonds" might feel as strange in a church as a bishop would in a prompter's box or green-room. It happened to a friend of the writer's that on entering St. Pancras' Church one Sunday morning to hear a well-known divine preach, he found himself in the crowd close to a couple from whose

observations he soon gathered that the lady was not in the habit of attending that or any other church: and this was soon after confirmed by his discovering that the lady was one of the members of the *corps de ballet* at Drury Lane Theatre.

Having with some difficulty obtained entrance to the body of the church, it was evident that well-nigh every seat was full—even in the galleries. The lady of the *corps de ballet* thought likewise, and although doubtless accustomed to a “full house,” gave vent to her feelings by exclaiming to her friend, “Good heavens! *What a house! If it’s all money!*”

The grotesque aspect revealed by the *danseuse’s* simple remark is both startling and amusing, and it recalls poor Albert Smith’s story of the “call”-boy, who on being questioned as to why Joseph’s brethren put him into the pit, innocently replied, “Because his coat wasn’t the right cut for the boxes.”

But we must admit that the graver side of the question spoils the taste of the joke.

459.—GREGORIAN VERSUS ANGLICAN.

THE quarrel between the partisans of “Gregorian” and “Anglican” music is no new one. A very similar battle was fought as long ago as the time of Pope Adrian and Charlemagne.

“The most pious King Charles having returned to celebrate Easter at Rome with the Apostolic Lord, a great quarrel ensued during the festival between the Roman and Gallic singers. The French pretended to sing better and more agreeable than the Italians: the Italians, on the contrary, regarding themselves as more

learned in ecclesiastical music, in which they had been instructed by St. Gregory, accused their competitors of corrupting, disfiguring, and spoiling the new chant. The dispute being brought before our sovereign lord the King, the French, thinking themselves sure of his countenance and support, insulted the Roman singers; who, on their part, emboldened by superior knowledge, and comparing the musical abilities of their great master, St. Gregory, with the ignorance and rusticity of their rivals, treated them as fools and barbarians.

“As their altercation was not likely to come to a speedy issue, the most pious King Charles asked his chanters which they thought to be the purest and best water, that which was drawn from the source at the fountain-head, or that which, after being mixed with turbid and muddy rivulets, was found at a great distance from the original spring?

“They exclaimed unanimously that all water must be most pure at its source: upon which our lord the King said, ‘Mount ye then up to the pure fountain of St. Gregory, whose chant ye have manifestly corrupted.’

“After this our lord the King applied to Pope Adrian for singing-masters to convert the Gallican chant; and the Pope appointed for that purpose Theodore and Benedict, two chanters of great learning and abilities, who had been instructed by St. Gregory himself: he likewise granted to him Antiphonaria, or choral books of that saint, which he had himself written in Roman notes. Our lord the King, on his return to France, sent one of the two singers granted to him by the Pope to Metz, and the other to Soissons; commanding all the singing-masters of his kingdom to correct their antiphonaria, and to conform in all respects to the Roman

manner of performing the Church service. Thus were the French Antiphonaria corrected which had before been vitiated, interpolated, and abridged at the pleasure of every choir-man, and all the chanters of France learned from the Romans that chant which they now call the French chant."

460.—*A PROFITABLE TRADE.*

THE most popular instrument at Athens (in ancient days) was the flute, or more properly the pipes: an arrangement of double reeds blown by one person at the end like the clarionet, not at the side like the modern flute. It is said that Alcibiades patronised the flute, but that happening to catch sight of himself in a mirror while playing, he was so shocked at the distortion of his handsome features, produced by his distended cheeks, that (like Minerva) he abandoned the popular pipes. But, leader of fashion as he was, the Athenian "swells of the period" apparently saw no reason why they should, like him, fly into transports of rage and break the offending instrument to pieces. On the other hand, they continued to favour it to such an extent that a large fortune was realised by the Rudall and Carte of Athens—one Theodorus. Plutarch tells us that this celebrated flute-maker had by his trade acquired sufficient wealth to not only give his children a liberal education, but also to bear one of the heaviest burdens to which an Athenian was liable—namely, that of furnishing a chorus for his tribe at festivals and religious ceremonies.

This chorus consisted of a band of vocal and instrumental performers, besides dancers, who had to be paid, fed, lodged, and dressed during the whole time of the

festival. The expense of this was considerable, but a spirit of emulation among the richer citizens, and the disgrace which an inferior exhibition incurred, rendered an enormous outlay necessary to secure the approval of the Athenian public. But fortune-making with flutes seems to have been comparatively easy work in those days; and we can scarcely wonder that Theodorus made his fortune, if we are to credit all we are told of the prices paid for the instrument, which seem to have been quite as fanciful as those now paid for a Straduarious or Amati fiddle.

According to Lucian, Ismenias, a celebrated Theban musician, gave no less than three talents, or £581, for a flute at Corinth. These flute-players, too, could afford to do this. They were held in high estimation, and lived in splendid and magnificent style. In fact, the more the extravagance, the higher was the flute-player's renown. The skill upon the instrument seems to have been of secondary importance, for, according to Xenophon, if a bad performer on the flute wished to pass for a good one, the way to proceed was to imitate the great performers in all those circumstances extraneous to the art itself. Therefore as the skilled ones spent large sums in costly furniture, and appeared in public with a long retinue of servants, any others who aspired to their popularity had to do the same.

461.—*A SERIES OF MISHAPS.*

ONE of the most singular beings who ever breathed was Mr. Thomas Taylor, the proprietor of the Haymarket Opera-house, which was destroyed by fire in 1789. His whole life, it has been said, was a continued hoax, and not the least remarkable part of his character was his

irrepressible fondness for practical joking. The day appointed for laying the foundation-stone of the new house afforded an occasion for one of his freaks. A week or so previously, a party of old friends and *habitués* had talked him into inviting them to a breakfast to mark the ceremony. On the day before the entertainment, however, Taylor, with the aid of an accomplice, managed to get conveyed to those who had been invited some information to the effect that he intended to practise a joke on his visitors by setting them down to empty dishes, and the informant recommended them to turn the tables on him, by taking each one his provision with him, and then upbraiding the host for his conduct. Every one of the guests took advantage of the advice by taking a supply of food more than adequate to his wants, and were congratulating themselves on covering Taylor with confusion.

The guests arrived, and were shown in, but behold ! on entering the breakfast-room, rejoicing in their own wisdom, they found a most *recherché* feast. An outburst of laughter succeeded this discovery, in which all joined save Taylor, but even he could not preserve his equanimity when the importations of game, potted meats, etc., appeared. The host hurried these off to his own larder, and all sat down in high glee. Breakfast over, under pretence of showing them a valuable picture, Taylor enticed his friends into an adjoining room, where, begging to be excused for a momentary absence, he left them. Mr. Taylor then locked the door softly, and set off to the site of the new theatre. The moment being prolonged into a quarter of an hour, the unconscious prisoners began to wonder, and one tried the door, which, much to the astonishment of all, was locked ! Repeated

ringing of bells, shouting, and knocking ultimately brought up the servant, who loudly protested that he had not the key of the door, but that he would instantly follow Mr. Taylor and procure it. Upon the servant's return the captives were set at liberty, when a sight met their view. A huge placard was staring them in the face announcing "An unparalleled novelty in Natural History. Fourteen fully developed jackals or *lions' providers* to be seen at the house of Mr. Thomas Taylor, all living in one den in perfect amity."

There was more laughter than ever, and somewhat chagrined, the visitors made all haste to the Haymarket, but on their way met Taylor returning from the ceremony, not a little surprised, as he soon assured them, that so contemptible an inducement as a *wild-beast show* should have detained them from the foundation-laying !

462.—THE TEMPLE ORGAN BATTLE.

OF all the people who have from time to time listened to and enjoyed the music from the fine organ in the Temple Church, at which Mr. E. J. Hopkins so ably presides, perhaps only a few, comparatively, are acquainted with the history of its presence there. Towards the reign of Charles II. the authorities of the Temple determined to place in their church as perfect and complete an organ as money would purchase. Organ-building was at the time we are speaking of making great strides towards perfection, so much so that even to the present day no material advance has been made in organ construction. Those were promising days for organ-building. There was plenty of work to be done—for the cathedral services were to be again revived, and not a few builders settled here to get the work. There were Father

Schmidt, as he was called, and Snetzler : then there were Harris, and his son René, better known as Renatus Harris.

Schmidt, or rather Smith, and Harris were the only candidates who agreed to the terms proposed by the Benchers, namely, that each candidate should erect an organ in different parts of the church, and the one which, in the opinion of the judges, was the best, should be retained. In about nine months each had an instrument ready for trial. Smith's organ was the first to be tried, and under the masterly hands of such men as Dr. Blow and Purcell, there seemed no chance whatever for Harris's instrument. Yet this builder had secured the services of Lully, Queen Catherine's organist, and the Frenchman touched the organ in such style that it became difficult to say which was the best instrument of the two. Trial upon trial took place, but with no result. Each builder added new reed-stops, and yet it was hard to say whose were of the best quality. Months and months passed thus, till at last the case was taken out of the hands of musicians, and a lawyer, Lord Chief-Justice Jefferies, was chosen to decide it. He soon ended the controversy in favour of Smith's organ. Not the least interesting part of this competition, however, was the open warfare waged by the friends of each builder—a warfare by which, as the old historian puts it, "they were just not ruined." Pipes were cut and removed, and many other such mischievous and unwarrantable acts were resorted to ; while, during the night preceding the last trial of the reed-stops, the friends of Harris ripped up the bellows of Smith's organ in such a manner that when the time for playing it came no wind could be supplied to the wind-chest.

463.—*A MAGNIFICENT ESTABLISHMENT.*

HERE is a description of Cardinal Wolsey's chapel establishment, the magnificence of which will please those who are in favour of musical services and ornate and advanced ritual :

"First he had there a deane, a great divine and a man of excellent learning ; a sub-dean ; a repeatour of the quire, a gospeller, and epistolor : of singing priests, ten ; a master of the children. The seculars of the chapell, being singing men, twelve ; singing children, ten ; with one servant to waite upon them. In the vestry, a yeoman and two grooms, over and besides other retainers that came thither at principal feasts. And for the furniture of his chapell, it passeth my" (his gentleman-usher, Cavendish) "weak capacity to declare the number of the costly ornaments and rich jewels that were occupied in the same. For I have seen in procession about the hall forty-four rich copes, besides the rich candlesticks, and other necessary ornaments to the furniture of the same."

464.—"*TWO OF A TRADE,*" ETC.

SCIENTIFIC research has proved perhaps conclusively that those natures which are most sympathetic are those which are least alike. This is easily seen by watching intimate friendships ; and possibly the same law (if it is a law) explains why the members of any one profession so often fail in friendliness towards each other, and are blind to merits in their fellow-craftsmen which are as clear as the day to the outside world. And this willing blindness is seen in men in whom we cannot ascribe it to selfish motives. Thus the sarcastic picture which Pope drew of Addison, for instance, could hardly be ascribed

to jealousy, or any similar motive. Cowley was still less charitable towards his *confrère* Chaucer, whom he described as "a dry, old-fashioned wit not worth receiving;" and, "that having read him over at the Earl of Leicester's request, he had no taste for him."

Many, too, will call to mind a story told of Boileau, who, being at the French opera when a work, the libretto of which was by Quinault, was being performed, and being asked by the attendant where he would sit, replied, "Put me somewhere where I shall not hear the words." Nor do poets stand alone with such sentiments. It would be easy to name plenty of examples among painters; and as to musicians, we find Handel declaring boldly that he was totally insensible to the excellencies of Purcell's music, the beauty of which is known to all students. Mendelssohn despised men like Auber and Meyerbeer. Beethoven (till he lay on his death-bed) could not appreciate Schubert. How many gifted contemporaries execrated Rossini! How many good musicians of one school abominate the name of Verdi, and of another who cannot see the faintest spark of merit in Wagner! It is just the same with singers. Every German hates the Italian method, and the Frenchman ridicules both—

"As snob hates snob and every cur his brother,
So cordially do singers hate each other."

It certainly seems that "two of a trade" must "agree" to differ till the end of time.

465.—CHORISTERS' JOYS.

CHORISTER-BOYS have certain pleasures attached to their apparently monotonous duties, and nineteen out of every

twenty are agreed as to one of the greatest enjoyments incidental to their calling, which is, the breakfasts, dinners—"feeds" as they are termed—and other special rewards, which particular festivals bring with them. Choristers of four hundred years ago seemed to have entertained very similar sentiments, for the household records of great families abound in such items as the following:

"*Item*—My lorde vseth to gyf yerely when is lordship is at home, in reward to them of his lordship chapel, that doith playe uppon Shroftewsdays at night xs." In those days, too, dramatic mysteries were performed, and the *douceur* then was "xxs to all who playe in the Nativity at Chrestinmas, or in the Resurrection uppon Esturday." The boys in those days were consoled with such sums as "vjs vjjj^d for occasionally singing in the *responde* called *Exaudivi* at the Matyrstyme, for xj thousand Vergyns uppon Alhallow-Day, and Gloria in Excelsis uppon Crestenmas-Day in the mornynge."

We may wonder whether anything like "vjs vjjj^d" is presented to the choristers of a certain college in Oxford who have to climb to the top of a high tower and sing carols at daybreak every May-day morning!



466.—"IN THE BEGINNING."

IF ever there was a subject wrapped in mystery it is the birth of music, which, after years and years of discussion by men great and small, remains as much a secret as it ever was. The attempts at elucidation have all failed; but little light has been thrown on the subject: while certainly no precise date has been obtained for the origin of this ancient and very beautiful art; and this, not because innumerable theories, pretty and plausible, have not been hazarded. Here is one of

the most ostensible, and certainly one of the most pleasing, theories of the origin of the most ancient instrument of music, attributed to the invention of Apollodorus, the famous Athenian and grammarian :

"The Nile having overflowed its banks at the periodical period for the rise of that wonderful river, on its subsidence to its usual level several dead animals were left on the shores, and amongst the rest a tortoise, the flesh of which being dried and wasted in the sun, nothing remained within the shell but nerves and cartilages, which, being tightened and contracted by the heat, became sonorous. Mercury, walking along the banks of the river, happened to strike his foot against the shell, and was so pleased with the sound produced, that the idea of the lyre suggested itself to his imagination. The first instrument he constructed was in the form of a tortoise, and was strung with the sinews of dried animals."

All this is very pretty, but many will be disposed to call it fiction. "Distance lends enchantment" to many things, and as the stories of Romulus and Remus and the wolf, of Arthur and the Round Table, are far prettier than the more prosaic records of the founding of Rome or the age of chivalry would be, so is it with the invention of music. One thing with respect to the origin of music, however, is certain. The further we proceed in tracing its discovery, the deeper we become involved in a maze of untruths and fancies, and the further we seem to wander from the realm of Truth.

467.—ON HEARING MUSIC.

How many folks are there who are musical simply for fashion's sake, and who pretend to be affected by music when in reality they are as deaf as mummies to "the

voice of the charmer." To such a class Napoleon I. seems to have belonged, judging from many of his actions and all his criticism. Some may, and some may not know, that when Cherubini's one act "*Pimmalion*" was first produced, it was put on the stage as an anonymous opera, in accordance with a suggestion from a few of its composer's friends, who wished if possible to cure Napoleon's aversion towards Cherubini. The music pleased the warrior, in fact "at the grand scena in the work, Napoleon," we are told, "was affected to tears." This is a very high pitch for the emotional thermometer to reach with no other agency than music, and it betokens so artistic an organisation that we might have commended the consul had he stopped here. But, alas! he eagerly inquired whose music he had been hearing, and on learning that Cherubini had composed it, he made no remark, but his features plainly betrayed that its beauty had made no real impression whatever.

On finding Cherubini's name associated with it, it sank much lower in the soldier's estimation. No one will praise Napoleon for such elastic emotion as this, which it is to be feared is too much in vogue nowadays. Every one talks of musical scores, of this and that performance, of the effects of the music upon their emotions, and such like, when in reality but very few have their hearts in the music which they have heard performed. With nine out of every ten persons the music of a Beethoven symphony goes in at one ear and out at the other, making no greater impression than is caused by the gentle "purfling" of a midsummer night's breeze. This is not hearing music. There is a veil as it were yet to be lifted and passed; and until the listener has reached the inner

sanctuary of Art's temple he cannot hear or understand aright the voice of those ministering therein. The art of hearing music is a study, and requires as much application and industry as is needed to master any other serious work: a study of the score that is to be performed, a knowledge of the man who wrote it, his characteristics, surroundings, and of the period that he lived; an acquaintance, if ever so slight, with such points as these will enable the listener to enter more heartily and intelligently into the performance. Thus fortified, and with the mind thoroughly intent for the time being upon the one object, the listener is in a sense face to face with the composer, whoever he may happen to be, and has some right to express an opinion on what he or she may have heard.

On the other hand, to go to a concert and allow the music to pass away with no more advantage than mere ear-tickling, is to the writer's mind a proceeding as sensible and profitable as that of drenching sewers with one's choicest old port!

468.—*A NOTABLE CURE.*

THE power of music has been a theme for poets and philosophers in all times and places, but few of these have enlightened the world much, if at all, concerning its properties as a medical agency. Yet music is known to have contributed to some wonderful results in the sick-room, if the many accounts of the same may be trusted. On the best authority, we have the case of King Saul, whose moody madness was dispelled by David, the shepherd-boy, so "cunning upon the harp;" while, to come to more recent times, a case once came under the writer's notice where, perhaps, the finest harmonium-player of to-

day was summoned (as a last resource) to play at the bedside of a rich musical enthusiast on the brink of eternity. The musician went, and with but a curtain between himself and the dying man he began to play. An improvement following, the musical treatment was continued, and eventually the patient recovered, avowing that he owed his life to the course adopted!

There is also on record the case of a woman who was once prevented from starving herself to death by the intervention of Music. For many months the person in question had been laid up with an illness which threw her into such a desponding state that she conceived the notion of starving herself to death. She was, however, prevailed upon to see a representation of a musical piece entitled the *Serva Padrona*. At its conclusion she found herself much better, and, renouncing her melancholy resolution, was entirely restored to health and vigour by one or two more representations of the same composition!

469.—HOW TO GAIN AN AUDIENCE!

MUSIC is no new thing among royal personages, for ages ago (A.D. 63) the Roman Emperor Nero, more famous for his atrocities than for his artistic qualities, was thrusting himself upon the world of Greece, not only as a singer, but as an instrumentalist. His *modus operandi* was curious. He used to march through the towns, challenging as he went all the best singers or instrumentalists that were to be found, from whom (by using artifice or force with the judges) he never failed to wrest the palm for superiority. At home he was equally peremptory. Suetonius relates that it was his wont to assemble the whole population of Rome, senators and knights included, to hear him play upon the cithara and sing; nor would

he permit his audience to go until he had completely tired himself. We are told that he frequently detained his listeners, not only the whole day, but the night also; while, to ensure good attention from the audience, Nero used to set spies among the company to watch their behaviour, and woe betide those who showed signs of disapprobation or impatience; they enjoyed few other opportunities of hearing their Emperor perform.

470.—*MUSIC AND WAR.*

It is strange that music—one of the most peaceful of the arts—should take a conspicuous part in war. Yet so it is. Music is an essential to war; and an army would as soon think of leaving its gunpowder as its music at home. It is undeniable that music has had an influence on the wars of the world which can only be accounted for by a study of the various ways in which men are affected singly and in masses by anything which appeals to their emotions, music in particular. To the ordinary listener there is something of the ludicrous combined with the hideous in the strains of a volunteer drum and fife band, but yet this is sufficient to tickle irresistibly the coolest of patriots. To the musician, the sight of a bagpipe is an appalling spectacle, and the notion of a bagpipe band suggests thoughts of prompt suicide; yet the bagpipes, when played by some Highland regiments, contrive to impart, even to the musician, a sort of eccentric intoxication, which is not easily thrown off. Many will recollect the account of the magical effect produced by the sound of “The Campbells are coming” in the far distance, heard at first only by the sharp ear of a Highland girl, during the siege of Lucknow; and this is but one of many such stories that might be told. If such

unmelodious and imperfect weapons as bagpipes can exercise this strange power, there is little wonder that the magnificent regimental bands of the south should act like a spell on the hearers. The chroniclers of the Franco-German war could, no doubt, tell many anecdotes of the power of "*Partant pour la Syrie*," the "*Marseillaise*," and the "*Wacht am Rhein*," and these compositions must, we imagine, yield precedence to our own "God save the Queen," or to "The girl I left behind me." But neither bagpipes nor brass bands can claim a monopoly of this power, and whether the subjection to it be a vice or a virtue, we moderns have not yet equalled the ancients, for no music of our inventing has surpassed the recorded feats which the Spartan poet Tyrtaeus is recorded to have achieved with his country's soldiers. He, we are told, "first rehearsed his verses, and afterwards having caused them to be sung with flutes, well tuned together, he so stirred and inflamed the courage of the soldiers thereby, that whereas they had before been overcome in divers conflicts, being then transported with the fury of the Muses, they became conquerors, and cut in pieces the whole army of the Messinians."

471.—A NEW LAUNDRY.

SOAP and water are perhaps the last things which we English are wont to associate with our German brethren. Tobacco, beer, spectacles, china pipes, square-toed boots, peaked caps, dirty collars, woollen comforters, ill-fitting clothes of olive-green cloth and suspended discords, are much more in harmony with the Englishman's mental picture of a Rhinelander. But with all our insular prejudices, we are still open to conviction, and are quite ready for a reform in our notions from that society known as the

“International.” Perhaps, indeed, it is to its suggestion that we owe the title of the “Beethoven Laundry,” instituted a short time ago in Kilburn. The connection of ideas, however, is not clearly apparent. True, Beethoven was fond of water—nay, he delighted in it. He used to resort to cold-water ablutions for inspirations, and would pour jug after jug of water over his head, hands, and arms; but apart from this, the writer is not aware of the composer’s having particularly associated himself with the element. (Now with Handel it was different. He wrote the Water Music which has grown so popular.)

Of course some cavilling critic will tell us that the Beethoven Laundry took its name from Beethoven Street, in which it is situated, adding that most of our great streets and squares are named after celebrated men: and that Beethoven Street, Mozart Square, Haydn Gardens, Purcell Terrace, Blow Lane, and Handel Yard would be less ludicrous than the Dick Turpin’s Passage, Hot-water Court, Turnagain Lane, Vinegar Yard, or even Threadneedle Street, which we now possess. True: but, after all, on artistic grounds we object to the title of the new laundry; it will not do; in fact, if it were not slang, and did not look dangerously like libel, we might say most emphatically that the “Beethoven Laundry *will not wash!*”

472.—A KING RULING IN “THE PIT.”

IN the face of the proceeding of some of the conductors, arrangers, vocalists, organists, and others who have the handling and interpreting of musical works in modern days, one cannot help regretting at times that there is not some king or prince who will act as a sort of Lord

Chamberlain from an artistic point of view, for the purpose of protecting us from the distorted and adulterated versions of even well-known works which meet our eyes and ears. Such a protectionist would find much to do, and if he looked well after his duties he might save us from having some such novelties as the following thrust before us: Handel's "Messiah," with accompaniments, by the latest *signor* from Italy; Spohr's "Power of Sound" symphony, with a real baby (perhaps the "Woolwich Infant"); a Beethoven *adagio*, with cadenzas *ad libitum*, by any one who likes to write them; the "Choral Symphony" arranged for the pianoforte; and a host of similar monstrosities. For his mode of procedure in some of his duties our new functionary might take a leaf out of Frederick II.'s book. This royal amateur "always stationed himself in the pit, standing behind the conductor, so as to have a view of the score. In this position he himself assumed the office of conductor, drilling his musical troops with the strictness of a military martinet. If any mistake was committed on the stage or in the orchestra, he marked the offender and rebuked him on the spot; and if any of the singers ventured to alter a single passage in his part, he was ordered, at his peril, to adhere strictly to the notes written by the composer."

Perhaps, however, we are moving in the right direction. We hear less of those once familiar tortures, "Twenty minutes with musical giants," and the best compositions of the said giants being served up in a mild *réchauffé*—the accidentals reduced to a minimum and the hard bits cut out; adapted for the pianoforte, with *ad lib.* accompaniments for the harp, the German flute, and the violoncello!

Happily the musical giants have been too much for

their antagonists, and twenty minutes have sufficed to overcome them !

473.—*MUSIC AND PROGRESS.*

WITHOUT presuming to decide between the rival claims of Art and Science, it is nevertheless beyond doubt that a pursuit which acts most beneficially upon a country's peace and rest, is an art—that of music—which enjoys, as no other art or science does, the power of awakening within humanity those emotions which are the very opposite in their character and tendencies to those inspired by many, if not all, of the sciences. Not forgetting, then, Lorenzo's advice :

“The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils :

Let no such man be trusted,”

we may well believe that a nation whose ruling power gives due attention and prominence to the arts, will gain in moral qualities, purity of thought and refinement of feeling, an advantage, and a source of strength, which nothing else can supply. Happily we in England are now enjoying an era when art, artists, and art-students are words on every tongue ; while, with Lord Granville advocating the National Training School for Music, there is every prospect of a continuance of the *régime*. English royalty has always been favourably disposed towards art—especially to music. Henry VIII. for instance could “sing at sight, and play the organ, harpsichord, and lute. He had a knack of weaving words into verse, and of marrying them to music of his own. Amidst a thousand cares of state, he set two services for the Royal Chapel which

are still extant." Gunstonian, a judge of music, says, "He was extremely skilled in musical art;" and Saquidino, himself a player on the virginals and organ, wrote, after hearing him play and sing, that in these exercises "He acquitted himself divinely!" Elizabeth, too, inherited her father's talent on the piano of the period, if we may judge from the pieces in her virginal-book, while allusion has elsewhere been made to royal performers of our own day.

But, to turn from our own country. Duke Max of Bavaria—the father of the Empress of Austria—it is well known, was an exceedingly finished performer upon the lute, and like many other amateurs, was very fond of the praise of an audience, though he cared but little for its money. Once his vanity was gratified in the following curious way. Being at Kissingen, the duke and one of his intimate attendants, who could also play the lute, strolled out to enjoy the early morning air. Each had taken his instrument with him, intending to turn to it when they became tired with walking. They soon seated themselves in a convenient spot, and commenced a most enchanting duet. The fresh breeze gave wings to the music, and their solitude had been very short-lived before a lady and gentleman stepped up to the performers. Gradually the audience increased as the visitors at the Spa came out, till at last the performers could hardly breathe, so great was the crowd around them. They then prepared to go, whereupon the audience, supposing them to be mere itinerant artists, threw them some very handsome marks of their satisfaction. At last the spell was broken. A *major-domo* of the place came up and informed the bystanders who the musicians were. Seeing that he was recognised, the duke heartily thanked his

audience for its attention and liberality. He then retired, yet not till he had given the magistrate his first public earnings, in addition to a handsome *douceur* from himself, to be distributed among the poor of the town which had contributed so greatly to his own pleasure.

474.—*RARE HONESTY.*

NEVER put new wine into old bottles is advice which we have on the highest authority; and this may be applied to organs. A "restored" organ is a very dreadful acquisition. Organs do *not*, beyond a certain point, improve with age, and when an instrument is so far gone that much renovation is necessary, the best thing to do is to pull it down and have a new instrument put up in its place. Do not, however, with the view to economy, suggest any using up of old material. It is very seldom that a row of reeds, or of any other pipes in an old organ, will blend well with those of new voicing, even supposing the row to be perfect throughout. Clergymen, therefore (for it is mostly these gentlemen who delight in this erroneous idea), will do well to be more careful to get new work for their money. The organ-builder may be safely trusted to use up as much of the old material as may be convertible, without any promptings from his customer. At one time organ-building was a labour of love. Things have now changed. Organ-builders cannot afford to build organs as works of art, or of love; and there are now few men like the honest Swiss, Snetzler, who being applied to by some parish officers to examine the organ in their church, reported as follows:

"Jontlemen, your organ be vort vun hundred pound

just now. Vell, I vill spend vun hundred pounds upon it, and den it shall be vort only fifty."

475.—*A DELIGHTED CRITIC.*

NOWADAYS we so seldom read an unfavourable criticism of any musical performance, that our critics must find themselves often "in a corner" for novelties in laudatory language. The rhapsodies of daily papers get wearisome in their "linked sweetness long drawn out." Perhaps the following specimen of criticism, two centuries old, may have all the charm of novelty in style, and suggest a few fresh flowers of speech to the easily-charmed critics of to-day. Pepys, the diplomatist, artist, critic, and diarist, in referring to a performance of "The Virgin Martyr," a tragedy by Massinger, which he saw at the King's Theatre, having disposed of the acting, proceeds to say of the music:

"But that which did please me beyond anything in the whole world, was the wind-musique when the angel comes down; which is so sweet that it ravished me, and indeed, in a word, did wrap up my soul so that it made me really sick, just as I have formerly been when in love with my wife; that neither then, nor all the evening going home, and at home, I was able to think of anything, but remained all night transported, so as I could not believe that ever any music hath that real command over the soul of a man as this did upon me; and makes me resolve to practise wind-musique, and to make my wife do the like."

476.—*A TERRIBLE INVERSION.*

MANY things—music among others—will bear the process of inversion, but love will not. Not even in France,

where "they manage things better than we do here," and where the age of Romance is not yet gone by, will it work, as was proved by a *contretemps* that took place in Parisian circles a season or two ago. A certain marquis, well known in high life, had been for some time engaged to a celebrated actress. One day the actress received an intimation that for family reasons the engagement must be broken off. This was decided upon; but shortly afterwards the old love heard of the mysterious person, usually spoken of as "another," to whom the marquis was shortly to be wedded. To all appearances the first love behaved admirably, made no fuss, and kept quiet. The wedding ceremony proceeded as smoothly as could be wished; and the newly-married couple were just leaving the church when the organ, instead of pealing out the joyful tones of the "Wedding March," started an ill-omened and mournful "*Dies Iræ*." The consternation was intense. The bride fainted, and altogether there was a terrible ending to the little drama. The organist, it appears, had been well bribed by the actress to make this slight variation in the programme, and seeing how well the little scheme succeeded, it will be of no use any longer to taunt women with the charge that "they can't keep a secret, nor let any one else do so."

We, however, hope that there is no fear of this sort of thing being "adapted from the French" by our disappointed ones on this side of "the ditch!"

477.—A QUESTION FOR THE TIMES.

FROM one year's end to the other there are probably some tons weight of music contributed to the world's great *repertoire*. Whence comes all this? Well, the truth is, something like three-fourths of it comes from the piano-

forte, and the remainder is the outpourings of a few really musical minds. The sad fact must be admitted that the largest part of this mass of new music is the concoction of ingenious beings, who, with the help of a pianoforte, a slight smattering of harmony and thorough bass, and a good memory for the works of others, palm themselves off upon the public as Composers, when they really have no more right to the title than a sweep has to the crown jewels. How many of the composers of the present day can "think musically," as old Bach used to say? How many could compose even a simple ballad without the aid of a pianoforte? The imposition has long been practised, and that as successfully as it is nowadays. As an example, Michael Kelly's name may be cited. He was an excellent compiler, but could no more compose than the pen which writes this can talk. Nor did Kelly, to his honour, keep this a secret, but openly confessed that he used to find the airs from the piano, while an old Italian theorist filled in the harmonies, and otherwise made his scores presentable. Dr. Attwood used to declare that Kelly, after he had *composed* several operas, called on him, and inquired of him how long it would take to learn harmony and thorough bass! With such facts as these before us, we may cease to wonder at what becomes of the tons of music annually manufactured.

478.—A STRANGE RECOVERY.

IN the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1803, is the following truly strange account of a recovery of the voice by means of sound or, more properly speaking, a musical note :

"In the beginning of December, 1801, Elizabeth Sellers, a scholar in the Girls' Charity School at Shef-

field, aged thirteen, lost her voice: so that she was unable to express herself on any occasion otherwise than by a whisper. She, however, enjoyed very good health, and went through several employments of the school, such as knitting, sewing, spinning on the high and low wheel, etc., without any indulgence. Read audibly she could not, and her infirmity resisted without intermission all medical assistance, till, in the evening of March, 1803, she, hearing some of her school-fellows singing a hymn in which she wished to join, went up to one, Sarah Milner, and whisperingly begged that she would shout down her throat. Milner, at first, was shocked at the proposal, and refused to comply with her request. But at length, through her repeated solicitations, she consented, and shouted down her throat with all her might, upon which Sellers immediately gained her voice, and, to the astonishment of the whole school, wept and sung, as if she had been almost in a state of mental derangement, and has continued in possession of her voice ever since."

479.—*A MEMORABLE SECESSION!*

PROBABLY every schoolboy knows that London boasts at present of two opera-houses—"rival establishments" as they are termed; one under the control of Mr. Gye, the other directed by Mr. Mapleson. Things were not always so. In 1846 there was but one house, with Mr. Lumley at its head. That year, however, witnessed the memorable separation, when all save Lablache, the faithful and true, forsook their leader and fled to—another house. The wily Lumley had foreseen the rupture, and anticipated it so far as to provide himself with two of the most indispensable things—a conductor in the place of Costa, and a rival attraction to Grisi in

his list of singers. How quietly this was done appears from the following narrative :

One morning, after a rehearsal of his "*Étoile de Séville*," Balfe was standing at the stage-door of the Grand Opera-house of Paris when his attention was arrested by a mysterious stranger muffled up to his eyes in a travelling-cloak.

The individual approached Balfe, and said to him : "Just walk up the Boulevard with me, and I will tell you my business."

Balfe did as he was desired, and the stranger, without further mystery, began.

"I am Mr. Lumley's secretary," said he, "and I have his authority to tell you to come to London at once."

"But for what?" said Balfe.

M. Bellinaye (for that was the stranger's name) could not tell, but was sure it would be to Balfe's advantage to do so.

The favourite of fortune obeyed the summons. Obtaining a leave of absence from his Paris post, he hurried to London, and had been there but two hours before he had signed an agreement to undertake the conductorship of the band at Her Majesty's. So Costa was displaced, and nobody—save Lumley, perhaps—thought that so many would go with him—that Grisi, Mario, Tamburini, as well as the chorus and orchestra, would take flight with their *chef*.

Balfe was astounded when he heard the news, and straightway hastened to tell Lumley all that had happened.

Lumley's tact was charming. "Oh ! yes," said he, "I know all about it, and care for it—just one fig. I

have secured Jenny Lind, who will draw all London to hear her."

Lumley was right. At this juncture that system of depending upon the attractions of "a star" to the prejudice of the rest of the *ensemble*, towards which managers have such a persistent leaning nowadays, stood Lumley in good stead at one of the most perilous crises in operatic history.

So came our two rival opera establishments—both of them very good in their way, but also very Conservative.

480.—*THE TWO-LEGGED CAT AGAIN.*

WHILE George III. was king, there was residing in this country one Baumgarten, who derived a very respectable living from the instruction he used to impart to the nobility, and even royalty, in counterpoint and thorough-bass. This art, of which, by-the-bye, he had an immense knowledge, he acquired in Germany at the feet of one Kunzen. The relations between master and scholar were not of the happiest kind, for Herr Kunzen was as severe in his temper as he was in his theory. Neither, too, did he spare his charge from performing the most menial offices, in addition to the pursuit of his art.

Thus, having occasion one evening to send his servant out, and having little inclination to be without his usual hot supper, Kunzen ordered young Baumgarten to put the already-prepared partridge down to the fire at a given hour, and to keep watching and turning it till he returned. The table being already laid, even to a decanter of his best Moselle, the master went out in peace—yet not without taking the precaution to warn the boy from touching the decanter which contained poison! With all his best thoughts uppermost, the little scholar and slave

trudged his way to the kitchen to watch the clock lest the hand should pass the hour when the bird was to be put down to roast. At last the time came round—the bird was roasted carefully and well, yet no master returned.

“What a pity,” the boy muttered to himself, “that it should spoil, when I am so hungry.”

Still the master remained absent, and the little cook’s thoughts for the bird’s welfare increased tenfold. (Possibly his hunger and the tempting odour had something to do with this.) But oh! here is an accident—a leg has dropped off in turning it—he must eat it, or his master will scold him. He did so, and as the bird looked unequal, he took the other and ate that. How delicious! how delicious! and in a few minutes more the whole bird was devoured, under the impression that his master would not return that night.

Reflection as usual came too late, and the little fellow was soon in tears at the thought of his master’s anger. In despair he sought to kill himself, and to that end drank off the whole of the poison in the decanter. No sooner had he done this than there came a loud knock at the door; and though the boy lost little time in replying thereto, he was greeted with the question:

“Why didn’t you come sooner?” which the boy in his fright met with: “The cat ate it, sir!”

Pushing by, and muttering something to himself about dreaming, the master found his way to the kitchen, where, instead of a partridge, a plate of small bones met his view.

In a towering rage he turned upon young Baumgarten in the rear, and was soon thrashing him soundly with his stick amid the poor boy’s cries of “Oh, sir, pray don’t

beat me. I shall soon die, for I've drunk all the poison through being so wicked!"

481.—*MUSIC AND MADNESS.*

By some unaccountable means insanity and the art of music have become associated, though we are totally unable to perceive the grounds upon which this belief has grown so popular. True, Schumann went mad, but would it not be possible to find the same percentage of lunacy among the great painters, poets, writers, or diplomatists, as the example given affords for music and musicians? Some clue to the mystery may perhaps be gained by admitting that musicians as a body are sensitive men, a fact which supplies the only basis for the common report that a musician is more or less a madman.

But why should musicians bear all the brunt? Are not all men at times equally as "touchy," and therefore equally as mad? Touch them on their sorest points, and watch the results. The miser and money-grubber is as nervous in respect to his pockets as a musician is to an ill-resolved discord. Because one man is deaf to the money-market or politics, but very acute in matters of modulations and discords in music, why should he be credited as crazy any more than he whose very existence and happiness depend upon politics and the funds, but who is as deaf as an adder to the characteristics and resolutions of a "diminished seventh," or an "augmented sixth"?

Readers of this will probably remember "Babil and Bijou," produced at Covent Garden two years ago. In this magnificent spectacle occurred a song entitled "Spring, spring, beautiful spring," composed by M. Rivière, which immediately blazed into such popularity

that the streets of London resounded with its echoes from street organs, pianofortes, brass bands, Christy Minstrels, whistling errand-boys, and a host of other native talent and noise-making machines in the metropolis. In connection with this *morceau* an incident occurred with such an unmistakable taint of lunacy about it that it is worth mentioning here.

One February morning in 1874, M. Rivière was obliged to put in an appearance at the Westminster Police Court to answer to the charge of a lady for having abstracted the said song, "Spring, spring," from her boxes, and with having published it under his own name. Of course, when the affair came to be sifted the truth came out, and M. Rivière was proved to be the composer, and the lady was proved to be—cracked! No doubt she had shared in popularising the song, and (being "out of her mind, but not dangerous," as was stated) she ultimately became so acquainted with it as to believe it to be her property.

482.—TITLED NOBLENES.

VIOTTI, the celebrated violinist and leader of the opera-orchestra in 1796, was on friendly terms with several noted French republicans, then refugees in London. Among these were Lamett, who had been President of the National Assembly; Dupont, and last, not least, the Duke d'Aguillon, who notwithstanding his revolutionary doctrines had been one of the twelve peers of France, was very rich, and a great patron of the arts. He had also been a pupil of Viotti's. But in London he had fallen into poverty; and it may be from this, and partly from his opinions, that he was received nowhere in London. He avowed himself too proud to beg or borrow from mortal, not being able to forget that he was Duke d'Aguillon;

yet he confessed to Michael Kelly (who tells the story) that he was nearly reduced to his last shilling.

“Now, my good friend,” said he to Kelly, “the favour that I am about to ask is that *sub rosâ* you will get me music to copy for your theatres upon the same terms as you would give to any common copyist. By doing so you will enable me to possess the high gratification of earning my morsel by the work of my hands.”

“The next day,” says Kelly, “I found plenty for him. He rose by daylight to accomplish his task—was at work all day, and at night full-dressed at the opera-house Strange to say, his spirits never drooped An order came from the Alien Office, and the duke went to Ham-
burgh. He was there condemned to be shot. They told me that he died like a hero.”

483.—AN UNACCOUNTABLE MARRIAGE.

WEISS, in his charming song “The Village Blacksmith,” has pleasantly familiarised us with one of the prettiest scenes of rural life. Happily, too, the poet has treated us to a sensible ballad, and one devoid of any flattering allusion to that very unmusical instrument, the anvil, or its accessories, the hammers, which by some means have become so associated with music. We have walked in town and country places, but have never been detained by a single note from the Vulcanian anvil; and despite Handel with his “Harmonious Blacksmith,” and the story that the piece bearing this title owes its origin to the combined efforts of a son of Vulcan and his iron block, the writer has never experienced musical enjoyment in the noise and din of a forge! It can only be concluded that both the hammers and anvils of antiquity must have been of a construction very different

from those of the present day, to have produced the musical tones and concords attributed to them by the ancients—especially the Greeks. Pythagoras, for instance, has prominently associated his name with the forge and its appurtenances. The old writers and commentators say of him “that as he was one day meditating on the want of some rule to guide the ear, analogous to what had been used to help the other senses, he chanced to pass by a blacksmith’s shop, and observing that the hammers, which were four in number, sounded very harmoniously, he had them weighed, and found them to be in the proportion of six, eight, nine, and twelve. Upon this he suspended four strings of equal length and thickness, etc., fastened weights in the above-mentioned proportions to each of them respectively, and found that they gave the same sounds that the hammers had done; viz., the fourth, fifth, and octave to the gravest tone.”

All this sounds very pretty—prettier perhaps than the music given forth by the iron weights. Unfortunately, however, for the fame of Pythagoras, modern science and research have proved that he was more or less “at sea” in his calculations.

484.—*SUFFICIENT GROUNDS FOR A SHAKE.*

At a charitable concert once given in the sister isle, one of the fathers of the place was much shocked at a long shake made by one of the chorister-boys in the passage, “and they were sore afraid,” in the “Messiah.” The priest straightway found the choir-master, and remonstrated with him on the propriety of the ornament to such words. “Faith, and is it in regard to the shake you’ll be spaking, sir?” inquired the master. “Sure and if ye were sore afraid yourself, would not ye be shaking?”

Ay, I'll be bound that you would, and shaking in your shoes too ! Plase to leave me and my pupil alone : many a one will be coming to-morrow twenty and thirty miles, every inch of it, to hear the boy sing, that would not step out twenty yards to hear you prache."

485.—*MISTAKEN OCCUPATIONS.*

A REALLY great step has been made in life when that sphere is discovered which in all respects is the one most fitted to the qualifications and characteristics of every individual. Lives out of number dwindle away without ever awakening to such a discovery, and much the same sort of law seems to govern that faculty which each one possesses in some degree, and which is termed "genius." In all of us it is more or less dormant, and as uncertain in its budding as is the course of a bird in its flight, until some accident or circumstance occurs to rouse us from our latent state, and to show us our most fitting sphere of work. All have not the qualifications for any one office. There are diversities of gifts, and various directions for the use thereof. All this applies to music and musicians. Workers in this art have to find that work most suited to their individual capacities ; and the sooner they do so, the better ; otherwise they may wander on, and in the end find themselves no better off than a certain French singer with a tremendous voice, but who could not decide that line of art for which he was best fitted. One day, however, he mentioned this to Cherubini, who begged him to sing. He opened his mouth, and the foundations well-nigh trembled with his bellowing.

"What shall I become?" said he, when he had finished.

"An auctioneer," said Cherubini.

486.—*ECCENTRIC ROYALTY.*

A GREAT deal besides divinity doth "hedge" kings and queens. History and gossip combine to show that an air of eccentricity, not to say madness, is by no means a rare characteristic of royalty. Queen Christiana of Sweden was one of these abnormal crowned heads more fitted to be ruled by, than to rule, the state. She was peculiar in every way, but especially in her night costume and in matters connected with her sleeping apartments. Thus, instead of arranging her head and hair in a pretty lace night-cap, she used to bandage up her jaws in a funereal fashion. Added to this, she had a peculiar partiality for bands of music in her bedroom, which she could listen to from behind her closed bed-curtains. On one occasion she had the opera orchestra, when a most amusing incident occurred. The performance had not long commenced before she was in ecstasies with the voice of one of the singers. Much to their alarm, she popped her eccentrically-arrayed head out of the curtains, exclaiming, "*Mon Dieu ! mon Dieu !* how well he sings !" So unexpected and so hideous was the apparition that the singers thought they had seen a spectre. It was some time before any of them could speak ; when they did so, it was resolved to get through the programme, and out of the chamber, as fast as possible !

487.—*A DELICATE ORGAN.*

THE ancients were without doubt very proficient in music. All accounts of them say so, and some of these must be correct. It is not our intention to say anything at present concerning this proficiency in the art, but rather to give

an example of the measures adopted by which these satisfactory results were brought about.

Nero is known to all students of musical history as an enthusiast in the art, although his motives were anything but commendable. Of this applause-loving Emperor Suetonius says that to preserve his voice he used to lie flat upon his back with a thin plate of lead upon his stomach ; moreover, he used to take many voice-preservatives. He would eat no fruits nor meats that were thought to be prejudicial to the voice ; nor when he took seriously to the art—this was in A.D. 63—would he drill his soldiers by word of mouth, as he had formerly done. This was not all the precaution that was taken. He instituted an officer about his person whose duties consisted in taking charge of his imperial master's voice. The Emperor would never speak but with the permission of this voice-governor, who used to admonish his master when he spoke too loudly or strained his voice ; and if the Emperor did not desist from speaking after such protestations the voice-watcher used to stuff a cloth into the royal mouth.

This latter recourse, it need hardly be said, generally had the desired effect.

488.—*A MODEL MAGISTRATE.*

SIR JOHN HAWKINS, as the historian of music, needs no praise in such a book as this ; but the following personal trait is not without interest. Sir John, be it known, served his country (as well as its music) as Chairman of the Quarter Sessions for the district of Twickenham ; in connection with which office a story is told, which we copy :

“ When Mr. Hawkins first began to act as a magistrate, having a handsome independent fortune, he determined to take no fees whatever ; but finding this practice

operate rather as an encouragement to the litigious spirits of his neighbourhood, who, while they could get law for nothing, were not slow in seeking, or particular as for what trifle they sought, the gratuitous warrant, he altered his mode and claimed his due fees; but he kept them in a different purse, and at the end of each summer, before he quitted Twickenham to spend the winter in town, delivered its accumulations to the clergyman of the parish, to distribute at his discretion among the poor."

489.—*A NECESSARY EVIL.*

ENGLAND is pre-eminently a country of institutions, and one of the most important of these is its Church, in which and its work but a very small percentage of our great population take any real intelligent interest; to the remainder, church-work seems to proceed "as merry as a marriage-bell." But this is not so; nor have those engaged in the work quite so soft a bed as is too frequently attributed to them. In too many cases they have to be very wide awake to secure the pecuniary support that is necessary, and moreover they are forced to go with the times and give their congregations whatever happens to be in fashion. The High-church movement is a wonderful example of this. A few years ago the choral service and surpliced choir (out of the cathedral) was to all good Protestants *primâ facie* evidence of a headlong rush to Rome. But now we might almost ask where is the London church *without* its surpliced choir, so rare are these relics of the past now becoming. One of the most persistent in its Protestant glory, St. James's, Piccadilly, has at last given way, and signs of a new order of things are already beginning to show themselves at this church in the shape of better music and better singers.

Talking of the "attractive" in connection with church music recalls to our mind the case of a certain father of one of the most frequented churches of Rome, who had been reproached by his superior because the organist played little else than opera airs in church. The "father" replied that "it was to this very abuse that numbers of the poor were indebted for subsistence:" adding that if the organist were prohibited from playing these pieces it would be the ruin of his parish. He declared that since the introduction of the new music the weekly receipts for the poor had risen to thirty *scudi*, whereas before they had never exceeded ten. It is a humiliating reflection that in theology, no less than in music, sensationalism influences the mass of the public, while ballad-like hymn-tunes and services and anthems suggestive of the operas of Auber and Balfe, are in many "popular" places of worship substituted for the immortal works of the finest church composers in the world of the old English school of Gibbon, Purcell, and their more modern disciples.

490.—*FAINT PRAISE!*

THERE is an old French saying, "If you had not every vice under the sun I might commend you for some virtues," and this, or something similar to it, must have been running in the mind of the *John Bull* critic of forty years ago, when he wrote the following critique on a contemporary singer:

"If this gentleman would not force his voice beyond its natural compass; if, too, he would not sing quite so sharp and try to give his running passages with more certainty, and pay more attention to tune and time, we should be ready to add our approbation to the plaudits of the galleries."

491.—*SAINT "PITT."*

FROM an artistic point of view, Mr. Pitt deserves canonisation; not that he was any very great admirer, much less a patron, of art; but because during his tenure of office a tax upon pianofortes and printed music was more than once hinted as being a capital way of increasing the revenue. Pitt would not have it.

"No!" he said, "if I begin with wires and whistles, I must proceed to madonnas and marbles. If I tax engraved songs I must do the same by engraved saints."

This was not bad reasoning, and it places the musical world under a deep obligation to the great statesman. It only remains for some representative of the people to surpass even Mr. Pitt's good sense, by introducing a bill for the taxation of *noise*, *i.e.*, street music, in every shape and form. Such an one would gain the prayers and heartfelt thanks of every musical student in every town in which the abominable nuisance exists. Why does not Mr. Bass come to the rescue?

492.—*A GOOD PRINCIPLE.*

MUSICIANS are *not* exempt from that most stringent rule of life, that we must eat to live, although the experience of many compels them to arrive at the conclusion that the world thinks otherwise in this matter. One thing is certain: from time immemorial it has behaved towards the musician as if he had nothing whatever to do with any other than intellectual food: to speak plainly, a certain section of society presumes too much upon the time and generosity of the musical artist without paying him for the same. The musical artist—hard-working servant of the public—could well dispense with many of

those engagements and invitations which end in nothing more substantial than an expression of thanks or of deep obligations.

The ancient Greeks had a proverb which has been thus rendered :

“To flute-players nature gave brains, there’s no doubt,
But alas ! ’tis in vain, for they soon blow them out.”

Too true is this in respect to the musician with his business matters, in the management of which he not infrequently proves himself to be a complete fool. To hope for improvement is useless ; we can only recommend to musicians the example of Simonides, the illustrious Greek musician, who, we are told, had two coffers, in one of which he had for many years put his pecuniary rewards ; in the other his verbal thanks, honours, and promises. The former rendered him some help in his old age, but the latter brought him neither friends nor sustenance !

493.—*PRIEST—“CRAFT.”*

CONSIDERING how discordant are all the specimens of barbarian music which have reached us, it seems scarcely possible that European music could have any attractions for the ‘natives’ to whom the combination of their own most strange and fantastic scales represent music. It would consequently be interesting to arrive at the real sentiments of an Egyptian, for instance, upon the subject of Verdi’s “*Aïda*,” a work composed expressly for an Egyptian audience, yet none the less successful in all the great European theatres. Yet the influence of true music on the savage breast seems to have been long ago discovered by the missionaries of the Roman Church, who very cleverly turned it to account. Southey, in his “History of Brazil,” relates the success of Nolrega, a

Jesuit, in this respect. He says that Nolrega provided himself with a small band of chorister-boys, whom he carefully trained in sacred music, and wherever he moved, there the choristers went with him. Preceded by a boy bearing a crucifix, the little band made its way through many of the Brazilian villages and outlying districts, the savages seldom refusing to give ear to the song of the charmers. Some of the native children even ran away from their parents, attracted by Nolrega's promises that he would teach them to sing like the children whose chanting had so delighted them !

494.—“*ALL THE DIFFERENCE.*”

YEARS ago a translation of Gretry's “*Richard Cœur de Lion*,” with John Kemble as the king, was rehearsing at Drury Lane Theatre. Now Kemble was anything but a singer, nevertheless he managed to scramble through the work till he came to the two-part song on which the plot rests. The tune of this Kemble had “got nicely,” as Shaw, the leader of the band, told him. The only difficulty arose from Kemble's inability to keep time, and at the final rehearsal this deficiency was as deplorable as ever. Two or three attempts had been made, but all to no purpose. At last Shaw grew impatient, and cried out: “Mr. Kemble, that won't do at all ! you're murdering the time abominably.”

“Well, Mr. Shaw,” replied the actor, “I had better murder it at once, than be continually beating it as you are.”

By the way, past and present stage business has greatly changed, judging from the above fact. Imagine Mr. Henry Irving or Mr. Phelps alternating their performances of Hamlet or Othello by appearing in one of

Balfe's operas ! yet we see the great John Kemble himself figuring in that much-abused form of drama, an "English opera," or rather an "opera in English !"

495.—*A CHANGE FOR THE BETTER.*

WHATEVER may be thought of the present condition of music and musicians in England (bad as times may be for some of the craft), it must be admitted on all sides that things have considerably improved since that indefinite period, popularly known as the "good old times." If any "*laudator temporis acti*" doubts the fact, perhaps the following extract from Pepys' Diary for the year of the great fire will convince him. It runs thus :

"Talked with Mr. Hingston the organist. He says many of the musique are ready to starve, they being five years behind hand for their wages : nay, Evens, the famous man upon the harp, having not his equal in the world, did the other day die for mere want, and was fain to be buried at the almes of the parish, and carried to his grave in the dark at night, without one linke, but that Mr. Hingston met it by chance and did give 12d. to buy two or three links."

496.—*THE POWER OF KNOWLEDGE.*

SOME ingenious person has given to mankind the information that "knowledge is no burden." We will not dispute the truth of the proverb, although both that saying and the one "Knowledge is power" are very apt to mislead unless coupled with the gentle reminder that "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing." It is upon the assumption of all these being "truth" that we account for the fact that there is always most parade of knowledge when there is least of the genuine article itself.

Miss Jones of the opera chorus, *alias* "*Mdlle. Lindini*" in the provinces, will talk much bigger than the *prima donna assoluta* herself: and the organ-blower considers the organist's execution of Bach's fugues infinitely inferior to his own share in the performance. We have all heard of the famous organ-blower who condescended to congratulate the organist, saying, "We played very well to-day," and who, on the organist's objecting to the plural pronoun, refused to supply any more wind to the instrument till the organist gave an affirmative answer to the "shall it be *we*?" and probably it was a member of the same family who displayed the following nice combination of knowledge and ignorance.

"An organist of a country church having occasion to absent himself for a few Sundays, secured for the interim the services of one in high repute for learning and ability in his profession. One Sunday this new-comer presumptuously attached several bars of prelude of his own composing to the anthem that was advertised to be sung. The prelude burst upon the ears of the congregation with a novel and startling effect; although it was soon perceived that all this preliminary fuss and clamour was merely to introduce to them an old acquaintance, the expected anthem which meekly followed in due course. But Justice, though she may linger, surely overtakes the offender. Suddenly, and in the midst of an unresolved seventh (think of this aggravation of the evil!), the organ piteously yielded up its breath, to the utter astonishment of the organist but, happily, without at all disconcerting the complacent choir. Meanwhile, the excited organist clutched nervously at the 'blower's signal,' but obtained not the slightest response. Rushing irreverently into the sanctum, where the blower remains hidden from vulgar

gaze, he uttered a forcible remonstrance. He soon emerged therefrom, rebuked and humiliated by this calm reply of the venerable blower, '*I have blown this organ for thirty years, and don't you suppose I know how many puffs it takes for one of Dr. Blow's anthems?*' On comparing the bars of his prelude with the number of bars of the anthem that succeeded his overthrow, the mortified player found that they exactly tallied!"

Here is yet another phase of embarrassment to be added to the long list of whims and eccentricities which seem to be inseparably associated with the study—professionally or otherwise—of the "King of Instruments," as enthusiastic writers delight to term the organ!

497.—MUSICAL FASHION.

MUSIC has its fashions, and in one respect these are like all others—they change. We all know how to proceed if we wish to be in the present musical fashion. We must have heard the latest piece from Wagner, Brahm, or Raff, and go into ecstasies with the so-called "Music of the Future;" a "Monday Popular" programme should never bore us, and when the solitary song is being performed, our preference for the instrumental over the vocal should be shown in accepting the few moments' break as the signal for gossip. This, with the possession of the latest ballad, and a feeling of indifference for any artists save those who can execute entire programmes from memory, will leave us pretty well in the musical fashion of the year of grace 1877. There have been, however, other forms of fashion. Fifty years ago the vocal had the superiority over the instrumental, and while the leading instrumentalists were well-nigh starving, there were tribes of *Soprani*, *Alti*, *Tenori*, and *Bassi*, living on the fat of

the land through the unequal distribution of its favours and emoluments. One who did not like this, but who signed himself "Equalisation," took up the cause of the instrumentalists, and wrote a stinging letter to the "Musical Quarterly Magazine."

"The poor instrumentalist," he says, "is very much abandoned, for even the Philharmonic, which was expressly established to revive and sustain the taste for instrumental music, has relaxed considerably in favour of vocal. Now, sir, if the object had been to make a superior general concert, and to profit by it, there would have been no cause to complain, but the object of the Philharmonic was not, if I understand it, any other than that I first stated, viz., to generate and support a love of instrumental performance. If the people were tired, the obvious remedy was to abridge the number of pieces, which might easily have been effected, for all our amusements, and concerts especially, are much too long. The mob love quantity dearly, but the audiences at the Philharmonic are neither the 'great vulgar, nor the small;' they are the *cognoscenti*, if there be any such in the whole realm."

The above then fairly represents the case of things at the Philharmonic and elsewhere half a century ago. Lest, however, there should be some readers inclined to doubt this, we cite the following incident which actually occurred in "high life," at about the same time.

A certain nobleman, Lord D——, gave a private concert, and among other vocal and instrumental talent, he secured the services of a leading violinist of the day. As he was about to play, the nobleman said to his conductor:

"Must this man play?"

"Oh yes, my lord; he will delight everybody," said the signor, somewhat fearful of the disappointment and wrath of the violinist.

"It is very late," yawned "his Grace," and walking up to the musician's side, he placed himself as if in rapt attention at his desk. The introduction was played by the band, but just as the violinist was about to begin his solo, his lordship closed the book, and exclaimed in a most pleasant manner: "Charmingly executed, sir—charming!" and strutted off, leaving the astonished musician to settle matters with the conductor.

498.—*A CONSCIENTIOUS PROFESSOR.*

It would probably be impossible to find a branch of any one art which attracts so many aspirants for its honours as does the "vocal" in music. The number of those who go so far as to seek public favour as singers is well-nigh incalculable, and we may readily imagine that these make up only a small percentage of those who profess to know "how to sing." There is no desire whatever on our part to damp the ardour of any young warblers, but before they waste their time and money, we would urge them to consider seriously whether they really possess the qualifications absolutely necessary to reach a respectable position as a vocalist. An intending singer must have time, money, patience, perseverance, culture, natural advantages, and above all, a voice rare in its quality and above the average in quantity, if the object in view be the pursuance of singing as a successful profession. Without nearly all of the qualities mentioned, failure is almost certain, or at most only a third-rate position can be secured; and surely we want no more third-rate singers. True, lucky accidents

sometimes occur, and "good hits" are made, but to trust to so frail a bark on the troubled waters of public favour is sheer lunacy, and an attempt to do so fully merits the reward of all foolhardy acts.

The instances of young folks who are misled by the partiality of parents and friends to the attempt are numberless, and often exceedingly ridiculous. Unless they act for themselves it is to be feared that they must bear the consequences, for teachers of singing must live, and this is not accomplished from the funds of those pupils only who rise to eminence. Nowadays there are very few teachers of music who can afford to have either the conscience or the audacity displayed by a certain Dr. A—— towards a lady in Ireland who was anxious to be ushered into the musical world under his protection. According to her reckoning, Mara could not be expected to surpass her, and upon the strength of this Dr. A—— invited her to England. Accordingly she came, but upon hearing her sing, the doctor, with his customary honesty, exclaimed :

"Madam, you must go back to Ireland; for, by heavens, unless you and I were shut up in a band-box together, I could not hear you !"

499.—*A SIGN OF THE TIMES.*

NEVER was there a more successful piece of music and words than Gay's "Beggar's Opera." We are all familiar with its "terrible success," as critics love to term the continued run which it enjoyed; and also of how Handel was driven well-nigh mad at the crowds of folks pouring into Rich's Theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, while he and his company were performing oratorios to almost empty benches! Strange to say, however, Gay's masterpiece was refused in one or two quarters before it found its way to

Rich's stage. For instance, the author took it to Colley Cibber at Drury Lane, who refused it point-blank, and Rich only took it up after much hesitation. Once in full swing, its success was prodigious. "It made Gay rich, and Rich gay." The king, queen, and the princesses went to see it, and the *élite* of society followed, to revel in the adventures of Captain Macheath and Polly Peachum. The following figures represent the "takings" at the earliest performances of this opera.

				£	s.	d.
Night 1	.	.	.	169	12	0
" 2	.	.	.	160	14	0
" 3*	.	.	.	162	12	6
" 4	.	.	.	163	5	6
" 5	.	.	.	175	19	6
" 6*	.	.	.	189	11	0
" 7	.	.	.	161	19	0
" 8	.	.	.	157	19	6
" 9*	.	.	.	165	12	0
" 10	.	.	.	156	8	0
" 11	.	.	.	171	10	0
" 12	.	.	.	170	5	6
" 13	.	.	.	164	8	0
" 14	.	.	.	171	5	0
" 15*	.	.	.	175	8	0

The performances marked thus * were author's nights, when Gay took the whole of the proceeds!

500.—AN ODISIOUS COMPARISON.

WE are told that the French manage things better than we do. Whether that be generally true or not, they

claim an advantage over us in one respect—if it be an advantage. They know who wrote their national anthem, which is certainly more than we can say in respect to our “God save the Queen.” While we are squabbling as to whether Dr. Henry Carey really wrote both the music and words of our national anthem, or whether the MS. copy of it in Antwerp Cathedral (which affirms that Dr. John Bull composed it on the occasion of the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot, to which the words “frustrate their knavish tricks” specially allude) is to be believed, our friends across the Channel tell us the following pretty story concerning the origin of the “*Marseillaise* :—

In April 1792, at the opening of the campaign against Austria and Prussia, Rouget de Lisle was an artillery officer stationed at Strasburg. The day before the volunteers from that city were about to join the main army of the Rhine, Dietrich, mayor of the city, gave an entertainment at which Rouget de Lisle and several other officers were present. A question arose as to what air should be played on the departure of the new levies, and it was thought desirable that some appropriate and spirited national song should be chosen. Various pieces having been tried and rejected as unsuitable to the occasion, Rouget de Lisle left the company, retired to his rooms, and in the course of the evening wrote the words and music of “*Le Chant de l’Armée du Rhin*.” Before the party at the *mairie* broke up, Rouget returned with his composition. Mdlle. Dietrich accompanied him on the piano, and he sang the inspiring song to the delight of all present. It was immediately put in rehearsal, played at parade the next day, and its popularity at once established. Gradually it spread through France, the *Marseillaise* sang it on entering Paris, and the name it

now bears was irrevocably substituted for the original title.

It was produced on the stage at the Paris opera-house in 1792, and later on in 1848 when Rachel so associated her name with it.

501.—*SINGERS AND SOLDIERS.*

THERE are, and have been, but few opera-managers who have not more than once repented of their undertaking. Indeed, the history of

“The houses twain,
Of Covent Garden and of Drury Lane,”

seems to be an almost unbroken story of difficulties and squabbles. We may cite a most illustrious witness to the truth of this.

The son of King George I. of England once took charge of the opera-house staff, imagining no doubt that his rank and military experience would avail to enforce that discipline and order which the manager Steffani had failed to establish. But in a few days the prince relinquished the undertaking, declaring that he could with much more ease command an army of fifty thousand men than manage a company of opera-singers.

502.—*AN AMUSING REPROOF.*

“GOOD FRIDAY” was a nickname of Bunn the manager, and its first application is attributed to Malibran in a story which, if true, credits her with a very rare ability—that of making a good pun in a strange language.

Bunn was not always in an amiable frame of mind, and

one day he was seen at rehearsal holding a wretched "super" by the collar and scolding him savagely. The poor fellow's fright and distress attracted Malibran's attention, whereupon she crossed over to the manager, and said :

"Do you know, I shall call you *Good Friday*."

"Why?" said he.

"Because," she replied, "you are such a *Hot Cross Bun*."

503.—SATIRICAL REASONING.

THERE was once a noble statesman—Lord North was his name—whose soundness of reasoning was very disproportionate to his taste for music. On once being asked why he did not follow the example of his brother, the Bishop of Winchester, and subscribe to the Antient Concerts, his reply was: "Well, if I was as deaf as my brother, I would."

504.—THE IDEA!

JUDGING from the style of playing which the generality of young ladies of fashion and school-girls exhibit, it would seem that papas and mammas as a rule interest themselves but very little either in the musical education of their children, or in the return they receive for the money they lay out. But it is to be hoped that those who do, will possess rather more knowledge and discernment than the hero of the following anecdote: otherwise we must advise them to follow their neighbours' example and let the matter alone.

A certain man once had a son of whom he was very desirous of making a musician. Accordingly the young fellow's taste was consulted as to which instrument he would like to study. The violin was chosen, and a

master was soon found to give the young aspirant instruction. All went well for some long time, until one day the father dropped in upon the master and pupil, engaged in a lesson.

"Well," said he, "and what are you doing now?"

"Oh! Mr. ———," replied the teacher, "we're trying a duet by Mayseyder, and your son is playing second fiddle."

"Second fiddle! No!" said paterfamilias indignantly. "I pay you to teach him first fiddle—not second."

505.—A "HAPPY THOUGHT."

MUSIC has been put to so many uses, noble and base, that it is hard to discredit any story that may be alleged concerning it. The following from Hone's "Table-book" is sufficiently comical to be preserved, and although there is a suspicious look about it, we give it for what it is worth.

"A musical-instrument maker of Bremen," the story runs, "was on the point of failure, and his creditors watched him so closely that he could not get a pin's-worth carried away. He bethought himself of a singular stratagem for deceiving his watchmen. He gathered together about one hundred and fifty musicians, his friends, in the shop, and set them all playing, with the different instruments there, the overture of the '*Gazza Ladra*.' As it was night, at each movement of the orchestra he contrived to throw some article of furniture from the back window, and the fall was so managed, that, from the noise of the instruments, no one perceived it.

"At last, to finish the affair so happily begun, at the end of the concert each musician went out with his instrument. The artist went out last and locked the shop

door, leaving nothing to his creditors but a bust of Ramus."

506.—*PIG MUSIC.*

THE Abbot de Baigne, a man of great wit, had invented many musical curiosities; and, being in the service of Louis XI., was one day commanded by that monarch to procure him harmonious sounds from the cries of hogs, a task which Louis believed to be impossible. The abbot, however, was not in the least degree alarmed at the request. All he asked for was a sum of money, upon the receipt of which he declared he would invent the most surprising thing that was ever heard.

He did so. He got together a large quantity of hogs, all of different ages, and having satisfied himself of the pitch and qualities of their cries, he methodically arranged the animals in a tent or pavilion, highly decorated on the outside with gilding, velvet, and costly silk hangings. Attached to this was a sort of keyed instrument with a certain number of stops, so contrived that when he used any one of those stops it answered to some spikes, which, pricking the hogs upon which they operated, made them cry in such a harmonious manner that the King and all his attendants were highly delighted with it!

507.—*A NOTE FOR IMPRESARIOS.*

THE opera of to-day and the opera of the early part of this century are two very different things. Nowadays folks go to hear as much as they can, but then it was the custom, especially among "*the life*" of the town, to see as much and hear as little as possible. These were the days when the *ballet* was a feature of the opera—and on the

Parisian boards it was the most important feature. In fact, from 1822 to 1826 at the Grand Opéra of Paris the ballet had become so good and the music so bad that a wit publicly proposed the following inscription for the façade of the theatre: "This is the Paradise of the eyes, and the Hell of the ears."

508.—"A MUSICAL COMMERCIALISM."

THE commercial side of the musical profession is very mysterious. Royalties on songs; the divergence between the marked price of music and that actually accepted by publishers and (we might add) charged by teachers; the salaries of great singers; the fees of small professors—all these make up a fruitful subject for the speculation of outsiders, besides being much discussed and variously regarded by "those who know."

The commission paid by the manufacturing firm on the sale of pianofortes is reputed to be very large. There are those who express an intense horror at receiving a cheque from Messrs. A. B. at the rate of 15 or 20 per cent. on an instrument on whose excellence they have pledged their judgment to their customers. It may be presumed that a system countenanced by such firms as Messrs. A. B. is not without some reason. Yet that it is liable to abuse is seen by the following story. Several names have been attached to it. For obvious reasons we give none.

Some years ago in Paris a celebrated composer—in circumstances not indigent—heard of the arrival of a millionaire prince. Forthwith he organised a little "at home," collected the leading singers of the day, invited the prince, and gave a very charming performance. He had carefully banished from the *salon* his very respect-

able grand pianoforte, and substituted the worst old machine he could find that would stand in tune.

The performance over, the prince came up to thank the *maestro* for the charming music he had heard ; when, observing the antiquated form and condition of the instrument which had been used, the prince supposed there was some history associated with it. Was it ever in the possession of Tubal Cain? the prince might have thought. Not at all. It was the best the poor *maestro* could afford.

The prince understood the hint. After a few minutes' conversation he asked : " Whose instruments do you prefer of all the Paris makers ? "

The *maestro* thought Messrs. X + Y were the most satisfactory makers.

The prince left, and next day called at Messrs. X + Y's warehouse, purchased the most expensive instrument then in stock, and ordered it to be sent to Signor ———, with his compliments.

In the course of the afternoon the *maestro* himself appeared at the warehouse.

The Maestro : " Prince ——— was here this morning."

Manufacturer : " He was, monsieur."

The Maestro : " He bought a piano."

Manufacturer : " He did—is it not a good one ? "

Maestro : " Excellent. *It was by my recommendation he bought it. I'll trouble you for the usual commission !*"

509.—KING RICHARD AND THE MINSTREL.

FAMILIAR as all, from their earliest days of child's history-reading, must be with the story of Blondel and Richard Cœur de Lion, this collection of anecdotes would scarcely

be complete without a detailed account of the interesting incident.

“Richard, having had in the holy wars a quarrel with the Duke of Austria, was afraid, at his return home, to pass in his public character through the Austrian dominions, for fear of the duke, or through those of France, for fear of King Philip Augustus, and therefore travelled in disguise; but the duke, being informed of his arrival, seized and confined him in a castle, where he remained prisoner, no one knowing for a long while where he was. King Richard had retained in his service a minstrel, or bard, whose name was Blondel. The bard, missing his master, found his subsistence cut short, and the happiness of his life very much impaired. He found the account well verified of the King’s departure from the Holy Land, but met with none that could tell him with certainty whither he was gone, and therefore wandered over many countries, to try if he could find him by any intelligence.

“It happened, after a considerable time thus spent, that Blondel came to a city near the castle in which King Richard his master was confined, and asking his host to whom it belonged, was told that it was one of the fortresses of the Duke of Austria. Blondel then inquired whether there were any prisoners in it, which was a question that he always took some indirect method of introducing, and was answered that there was one prisoner who had been there more than a year, but that he was not able to tell who he was. Blondel, having received this information, made use of the general reception which minstrels find to make acquaintance in the castle; but, though he was admitted, could never obtain a sight of the prisoner, to know whether he was the

King; till one day he placed himself over against a window of the tower in which King Richard was kept, and began to sing a French song, which they had formerly composed together.

“When the King heard the song, he knew that the singer was Blondel, and when half of it was sung he began the other half and completed it. Blondel then knowing the residence and condition of the King his master, went back to England and related his adventure to the English barons.”

The prison in which Richard the lion-hearted was incarcerated was named the *Tour Ténébreuse*, or Black Tower, and a beautiful song of complaint is on record which the monarch wrote while imprisoned within its walls. The whole episode, too, has been treated in an admirable manner in Schumann's song with the refrain, “Seek, and ye shall surely find,” and known to concert-goers as “Blondel's song.”

It has also been made the subject of a cantata (“*Cœur de Lion*”) set to music by (Sir Julius) Benedict. The duet “May is into prison cast,” for Blondel and Richard, is an exquisite bit of melody; indeed, it is a pity that “*Cœur de Lion*” as a whole should have been laid on the shelf for so long.

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